THE LITERARY DIGEST
PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y) 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York
Vol. LXXIV, No. 12 New York, September 16, 1922 Whole Number 1691

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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SMOTHERING A STRIKE BY INJUNCTION

THE FIRST STRIKING SHOPMAN ARRESTED under the Government's injunction secured September 1, according to one press item, was taken into custody, "not for violence, but for 'deriding' a strike-breaker." Thus, comments a Socialist editor, "the whole story of the strike is dramatized." A conservative New York daily observes that if the Daugherty injunction against strike propaganda were literally enforced, every striker would be "condemned to a life of silent meditation and prayer." It is this drastic regulation of free speech which arouses the most bitter criticism of the Government's attempt to settle the railroad strike with the injunction weapon, for it is considered a violation of fundamental rights and an unnecessary irritant of labor, even by some editors who admit that the Government faced a serious crisis. Some, however, feel that the case was desperate enough to demand even this desperate remedy, and that in view of many reported acts of violence and the threatened paralysis of transportation the Attorney-General hit upon just the punishment to fit the crime. Since the popular reaction to a move of this sort is likely to determine whether future officials will have recourse to it, it is of immense importance to show just where the press stand on the drastic injunction secured by Mr. Daugherty in a Chicago court. The criticism in Congress and in the press rose to such a pitch, in fact, that the Attorney-General announced that the injunction would not be used to infringe upon any one's constitutional rights, and it was predicted that the terms of the injunction would be modified by the issuing judge.

THE JUDGE WHO ISSUED THE INJUNCTION.

Judge James H. Wilkerson, of the Federal District Court in Chicago, who granted Attorney-General Daugherty's petition.

In seeking the injunction in Chicago on September 1, Mr. Daugherty declared that the Government was forced to act, in view of the fact that half the nation's locomotives have been put out of business "by lawless activity" since the beginning of the strike, and a thousand mail-trains removed from the schedules; that 40,000 deputy marshals had been asked for and 5,500 sent to strike duty at a cost of $1,000,000 to the taxpayers; that in California alone fruit and produce worth $75,000,000 had been destroyed because the railroads could not move them; that in all, "thousands of loaded cars have been held on side-tracks for weeks, thousands of locomotives stand idle in the yards, numerous industrial plants throughout the country are suspended for want of fuel and materials, and thousands of workmen are deprived of an opportunity to support their families, all as a result of the acts of the defendants." The Attorney-General insisted that he did not speak for the railroads and that he was a friend of the union, tho, he said, "if the acts of violence and murder are inspired by the unions then it is time for the Government to call a halt." Mr. Daugherty wants it understood that "so long and to the extent that I can speak for the Government of the United States, I will use the power of the Government within my control to prevent the labor unions of the country from destroying the open shop." He said further:

> "When a man in this country is not permitted to engage in lawful toil, whether he belongs to a union or not, with full protection and without interruption, the death knell to liberty will be sounded and anarchy will supersede organized government.
>
> "No labor leader or capitalistic leader, no organization or association of any kind or kinds or combination of the same will be permitted by the Government of the United States to laugh in the frozen faces of a famishing people without prompt prosecution and proper punishment."

By the terms of Judge Wilkerson's injunction, the six striking shop unions and certain of their officials must refrain from combining to interfere with railroad transportation or to interfere with any persons employed by the roads or desirous of such employment. They must not aid any one "by letters, telegrams, telephones, word of mouth, or otherwise" to do any of the forbidden acts. They must keep off railroad property; they must not try "to induce by the use of threats, violent or abusive language, opprobrious epithets, physical violence, or threats thereof, intimidation, display of numbers or force, jeers, entreaties, arguments, persuasion, rewards or otherwise," anybody to stop work in railroad shops. They are to do no picketing. Union officials are restrained from issuing any strike directions or saying anything which might keep any strike-breaker from work. They are not to use any union funds to do any of the things forbidden in the injunction writ. What several newspapers consider a direct prohibition of any strike propaganda, is the order that they shall not "in any manner by letters, printed or other circulars, telegrams, telephones, word of mouth, oral persuasion or suggestion, or through interviews to be published in newspapers or otherwise in any manner whatsoever encourage, direct, or command any person, whether a member of said labor organizations or associations defendants herein or otherwise, to abandon the employment of said railway companies or to refrain from entering the service of said railway companies."

P. & A. Photos.

A RAILROAD WRECK WHICH IS CHARGED TO THE STRIKE.

Remains of a Michigan Central wreck near Gary, Indiana. Both engineer and fireman were killed. Railroad officials charge that the track had been tampered with by strikers, but strikers assert that the wreck was due to engine defects caused by the inefficiency of strike-breaking shopmen.

While the critics of the injunction order are just as much opposed to violence in connection with strikes as is Mr. Daugherty, and while some of them thoroughly dislike the position taken by the shopmen in the present strike, they are convinced that the writ just quoted went too far in repressing strike activities and that its issuance was untimely and provocative. The Boston *Globe* can not see that anybody is satisfied. Labor leaders feel that the injunction "denies them free speech and peaceful assembly" and puts the Government in the rôle of a strike-breaker, while the railway executives feel the Government has "gummed the works" just as they had the strike beaten. The executives "announce that they had intended to open a campaign to convince the public that transportation is rapidly returning to normal, but Mr. Daugherty's address to the Chicago Court declared that '50 per cent.' of the locomotives in the country are 'crippled,' and that the losses to business are mounting toward the hundreds of millions." The issuance of the injunction, declares the New York *Evening World*, was "a clumsy step," and with the New York *Evening Mail*, *Journal of Commerce*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, Baltimore *Sun*, and Richmond *News-Leader*, it feels that the only result will be to stir up resentment not only among the leadership, but throughout the rank and file of labor. And, says the Brooklyn *Citizen*, the resentment "aroused in union labor circles will be shared to a considerable extent by fair-minded Americans of all classes and conditions." It's "gag law," comments the Newark *News*. "If the spokesmen for the strikers can be enjoined from writing about the strike or from talking about it for publication," then, the Brooklyn *Eagle* remarks, "newspapers can also be enjoined from publishing interviews and statements which have any color favorable to the strikers or adverse to the railroads." The injunction, says the New York *Commercial*, goes to the point of forbidding strikers to use moral suasion, "and when it goes that far it reacts upon itself and alienates public sentiment." The New York *Globe* calls attention to a statement from the Administration at Washington that the injunction will not be used to interfere with the constitutional liberty or personal rights of the strikers. This it calls "a complete reversal," which after all was inevitable, since "liberty is not dead and the right to free speech, a free press, and unhampered assemblage will not be lightly surrendered by the American people." The St. Louis *Star* and the Scranton *Times* agree that this injunction is a strike-breaking weapon, pure and simple. On its effect the New York *Evening Post* discourses as follows:

> "Before this injunction the general public and much of union labor were watching the impending defeat of the shopmen with a sense that it was deserved. . . . The demand reanimates the dying strike, arrays all labor in resentment against the Federal Government, and obliterates from the mind of the disapproving public the memory of the strike's origin.
>
> "The terms of the injunction give it the unfortunate appearance of a blow below the belt. If it were designed merely to give the Federal Government power to deal with violence and threats, it would be much less a shock to labor and the public. But the year 1922 is too late a date for an injunction that estops all the normal and innocent activities of a union and forbids the elementary rights of free speech."

Always ready to take a fall out of a Republican Administration, the Democratic New York *World* attacks the Daugherty injunction, in a series of editorials, as an obstacle to the settlement of the strike, a usurpation of legislative power, a denial of ordinary rights, and an attempt for political effect "to paint up the Harding lath in an endeavor to make it look like iron." Another Democratic paper, the New York *Times*, is frankly puzzled:

> "If a gigantic labor conspiracy began plotting early in July to throttle the Government, why did the Government wait till the end of August before attacking it? Was the intention merely to deal the finishing blow to a strike visibly on its last legs? This is an interpretation not flattering to the Administration, which by it would be made to look like fortune's champion, ever strong upon the stronger side, and waiting till the fight was lost before pitching in with the winner. If the idea was to help the railway executives, they have made it sufficiently plain that they did not desire this particular kind of help, and are embarrassed by it rather than pleased."

With such criticism coming from conservative daily papers it is not astonishing to find the labor press full of wrath over the injunction. One of the least radical of labor weeklies, *Union*, of Indianapolis, calls this "a highly dangerous precedent" which "can not but in the end lead to deep resentment in the hearts of millions and to eventual Bolshevism, that is, hatred for the class favoring the injunction." The more radical *Minnesota Daily Star* (Minneapolis) calls the granting of the injunction an amazing act of partizanship which reveals "an open alliance between the Administration and the railroads, not only to slash wages below the pre-war level but to impose a condition which in effect means the extinction of trade unionism in America." *Labor*, Washington, D. C., a railway labor organ, sizes up the Administration's program as follows:

> "President Harding endeavored to dig coal with bayonets, and failed. Now he is planning to repair locomotives with injunctions, and, of course, he will fail again."

The Socialist New York *Call* similarly declares that this "dastardly" injunction can not and will not run trains, and the editor can not discover the slightest justification for it, since in the present strike "there has not been a single case of disturbance growing out of the railroad strike that could not be handled by a few constables."

But there are scores of editors who can take no such cheerful view of the stories of strike violence, and who feel that Attorney-General Daugherty was compelled to take just the action he did take. While the injunction is a broad one, it is "no broader than the lawlessness" which called it forth, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* insists. The injunction, as the Baltimore *Manufacturers Record* understands it, keeps the railroad strikers from no lawful pursuits; "but commands them only to cease from their adulterous intercourse with lawlessness." Some may call this "government by injunction," but, says the Washington *Star*, it is really "a step to prevent government by crime"—

> "Need of such an injunction is daily proved by dispatches from all parts of the country telling of criminal acts in interference with the operation of trains and the maintenance of necessary shop work for the upkeep of equipment. Dynamited bridges, blocked switches, unspiked rails, assaults upon workmen—cases of this kind are constantly occurring. There can be no doubt of the purpose of such wicked deeds, which endanger the lives of countless people."

The places of striking shopmen can be filled, but, we read in the Chicago *Daily News*, "burned bridges, wrecked trains, locomotives subjected to sabotage, peaceful workers beaten or killed—these prove the existence of active and wide-spread criminality." Similarly we read in the New York *Herald* that the Government was facing a real menace—

> "The menace is not that men quit their work, but that they are preventing other men from working. In the process of intimidating the men who wish to work, trains have been derailed, bridges dynamited, bombs thrown at cars. The mails have been delayed or discontinued, loaded freight trains have been maliciously disabled, factories have been closed for want of fuel or materials. The crops that must be moved if the farmer is to be paid, the food that must be freighted if the cities are not to starve—these are in peril."

The record of law violation, declares the Boston *News Bureau*, "is a dark and bloody record that has passed all bounds of toleration." "The more the disorder and destruction of the last few weeks are studied, the more convincing is the allegation that they are part and parcel of a country-wide conspiracy," so we read in the Providence *Journal*. The injunction action, insists the Kansas City *Star*, which followed Roosevelt in his Progressive campaign, "is a proper, just and legitimate use of the power in a public emergency."

The issuance of the injunction is characterized by the Washington *Post*, frequently called a mouthpiece of the Administration, as "Government's answer to elements that by their act have challenged its supremacy," a move "in behalf of the American people whose interests are jeopardized by the transportation-blocking methods of industrial warfare to which the strikers have resorted." "A Gesture of Government Not Palsied with Fear" is the Tulsa *World's* headline characterization of the injunction. Its issuance was the "right step," according to the Buffalo *Commercial*. It was "the Government's only course," in the opinion of the Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*. Editorial support of the move in more or less emphatic language came from such widely scattered papers as the New York *Tribune*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Newark *Sunday Call*, Boston *Transcript*, Springfield *Republican*, Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Charleston (W. Va.) *Mail*, and Indianapolis *News*.

P. and A. photos.

A STRIKE-TIME TRAGEDY.

Searching through the ruins of a burned Pennsylvania Railroad bunkhouse in Pittsburgh for the bodies of strike-breaking shopmen trapt inside. Six men were killed and several injured. The precise cause of the fire has not been ascertained.

Railroad officials have generally refrained from comment on the Daugherty injunction, but such a railroad journal as *The Railway Review* (Chicago) makes the point that it can not rightly be construed as an attack upon the constitutional right of free speech. It says:

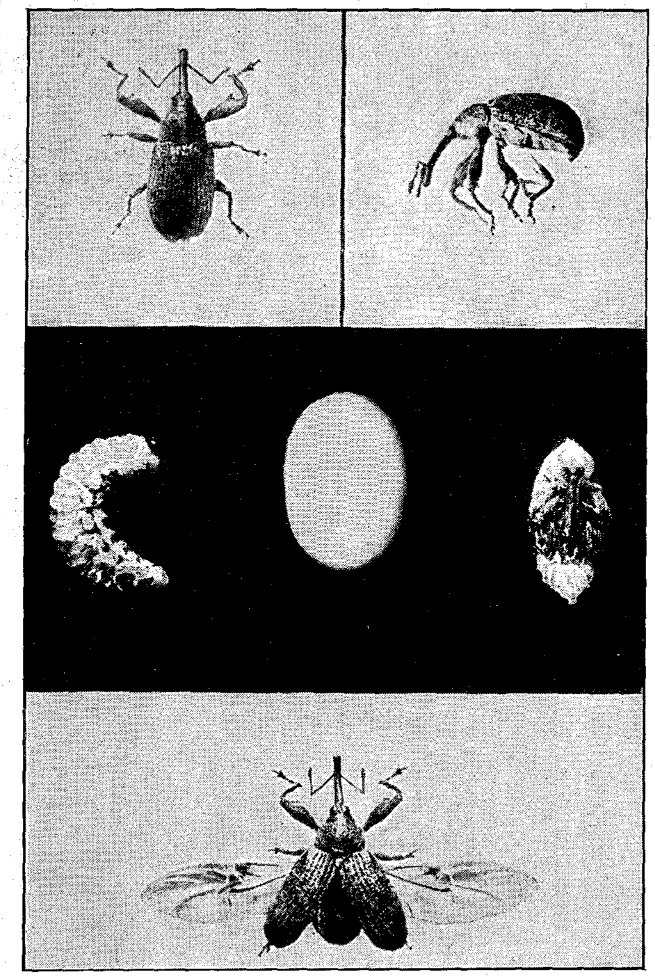
> "The kind of free speech that incites to crime and violence is a danger to the community and there is nothing in the Constitution or any other form of law to prevent the courts from forbidding it.
>
> "When the privilege of free speech becomes the weapon of the cowardly conspirator inciting aliens to acts of violence against life and property, no law-abiding citizen will suffer by its abridgement in such cases."

To *The Railway Age* (New York), it seems that the injunction had a decided effect on the strike. In this way:

> "It was issued a few days before Labor Day. If it had not been issued, Labor Day probably would have been marked by more violence than any preceding day of the strike. Reports show, however, that Labor Day was a very quiet day in the strike. The assertion of the power of the Federal Government still commands respect even in communities where sympathy with the strikers is so prevalent that local authorities have refused to give protection to railway employees and property. The additional protection afforded to men who are willing to work will cause a rapid increase in the number of men employed in the shops and hasten the end of the strike."

DISASTROUS DEVASTATIONS OF THE BOLL WEEVIL

THE WORST SCOURGE that ever ravaged the South, is, in the opinion of many newspapers, being taken altogether too calmly by the country at large. When it dawns on us that the price of cotton and all cotton goods is directly affected, they do not believe we will take it so calmly. Apparently, we are already feeding half our shirts to a voracious little beast known as the boll weevil. Last year it destroyed 79 per cent. of the cotton growing in the United States. An Associated Press dispatch from Washington on September 3rd stated that the Department of Agriculture report for 1921 gives the damage of the boll weevil as 6,277,000 bales of cotton. This is an increase of 37 per cent over 1920, and the end is not yet. Reports coming in for this year tend to show a considerable increase over 1921. Last month alone, the damage is estimated at 830,000 bales, and if the rate of destruction keeps on going up, it may soon amount to a million bales a month. Since the production of cotton for 1921 was altogether some 7,954,000 bales, the boll weevil with its consumption of over six million bales was even then getting almost as much cotton as we get ourselves. This year, viewing the reported increases of the scourge, it looks to many papers as if we would have to share our cotton crop about half and half with the weevil. Exprest in money, this may easily run to a billion dollars. "It is not impossible," says the New York *Herald*, "that unless an effective agent against the boll weevil is found, the production of cotton in the United States will be completely blotted out."



Illustrations by courtesy of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

THE "BILLION-DOLLAR BUG."

In various stages of his pestiferous existence. Each pair may have a family of 12,755,100 weevils a year.

What sort of an animal is this "billion-dollar bug" as the Baltimore *American* calls it? "The weevil," says a report of the United States Chamber of Commerce, "is about one-quarter of an inch in length and an eighth of an inch in width, or about the size of the common house-fly. Coming originally to us from a tropical climate, it displays most remarkable adaptions to change of environment. It passes the winter in its adult state, constantly surviving zero-weather. During the winter it lives entirely without food, seeking such shelter and protection as are afforded by stored cottonseed, barns, haystacks, fencerows, hedges, brush-piles, and the like. The period of hibernation depends upon the weather, and the weevil does not emerge from its hiding-place until the young cotton begins to show above ground. The insect then immediately attacks the young cotton for food."

From this report, and bulletins of the Department of Agriculture, we learn that the weevil has no other food than the cotton plant, and seems to have only two passions—eating and reproduction. There are four or more generations each summer, the length of existence being about sixty days. The greater part of the destruction is accomplished by the larvæ, which are slightly larger than the adults, as can be seen in the illustration. They are fat white maggots which feed on the internal tissues of the cotton buds and bolls. The possible progeny of a single pair of weevils from the beginning to the end of a season may amount to no less than 12,755,100 descendants. When one remembers that a single weevil, boring into a cotton boll, can destroy it, the ravages of the beast can be understood.

These ravages have mounted year by year, as shown in the attached table, which we take from a recent Associated Press dispatch:

Year	*Weevil Damage*	*All Damage*	*Crop Produced*
1921....	6,277,000	10,712,000	7,954,000
1920....	4,595,000	8,955,000	12,987,000
1919....	2,780,000	8.825,000	12,421,000
1918....	1,325,000	9,136,000	12,041,000
1917....	2,095,000	8,954,000	11,302,000
1916....	2,994,000	9,505,000	11,450.000
1915....	1,983,000	7,346,000	11,192,000
1914....	1,381,000	5,937,000	16,135,000
1913....	1,579,000	7,937,000	14,156,000
1912....	714,000	7,143,000	13,703,000
1911....	388,000	6,893,000	15,693,000
1910....	1,297,000	8,702,000	11,609,000
1909....	1,368,000	9,369,000	10,005,000
13 years.	28,776,000	109,414,000	160,648,000
Yearly av.	2,214,000	8,416,000	12,358,000

With the boll weevil's past performances in mind, what are we to expect of this year? With reference to the current deterioration of this year's crop, the Bureau of the New York *Journal of Commerce* reports as follows in a dispatch from Washington:

"The almost unparalleled drop of 13.8 per cent in the condition of the cotton crop reported to-day by the Department of Agriculture, lowers the estimated yield for 1922 to 10,575,000 bales.

"What the midsummer deterioration means in an economic way to the Southern planters is manifest, for the reduction in the bales, due to the difference in condition, represents more than $100,000,000 less at the prevailing prices of cotton."

Detailed reports on local conditions are beginning to come in from all over the South. We reproduce a few which have appeared recently in the *Wall Street Journal:*

Alabama—"Going through the 'black soil' belt where, if anywhere, good cotton is to be looked for, extremes from good to bad are found. There is some that will hardly pay for picking and ginning, and some that was abandoned, because after planting the merchants and bankers did not dare risk advances on it. Condition averages a little higher than last year, and with the increased acreage considerably more than the 587,600 bales ginned last year might be expected. However, the weevil upsets all calculations and makes estimates more like guesses. Not until ginning is well advanced can a reasonable estimate be made.

"Farmers who a fortnight ago thought they had a good crop, see it deteriorating every day. In northern and later parts of the State squares are eaten as quickly as they form and farmers in the earlier sections find weevil pupæ in what appears to be good bolls. To cite an extreme case, on one plantation near the Georgia line in southern Alabama, 15 bolls were picked from one stalk. On cutting them open 12 proved ruined by weevils.

"Conditions are very spotted in Arkansas, according to Lesser-Goldman Cotton Co., which says:

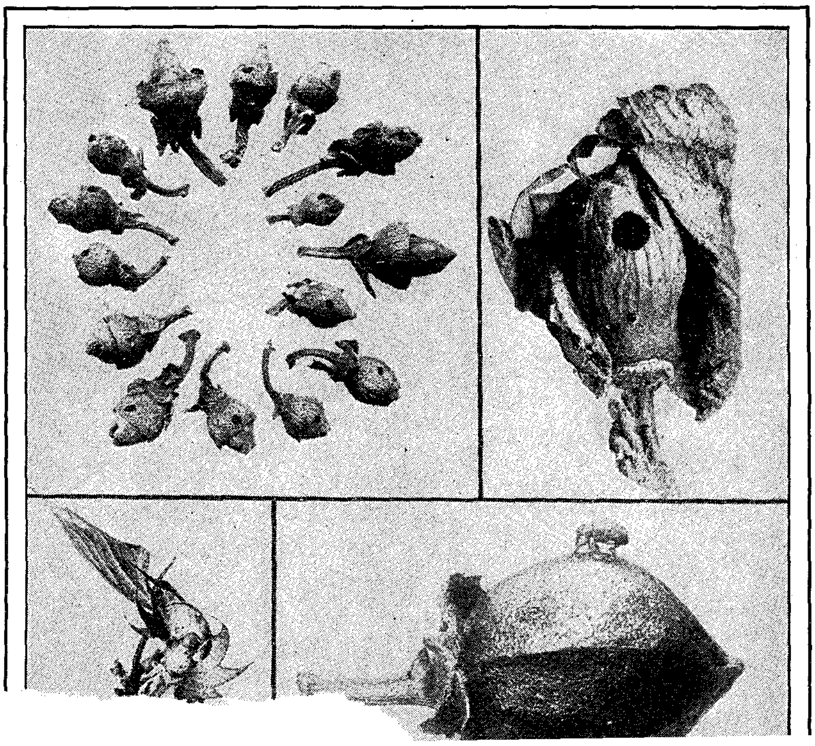
"'Further hot weather has caused heavy shedding in the central, western and eastern sections. Weevils are reported in every section. Some of our correspondents say that the plants are alive with them and that in walking down the cotton rows, their clothes are covered.'

"Temperatures are high in western Oklahoma and the drought continues. Weevil damage is spreading.

"Columbus, Ga.—Another small crop in Georgia is a certainty.

"Going through fields that from the road look good, one will find an unusual shedding of punctured squares. Crack open the bolls and the weevil pupa is pretty sure to be found there, or sometimes a boll worm.

"In some cases calcium arsenate has been used with varying success. Some farmers declare it has not done them any good at all. Other fields have been inspected that were proof that it was doing some good, and fair crops would be picked. In general, its use has not given the satisfaction that it has in Mississippi, particularly the Delta, where its use



From other States, the story is almost the same. "Mississippi," they say, "is credited with a crop of 1,003,000 bales." But—

"The weevils are much worse than ever before. Only a small percentage of farmers are fighting them, and they are consuming the green bolls. No one can tell from the appearance of a field what it is like. Only the picking test will prove it.

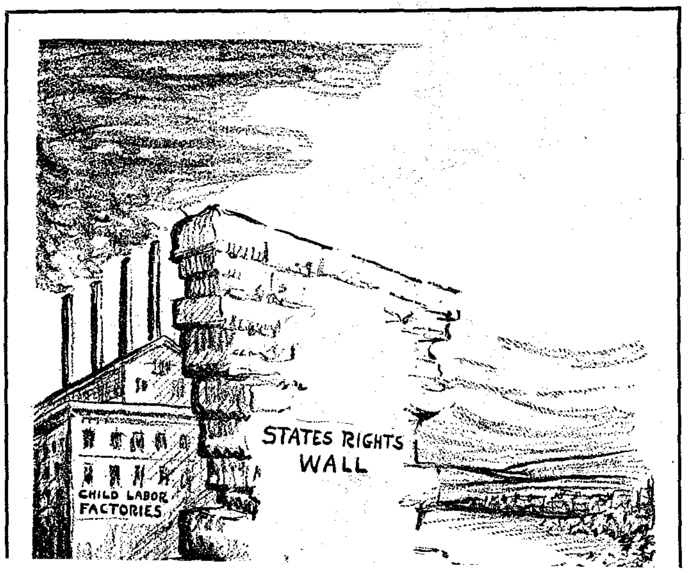
"Alabama is credited with 2,983,000 acres. Yet many bankers claim the acreage is less. It is a fact that some cotton even has been abandoned because the banks or merchants would not finance it. There, too, the weevil is unusually destructive and is working at the bolls and can not be estimated. Its damage, however, will go on until the cotton opens."

Summing up the entire situation,

"There never can be another large crop of cotton produced under what have up to now been considered ordinary conditions. A survey of the cotton-fields, with some study of the boll weevil, will prove the fact. Consumption of cotton is increasing. Last year it was from 25 per cent. to 30 per cent. more than the present crop will amount to. Production of cotton is not keeping pace and this is a situation the market must recognize.

THE CHILD-LABOR AMENDMENT

A BLIGHT MORE DEPLORABLE THAN WAR is seen by Secretary of Commerce Hoover in our waste of child life, for, according to the latest census figures approximately 1,000,000 children between the ages of ten and fifteen years of a total of twelve millions are engaged in gainful occupation. "Facts like this give our civilization a black eye," declares the Wichita *Beacon*, and the only way the situation can be remedied, avers the Sacramento *Bee*, is through an amendment to the Federal Constitution abolishing child labor. Congressional legislation on the question, we are reminded, has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. Meanwhile, observes the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, those States which do not restrict the hours of labor of children and because the census of 1920 was taken when agricultural employment is at its lowest stage. A decrease of child employment of 60.2 in mining is also noted, together with decreases of 29.0 in manufacturing and 24.0 in the mechanical industries. There have also been decreases of 9.1 in transportation, 10.4 in trade, 51.9 in domestic and personal service, and 2.8 in professional service. As opposed to occupations in these fields, there have been gains of 110.4 in child workers in public service and 12.9 in clerical occupations.



The statistics show that the distribution of the gainfully occupied children ten to fifteen years of age varies greatly with the different geographic divisions and with the different States. In the opinion of the Boston *Herald*, one aspect of the report is calculated to be disturbing to New England. This point is set forth in the following summary quoted from the report:

> "For example, the proportion engaged in agriculture, forestry and animal husbandry is very small in New England and in the Middle Atlantic division and is quite large in each of the three geographic divisions of the South. The proportion engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries, on the other hand, is very large in New England and in the Middle Atlantic division, and is quite small in each of the three divisions comprising the South.
>
> "Massachusetts and Rhode Island, however, are notable exceptions to this general rule. While the proportion of children of each sex ten to fifteen years of age engaged in all gainful occupations in 1920 is much larger for each of the three geographic divisions comprising the South than for any other geographic division, if non-agricultural pursuits alone be considered, the proportion for each sex is considerably larger for New England, for the Middle Atlantic division and for the East North Central division than for any of the three geographic divisions comprising the South."

But, maintains the Bridgeport (Conn.) *Post:*

TO MERGE OR NOT TO MERGE?

THERE ARE STILL GOOD TRUSTS and bad trusts, as in Roosevelt's day, observes the Philadelphia *Inquirer* in commenting upon the proposed mergers in the steel industry which were given a clean bill of health by Attorney-General Daugherty, only to be afterward frowned upon by the Federal Trade Commission. Two separate mergers, avowedly for the purpose of bringing about economies in operation, and involving five of the largest independent steel companies, would, by constituting an "unfair method of competition," violate the law, the Commission declares, altho in the opinion of the Department of Justice the proposed consolidations would in no way result in monopolistic control of the steel industry, and therefore would not be in contravention of either the Webb, Clayton, or Sherman anti-trust laws.

"The real question at issue," points out the Newark *News*, "is whether the proposed mergers will make two sound organizations for the efficient quantity production of steel at a fair price." The question that occurs to the Dallas *News* is "whether these mergers will tend to restrain or to further trade and competition." Even tho the proposed mergers do not effect a reduction of prices, particularly since wages in the steel industry were recently increased, "these combinations will subject the United States Steel Corporation to a much stronger competition than the individual companies have been able to offer," believes this paper. There seems to be in the press of the country, in fact, little if any opposition to the proposed mergers. Says the New York *World*, for example:

> "Just how much competition to be 'hindered' now exists in the steel industry? This might seem to present a line of inquiry more pertinent to the matter in hand. Neither of these mergers would command more than a small fraction of what the United States Steel Corporation commands of the country's steel output, which is placed at 45 per cent. And the Steel Corporation has a clean bill of health under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law from the United States Supreme Court. . . .
>
> "Compared with the big Steel Trust even in its present more limited control of total output, these current mergers are small affairs. Small as they are in relative magnitude, they can not be relatively very large either as a tendency to hinder competition or as practitioners of unfair methods of competition."

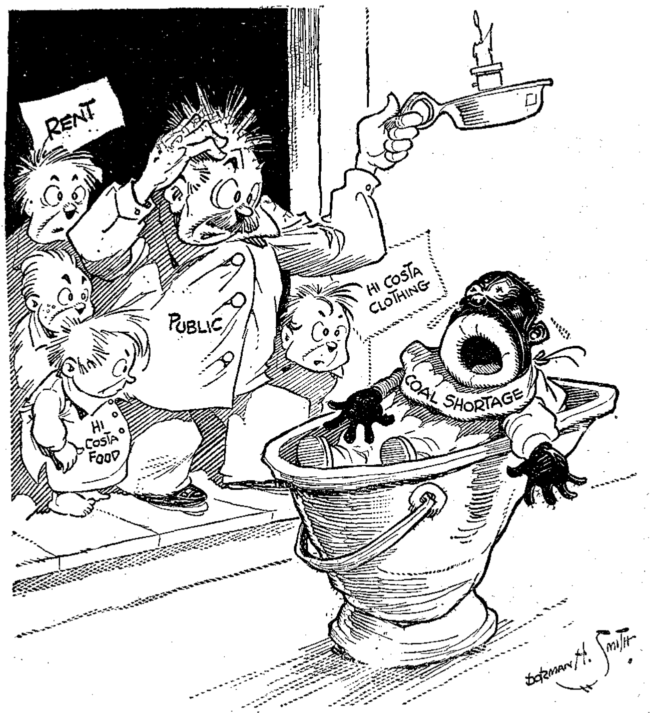
Apparently, concludes the Baltmore *American*, "the giant corporation of to-day is regarded as a legitimate, perhaps the only economical, method of conducting business. The fear of 'big business' seems to have died down with the lapse of time." "A corporation nowadays is judged by what it does, and not by what it might do," notes the *Wall Street Journal*, which believes that "the public is the greatest beneficiary of mergers."

The plants of the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company, which is to join with the Republic Iron and Steel Company and the Inland Steel Company, are principally in Pennsylvania. The Republic company operates mainly in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Alabama, while the Inland Steel Company's plants are in Indiana Harbor, near Chicago. "By joining these three companies it will be possible to divide the territory so that shipments can be made at lower costs," says an article in the New York *World*. This combination, it is estimated, will control approximately 10 per cent. of the country's output. The other combination is that of the Lackawanna and Bethlehem steel companies, which would control more than 22 per cent. of the steel rail output and "substantial percentages of other iron and steel commodities," according to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*.

The economies which these combinations could effect "would mean greater ability to serve the consuming public," maintains the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. For, explains the New York *Commercial*, "we are living in an automobile and aircraft age, and not in the day of the stage coach. This is a big country, and it requires big business to meet its requirements."

THE PRICE OF COAL

"THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO REASON why coal prices should be advanced one cent over prices asked last spring," now that the anthracite strike has been settled, declares the Scranton *Times*, which is published in the center of the anthracite fields. "The settlement provides for no wage increase or change in working conditions, consequently production cost will not be increased. Any inflation, therefore, in the price of hard coal will be a profiteer's increase." "The price of hard and soft coal to the consumer, if anything," declares the New York *World*, "should be even less by reason of the recent reduction of 10 per cent. in railroad freight rates." But "present prices" as of September 1 in Pittsburgh and St. Louis, for instance, show that the price asked for anthracite is exactly double that of April 1 last. As the *World* goes on to observe, "according to the anthracite settlement, the miners are to receive the same wages they were getting before, therefore prices must go up."



FOLKS ARE ALWAYS BEING SO KIND TO US.
—Smith for the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Coal operators are said to admit that the losses of the strike must be paid by the public. "A more brazen announcement of a more piratical purpose was never recorded in the annals of history," believes Governor Kendall, of Iowa, who declares that the assertion that "operators should be compensated for 'profits forfeited' through a suspension of mining for which they were primarily responsible is insolent and preposterous." The operators, observes the New York *Tribune*, seem to expect the public to subscribe to "a sort of coal-strike reparations fund."

"Nothing to arbitrate," said coal operators twenty years ago to proposals made by the miners. But this year, we are reminded, the shoe is on the other foot; it was the miners who said they had nothing to arbitrate. On April 1, says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald*, wages in the non-union coal fields had dropt from their war peak to $4.50 per day, while they averaged $7.50 per day in the union fields. When coal operators tried to induce the United Mine Workers to participate in the general process of deflation, the trouble began. The cost of the strike which resulted—the longest in the history of the hard-coal fields—can not be measured in dollars, it is agreed. Says the *Herald:*

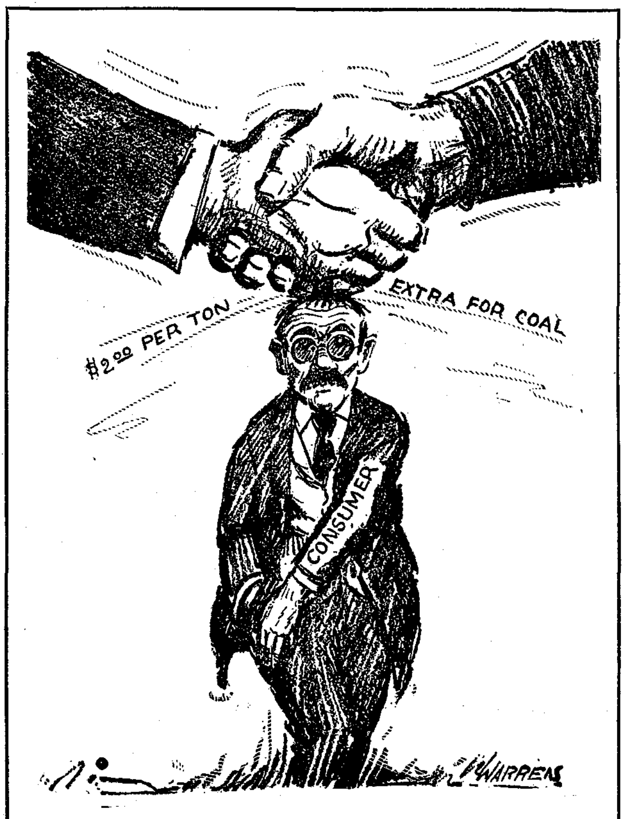
> "Government experts, statisticians, heads of highly specialized bureaus, members of the Cabinet and Congressional leaders are all

agreed that the cost eventually must be measured, not in the loss to labor in wages, not in the loss to the operators in profits or even in the loss to the consumers in the higher cost of coal and manufactured articles, but rather in the enormous setback which the warfare in the coal-fields has given business and industry.

"The minimum cash cost of the suspension in the coal industry, estimated from the figures of Government experts, operators, and labor organizations, is as follows:

Lost wages	$450,000,000
Loss of profits to operators	40,000,000
Consumers' loss (excess cost of coal during strike)	100,000,000
Coal railroad loss in freight revenues	300,000,000
Consumers' loss ($1 a ton, increase in price to April 1, 1923)	300,000,000
Total	$1,190,000,000

"But," explains the Baltimore *American*, "this is not all clear loss." For—



SETTLING THE COAL STRIKE.

—Warren in the Chicago *Tribune*.

"In the first place, the coal-carrying railroads (neglecting whatever influence the shopmen's strike may have) will earn back a considerable portion of their lost revenues in the extra carrying that they will do during the winter. In the second place, the miners will earn from now on more than they otherwise would have done, since they have prevented the proposed wage cuts, and they have created a condition under which there will be very few shutdowns or lost working days for some time to come. In the third place, the operators will earn greatly increased profits, on account of the higher prices and because demand will now be heavy and continuous.

"The consumers' loss, however, which goes to make up the losses of the coal industry, is a dead loss, because there is no way in which he can ever earn it back."

Just why the public should pay the New York *World* can not see. Says this paper:

"To an average intelligence it is reasonable that if wages remain the same, prices should also remain as they were, at least in so far as they are affected by wages. It is true that prices are still too high, but the labor cost of a ton of coal at the mines is so small a part of the cost of a ton in New York City, for instance, that no reduction in wages could have greatly affected the fuel bills of the owners of houses and apartments.

"If the operators have facts and figures to prove that the miners' victory has any necessary relation to higher prices or even to prices as high as they are, let them by all means produce the evidence. Let them analyze, if they dare, the delivery price of a ton of anthracite, showing exactly where the money goes."

This the Government fact-finding commission proposed by Senator Borah would accomplish, it is believed. "Such a commission, appointed by the President and acting under the authority of Congress, will have authority to dig out all the facts concerning coal-mining," points out the neighboring *Inquirer*. The New York *Tribune*, too, believes that—

"The chief hope of a constructive settlement which will banish fear of coal famines and put mining back on an economic basis, with reasonable wages and reasonable prices, lies in the activities of the Federal fact-finding commission, soon to be created. This commission will lay before Congress and the country the shortcomings of the industry as now conducted. It will be able to suggest changes in operating methods and to indicate what ought to be the cost of coal to the consumer, the compensation to the worker and the profit to the operators. After its report is made the public will be able to judge the industry impartially and enforce its judgment through arbitration machinery or legislative restriction."

The settlement of the anthracite strike, we are told, was effected through the intervention of President Harding and Governor Sproul, Senator Pepper and Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania. "The public interest transcends any partizan advantage that you might gain by further resistance," wrote the President to the conference of operators and miners' officials at Philadelphia. "I urge you in the name of the public welfare to accede to the proposal that has been advanced by Senators Pepper and Reed." This proposal was that the contracts in force March 1, 1922, were to be extended to August 31, 1923, six months longer than the operators wished and six months less than the miners held out for. Arbitration, which the miners consistently fought, was not mentioned. The original demands of the miners were for a 20 per cent. increase in wages, while the operators countered this with a demand for a 20 per cent. decrease.

While a hard-coal famine was averted by the Philadelphia settlement, anthracite mines, says a Wilkes-Barre dispatch to the New York *Herald*, can not regain anything like normal production before October 1, and "even the production of 1,500,000 tons weekly can not forestall a shortage that in many parts of the country will reach an acute stage." Moreover, asserts the *World*, the "settlement" is not really that; "it is simply a costly armistice." For the time being the anthracite-consuming East will have to use more bituminous coal for domestic purposes than it has since the anthracite strike of twenty years ago, concludes the *Coal Trade Journal* (New York). More than that, notes the Baltimore *American*, folks will have to do their cooking with gas or electricity. And many households, believes the New York *Sun*, will change permanently to gas, coke, electricity, wood, and soft coal, "and give up hard coal for good and all," thereby inflicting a permanent loss upon both miners and operators alike. Cities which have barred soft coal, says an article in the New York *Times*, are now permitting it, and changes are being effected to permit the burning of fuel oil for heat and power. Everything considered, the coal strikes have taught us a "fundamental lesson," thinks Secretary of Commerce Hoover. As Mr. Hoover sees it—

"There is one fundamental lesson that the public should absorb from the coal situation, and this lesson can be derived without discussion of the rights and wrongs of the demands of either mine workers or mine operators, or the incidents of the negotiation in their settlement. That is, a four-month suspension of production in the coal industry, while primarily a conflict between employer and employee, brings the public in as the largest sufferer. . . . Yet the public has no voice in the negotiations and can not express itself as to the right or wrong of the matter.

"The working out of a plan under which the public may have a rightful voice in aid of justice and in its own protection is one of the most vital issues before us."

MEANING OF THE SUPREME COURT SHIFT

"POLITICS HAS NO PLACE in my scheme," says Mr. Justice John H. Clarke in an interview published by the New York *World.* He leaves the Supreme Court because he wishes to devote himself to agitating for America's entrance into the League of Nations. "I am interested from an absolutely non-partizan and non-political standpoint," he tells us, but the political correspondents at Washington think this explanation inadequate. The New York *Call's* representative, for instance, sees in Mr. Clarke's resignation another Democratic hat from Ohio tossed into the ring, and an Associated Press dispatch declares, "The strategy of the next Presidential campaign suggests a candidate from Ohio. Already in that State is Cox, and there will be Pomerene; the political lookouts figure that Justice Clarke may argue to himself that he is as firm for the Wilson policies as is Cox and as popular in the State as Pomerene." For—

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JUSTICE CLARKE,

Who leaves the Supreme Court in order to agitate for America's entrance into the League of Nations.

"He has been anything but a cloistered jurist. His training was in the ways of 'Tom' Johnson of Cleveland, where he practised law and made speeches for progressive measures. Newton D. Baker, Wilson's Secretary of War, was another of his political buddies. He fought for the direct election of United States Senators, for the two-cent fare, tho he had been attorney for big railroads; for independence of the Philippines, with an international guaranty to respect it; workmen's compensation laws, publication of campaign expenses and all the rest of the reform legislation that was deemed the extreme of radicalism twenty years ago.

"He could have been Governor of Ohio in 1892, but declined it, and a year later ran for the Senate against Mark Hanna. A few years later he was prominent in a movement to start a third party with 1,500,000 railroad employees as a nucleus.

"He bolted Bryan in 1896, but was back in the fold four years later. Woodrow Wilson made him a Federal Judge in 1914, and two years later put him on the Supreme Bench. The fact that he is a bachelor and one of the greatest of American orators completes the biography."

An "entirely different type," as the Associated Press correspondent observes, is former Senator George Sutherland of Utah, who will take Justice Clarke's place on the Supreme Court bench:

"Sutherland could have been Attorney-General had he desired, and there was some talk at one time that he might be Secretary of State. It is believed his English birth made him less acceptable as chief of America's diplomatic relations than Mr. Hughes, for instance; but his birth—at Buckinghamshire—is all there is English about him. He came to the United States a child, grew up and was educated in Utah, was graduated from the University of Michigan and has been prominent in law and politics ever since.

"He was a Senator for twelve years—from 1905 to 1917—and was counted as one of the best, if not the greatest, lawyers in that body. He was always more lawyer than politician, a grave, dignified, high-class, intellectual factor in national affairs, regular in his politics as he was in his law; not to be led off into such romances as the Roosevelt Progressive venture. It was probably due more to him than to any other individual that his State, Utah, was one of the two States that remained loyal to Taft, when Woodrow Wilson was elected in 1912.

"The Anti-Saloon League classes him as a 'wet,' tho he left the Senate before the days of the Eighteenth Amendment, but according to Wayne Wheeler he is not so 'wet' as Judge Clarke. Wheeler says, 'He will be fairer in his construction of the law on the Eighteenth Amendment' than Justice Clarke, who wrote three dissenting opinions on phases of the Volstead Act and made a speech criticizing the Amendment.

"Sutherland's most conspicuous service since he left the Senate was as Chairman of the Advisory Committee to the American delegation to the Arms Conference. In this capacity he is credited with having had a big part in the working out of the 5-5-3 naval ratio. Before he became Senator he served a term as Representative, and during the campaign of 1920 and the preinauguration period he was one of the Big Three among Harding's advisers at Marion, Colonel Harvey and Richard Washburn Child being the others."

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JUSTICE SUTHERLAND,

Who comes to the Supreme Court because of his great legal ability and his friendship with the President.

Altho recognizing that the Supreme Court will now stand seven Republicans to two Democrats and that Mr. Sutherland is dubbed a "conservative" and "reactionary," the New York *Times* pronounces him "eminently fit for the place," while the New York *Evening Mail* believes that he will have "the confidence and cordial indorsement of the nation," but the New York *Globe* is less enthusiastic, and declares:

"The public really has a grievance in Justice Clarke's resignation. He occupied a strategic place. He is a liberal among conservatives, and he was needed. Ex-Senator Sutherland, who, the President announced, will be appointed to Justice Clarke's place, is a lawyer of high distinction. If the Supreme Court did nothing except interpret law it would not matter whether judges were liberals or conservatives, Republicans or Democrats. The public insistence that the Court be fairly evenly divided between the parties, however, is a tacit recognition that partizanship ought to be counterbalanced by partizanship. Because of this, and because the Supreme Court is the ultimate power in the United States, the loss of Justice Clarke is serious. Without him during the Harding Administration the Court will inevitably be more conservative at a time when liberalizing influences are sorely needed."

Turning to the Ohio papers, we find the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.), in the city where Justice Clarke practised law for seventeen years, remarking that success in his new venture "will give him high rank among those who have served their country." The Cleveland *Press* (Ind.) is more specific, saying:

"A man who resigns from the United States Supreme Court really is a more conspicuous figure than one who stays on, so we can rest assured that, whatever may be undertaken in Democratic affairs, John H. Clarke, the ex-judge, will be consulted, and by his action he suddenly flashes into the political firmament as a Presidential possibility. While he and Cox are good friends, it's a safe wager that Cox would be just as well pleased if Clarke hadn't resigned."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

The profiteer staggers every time prices take a drop.—*Washington Post.*

What the country needs is more men in Congress with throat trouble.—*Cleveland News.*

The trouble about the public debt is that the private individual has to pay it.—*Washington Post.*

The trouble with Europe is that it doesn't want peace bad enough to work for it.—*Asheville Times.*

No one has any trouble in finding a bootlegger except the "dry" enforcement officers.—*New York Tribune.*

Many candidates this fall will be fishing for votes with the Literary Digest poll.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Banner.*

It begins to look as tho the Allies had turned down a peace without victory for victory without peace.—*Washington Post.*

Europe has had nineteen conferences, and they have all ended as soon as somebody mentioned money.—*New York Evening Mail.*

If the fuel crisis continues, Wilhelm Hohenzollern may get more for his woodpile than he did for his memoirs.—*New York Tribune.*

Shoemaker says President Harding has perfect feet. But the public is more interested in the other end of a President.—*New York American.*

From a financial standpoint, Lenine and Trotzky might be referred to as the boys who put the rouble in trouble.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

A "brain-worker" nowadays is a man who is trying to figure out how he can get his winter's coal without mortgaging his home. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The way to peace is not through armies and navies. You do not guard against hydrophobia by raising dogs on a large scale. —*New York Morning Telegraph.*

A "slow-motion" picture is to be taken of Charlie Chaplin "making up" his face. We hear that another forthcoming attraction is a slow-motion film of Mr. Lloyd George making up his mind.—*The Passing Show.*

Easy Street and the straight and narrow path don't intersect. —*Asheville Times.*

Austria appears to have an emergency from which it can not emerge.—*Chicago Daily News.*

France should send a few of our instalment collectors into Germany.—*New York Evening Mail.*

"Australia is a land of promise and plenty," says Sir Joseph Cook. So is Germany.—*London Opinion.*

France's idea about reparations is that if any nation is opposed to 'em, it doesn't have to take any.—*Dallas News.*

The doctors who tell us to be careful about eating when unhappy should revise the restaurant prices.—*Washington Post.*

We may not be able to take the credit for winning the war, but we gave credit with which the war was won.—*Asheville Times.*

The dove won't build in the cannon's mouth until something is provided to fill the other mouths.—*Springfield (Illinois) State Register.*

The European nations can't balance their budgets as long as they continue to throw standing armies into the scales.—*Asheville Times.*

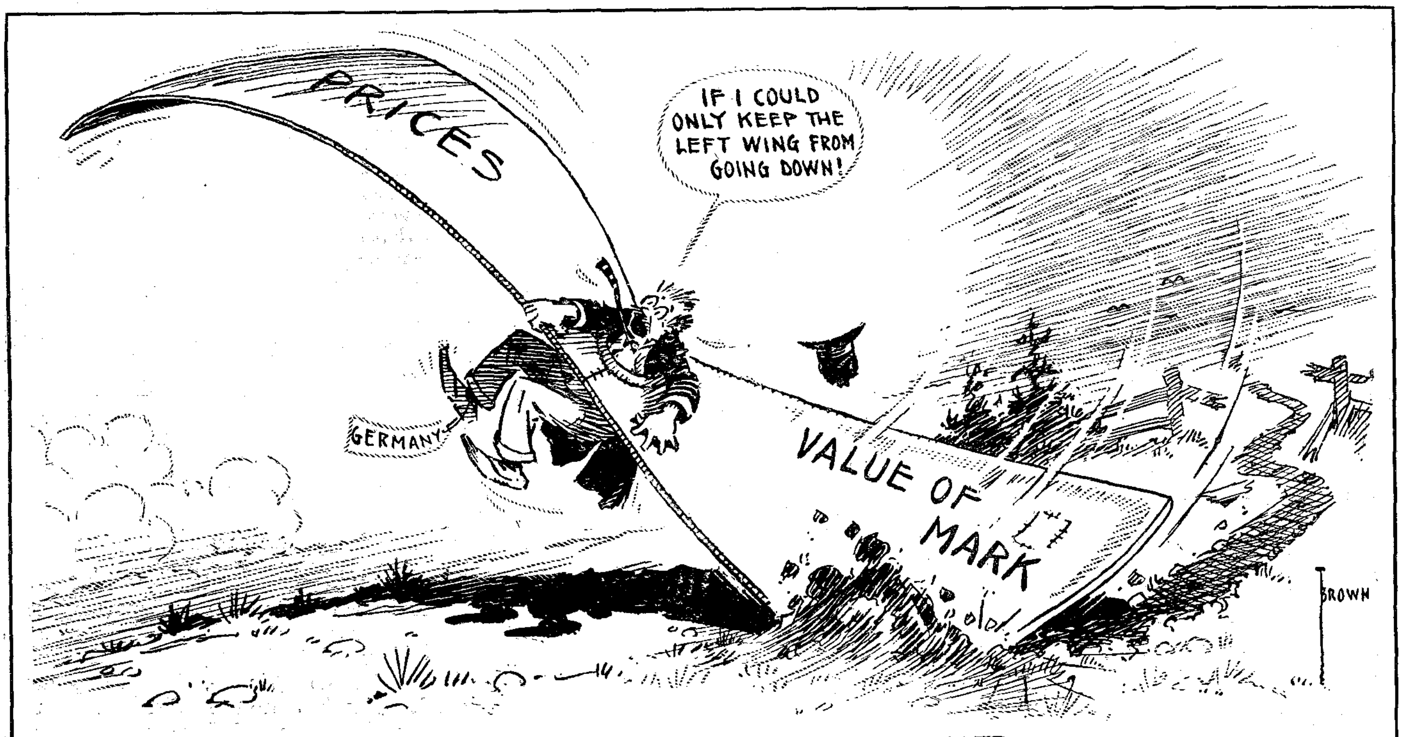
A moratorium is just the highbrow way of admitting that there doesn't seem to be any blood in the turnip.—*Springfield (Illinois) State Register.*

Just think: this time last summer our chief anxiety was, would the pressure of the coal burst out the side-wall of the bin?—*New York Evening Post.*

No statesman nowadays will announce where he stands on a public question till he takes a hasty glance at The Literary Digest.—*New York Tribune.*

The new verb "to coal" has some interesting forms, among which we notice "shall we coal?" "we will coal!" etc. It all ends, however, with "we may be cold."—*New York Sun.*

Recent primaries reveal that the country is still more or less "dry," while the cities are "wet"; or, in other words, that the battle is still between the hick and the "hic."—*Columbia Record.*


PRICES
IF I COULD ONLY KEEP THE LEFT WING FROM GOING DOWN!
GERMANY
VALUE OF MARK
BROWN

ONE GERMAN GLIDER THAT ISN'T WORKING RIGHT.
—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

THE GREEK CATASTROPHE IN ASIA MINOR

NEARLY TWO HUNDRED MILES of routed forces, desolated villages, and panic-stricken refugees form the toll of the first few days of the drive of the Turkish Nationalist Army on the Greek line in Asia Minor, and include the capital fact of the capture of Ushak, which is on the main railway line to Smyrna. The severest setback to the Turks in their advance was the complete destruction of a cavalry division caught between two Greek forces near the Bilejik-Brusa front; and the Greek Military Mission at Constantinople announce through the press that the Greek military situation is improving fast and that the Turkish move on Smyrna is becoming more difficult. Yet Constantinople dispatches also bring the message of Fevzi Pasha, chief of the Turkish Nationalist General Staff, to the people of Constantinople, which reads: "We have vanquished the enemy and are hotly pursuing him. We will smash him completely within the next few days." At the same time the Allied generals at Constantinople appear to be agreed that the situation is so grave that it is necessary for them to land naval and infantry forces in Asiatic Turkey for the protection of their nationals and to maintain order. It is reported that towns and villages in the path of the Greek retreat were burned and that thousands of Christian refugees fled toward Smyrna, where the churches and schools were soon filled, and we read that many arrived in a starving condition, the women and children especially showing signs of suffering. In these Smyrna dispatches we read further that—

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA,

Leader of the Turkish Nationalists, whose successful drive on the Greeks, it is said, will encourage him to demand the restoration to Turkish rule not only of Asia Minor but also of Thrace.

> "Anxiety is felt for the large Christian population in the war area. It is feared the Turks may take reprisals against them for the action of the Greek Army in burning scores of Turkish villages on its advance toward Angora.
>
> "The non-resistance and apparent apathy of the Athens Government toward the invasion of the Turks is bringing forth great resentment among the residents of Smyrna, a considerable portion of whom are British, American, French and Italian. They say that the folly of King Constantine in diverting 50,000 of the best troops of Greece to Thrace in a vain endeavor to realize his Constantinople enterprise may cost Greece the whole of Smyrna."

Meanwhile we learn from Rome dispatches that preparations for the Venice Conference on the Greco-Turkish situation are going forward "despite the fact that both the date and scope of the meeting are still very much in the air." The conference was proposed and accepted by all the parties concerned, it is recalled, when the Greeks had advanced far into Asia Minor, and the military situation was comparatively stationary. It did not then matter particularly whether the conference was held immediately or within a few months, but now that the Turks are advancing, it is said that—

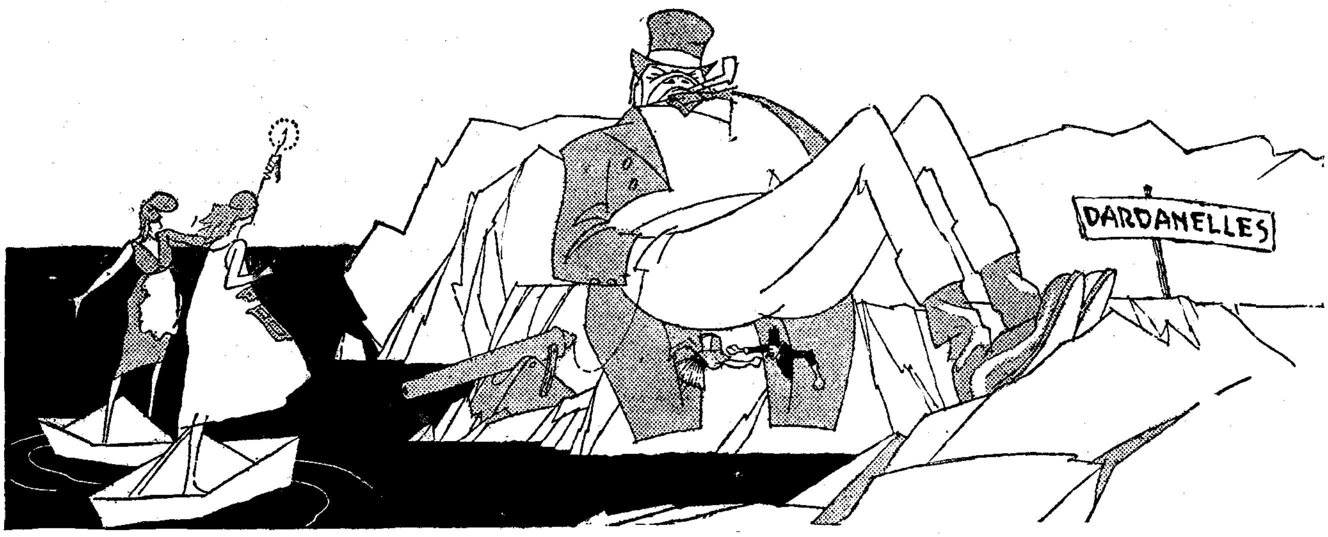
> "They wish to have the conference held as soon as possible, in order to have the advantage of might on their side and to be able to point out to the Powers that unless the Greeks voluntarily evacuate Asia Minor they will be forced to do so at the point of the bayonet.
>
> "The Greeks, on the other hand, knowing that the approaching winter will soon render military operations impossible, are all for delay, hoping that the snow-blocked mountain-passes, which rise to a height of 3,000 feet, may halt the Turkish advance before the beginning of the conference.
>
> "The Greeks believe that France is backing the Turks, not because she has any particular animosity against the Greeks or any particular love for the Turks, but merely because she sees in this policy a useful weapon for checking England's colonial expansion in the East."

Meanwhile Constantinople newspapers express hope about the Venice Conference, which, they recall, is the third attempt to bring to a close the Greco-Turkish War that has been going on for three years in Asia Minor. The first two efforts at reconciliation were the London Conference of May, 1921, and the Paris proposals of March, 1922. Tho sharing Turkish confidence about the coming meeting, the Constantinople *Tevhid Efkiar* insists that the Turkish demands that "our national life, honor, and dignity be safeguarded by the Powers, remain unchanged." Turkey must be restored to her "ethnographic frontiers," according to this daily, by which it is meant that the Greeks must withdraw from Asia Minor and from Thrace. But the British view seems to be that the demand for Thrace is "an impossible one," because it "means the upsetting of the only part of the Balkan settlement which seemed effective." Speaking of Thrace, the Constantinople *Ileri* observes:

> "Every country wishes to be in a position to protect itself from possible aggression. . . . No nation can live in a region that may be attacked by an enemy at any moment. To secure the geographical situation of Constantinople, the Turkish boundary should be traced along the river Maritza, so as to give us Thrace. The Turkish state can not exist without Constantinople. On the other hand, our national territory must be expanded and consolidated to its natural limits. Therefore, Thrace must be ours, and under no condition can it be given to any other country. It must be remembered particularly that the majority of the population in Thrace is Turkish."

The Constantinople *Ikdam*, too, points out that the country which has control over Constantinople must also possess Thrace, and it adds that "as long as the Greeks occupy Adrianople, Gallipoli, and the provinces bordering Tchataldja, Constantinople will be exposed to an unexpected attack, and this is an immediate reason why the question of Thrace must be settled definitely."

Much dissatisfaction was stirred in the Constantinople press by Mr. Lloyd George's speech before the House of Commons on August 4th, when he reminded Parliament that, following an



AN ITALIAN VIEW OF THE ANGLO-TURKISH STATUS.

"While John Bull sits on the Dardanelles, thinking he has Turkey well in hand, the Greeks and Turks are fighting in two of his pockets."

—*420* (Florence).

investigation carried out at the close of the war by a commission appointed by the great Powers in Paris, it was decided that "Smyrna and the adjoining vilayets ought to be handed to the Greeks, because they are predominantly Greek in population, in wealth, in interest, and in history."

"From the beginning to the end this speech is anti-Turkish," says the Constantinople *Ileri*, "but however inimical it may be to us, it is useful in that it enables us to understand the attitude of England." According to this daily, "it is clear that in our conflict with Greece the last word must come from our Army. Anatolia is armed to the teeth and ready to meet any eventuality." Another Turkish paper, the *Tevhid Efkiar*, speaks of the excellent condition of the Kemalist Army and of its powerful equipment of motor-trucks, airplanes, et cetera. Schools for aviators and chauffeurs, as well as ammunition factories, are in operation in various places, and the financial situation of the Angora Government also is said by this newspaper to be improving rapidly.

On this point it is of interest to note press reports that Greek authorities charge that large shipments of gold have been sent from Russia to Angora, and that the Turks have been armed and supported in every way by the *Bolsheviki*. The Greeks assert also that many German airplanes are being used in Asia Minor and that they have reached the Turks via Russia and the Caucasian republics, which are sometimes described as "mere appurtenances of Soviet Russia." We are reminded by the press also that on March 16, 1921, Moscow and Angora, the capital of the Kemalist Nationalist Government, concluded a far-reaching commercial agreement with "secret political clauses."

In contrast to their radiant pictures of the fitness of the Turkish forces we find in the Turkish press slurring accounts of the condition of Greece from the political as well as the military view. These Turkish animadversions might be ascribed to Turkish bias, and it is said that no doubt there is a modicum of prejudice in their remarks. At the same time indications appear in the Greek press antagonistic to the Greek Government, which rather support the insinuations of the Turks. Thus we read in the Athens *Elefteras Typos* that:

> "All the noise about Constantinople is nothing more than a smoke-screen employed by the Athens Government to cover the evacuation of Asia Minor. The Government keeps on affirming that the troops sent to Thrace will return to Asia Minor, but this is being said in order to save the Ministry from an overthrow by the Assembly. Thus the Government is enabled to say: 'We were about to take Constantinople and would have done so if you had not launched your attack on us.' But such a device will not divert the indignation of the Greek people from their present Government."

A Greek-American daily, *Atlantis* (New York), feels sure that Greece will come victorious out of the present situation, and urges the Greeks to have this conviction in mind. Meanwhile this newspaper, which is a strong believer in King Constantine and his policies, blames the plight of Greece entirely on France, as may be gathered from the following:

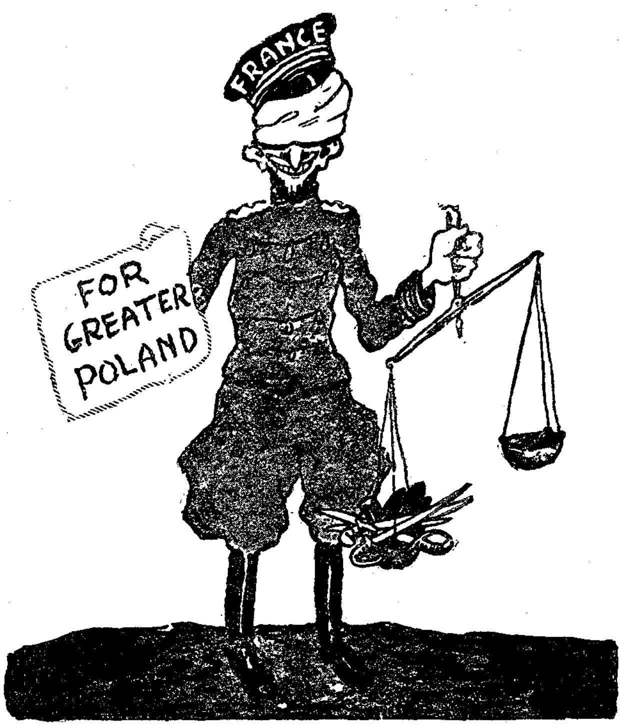
> "In France's love for the Turks she has neglected nothing to facilitate their success. Thus it happens that Greece which fought the Turks is practically now fighting against France, and it is France that to-day proclaims to the world the success of its Turkish policy. Greece, whose Army still has French organizers and whose hands in Constantinople and in the Greek seas have been tied up by Allied diplomacy—this Greece, tho forced to retreat in Asia Minor, can not be considered as defeated. . . . We do not despair of Greece, that Greece which remained calm after the fall of Constantinople in 1453, that triumphed after the seven years' struggle of 1821, for it will not lose its courage and its optimism because of this French stroke. Thank God, the Greeks have not yet reached the point where the French found themselves eight years ago, when at the first sound of German guns they vacated Paris and transferred their Government to Bordeaux. The Greeks, who have to-day just as many enemies as France had Allies during the war, have also a vitality and a national strength above that of France, which won the war only with the help of nearly three dozen allies. The Greek army has not a Sedan or a Metz in its history, while it is certain that France will have both the first time she faces the Germans alone. Greece will come out of the present adventure victorious. This is the certain and positive fact that every Greek must keep in mind."

Returning to the subject of the Venice Conference, we read in a Rome dispatch to a New York daily that:

> "The Greeks are ready to evacuate Asia Minor, but insist that substantial guaranties shall be given for the safety of their nationals there, and also that they are willing to discuss restoring Thrace to the Turks.
>
> "The Greeks are making frantic efforts to enlist the support of the European Powers, declaring that they are in Asia Minor fighting the battle of all Europe, because the Angora Government is the creature of the Bolshevist Government. 'A victory for the Turks is a victory for the Bolsheviki; our defeat is a defeat for all constitutional European Governments,' they say.
>
> "England and France, which are respectively backing Greece and Turkey, are taking a hand in the diplomatic battle raging over the date of the Venice Conference, England wishing to have it postponed, and France insisting that it be held immediately. An exchange of notes between Paris and London seems to have had a harmonizing influence, the end of September being tentatively fixt as the date."

GERMAN THOUGHTS ON UPPER SILESIA

WITHIN FIFTEEN YEARS all the riches of Upper Silesia, which Germany has been obliged to relinquish momentarily, will be restored to her, says a cheery German writer, who neglects to point out, however, just whether the Upper Silesian returns are to come to Germany in the regular channels of commerce or by more explosive methods. But he is not so much interested in attempting to read beyond the veil of the fifteen coming years as he is to point out that Upper Silesia "has never at any time been Polish." Her entire history is a "monument to the glory of German thrift, progress and energy," for, he tells us in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, up to the twelfth century the few Slavs who inhabited what is now Upper Silesia did not know anything about the use of iron and lived in their forests like savages. Then the Germans arrived, and, as we read further:



"FRENCH JUSTICE IN UPPER SILESIA."
A German view of Franco-Polish friendship.
—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

"Following the advent of German merchants and farmers, prosperity spread through the country. Forests were cleared away and roads connecting the East with the West were laid across this rich and cultivated area. But after the invasions of the Turks had isolated this section of Europe, and on the other hand, geographical discoveries had opened new ways on the seas of the world, Silesia dwindled in importance and fell back into its primitive state. In the seventeenth century a traveler might have said of its inhabitants: 'The only thing human about them is their shape.' Later, however, with the coming of the railroad era, Silesia experienced a new period of prosperity. The Germans made a mining and metallurgical center of the highest importance out of Upper Silesia, and her Slav population became the beneficiaries of the industrial funds and genius of German capital and science without ever becoming subject to Poland."

This German writer proceeds to assure us that when the League of Nations ordered a plebiscite in Upper Silesia its action was "inspired much less by ethnic considerations than by the wish to help Poland by donating to her less than a third of the territory, the lion's share, including not only the natural wealth of the country, but the wealth created by German industry." Thus it happens that—

"Poland has profited of all the iron actually extracted, of 90 per cent. of the coal and of four-fifths of the complete yield of the mines—in other words, Poland has practically complete control of the production of zinc and lead. At the same time we must now consider Poland as a simple annex of France, which by this addition and that of Lorraine is lifted to fourth place in the rank of commercial powers as a possible and redoubtable rival of England, such as Germany was in 1914."

That Upper Silesia is "gradually beginning to recover from the shock of being cut in two," we learn from a London *Times* correspondent in that region, and he tells us also that the "burst of acute national consciousness," which set the Germans driving the Poles out of the German part of the country, and the Poles driving the Germans out of the Polish half, immediately after the Allied troops withdrew, has more or less subsided. Moreover, press dispatches tell us that Polish Silesia is to have a local Parliament of forty-eight members, or one for each 25,000 inhabitants.

UNTOUCHED WEALTH OF BRAZIL

THE POTENTIAL SERVICES which Brazil is capable of rendering to the rest of the world and to Western Europe in particular, we are told, is a subject that deserves the careful study of business men visiting the Brazil Centenary Exhibition at Rio de Janeiro, which lasts from the first week of September until well into the Spring of 1923. Some English journals are emphatic on this point and urge that English visitors who go to Rio with the idea of furthering British commerce with Brazil also keep a business-like eye on the vast field of undeveloped Brazilian wealth. Two centuries ago, the London *Statist* reminds us, Brazil raised more cotton than any other country in the world, one hundred years ago she outstript other countries in cocoa production and at one time she was a world source of supply for sugar. But these peaks of industrial progress are long since lost in the past, notes this financial weekly, which gives us the following birds-eye view of the country:

"Brazil has an area something over 3¼ million square miles. That is to say, it is more extensive than the purely continental area of the United States. According to a census taken two years ago, her total population only amounts to a little over 30½ million. The population for the most part is confined to the Atlantic States, and there is an enormous area of land of extraordinary fertility watered by a greater number of rivers than are to be found on any similar area of the earth's surface, practically unoccupied and practically unused, which are yielding to the rest of the world little or no service of any kind. This is mainly because they lack adequate population to cultivate them, and still more because they lack adequate transport facilities which would enable any commodities which might be raised in the interior to be taken down to a port of shipment at such a cost as would give any reasonable prospect of the produce being sold at a moderate price.

"We say, therefore, without hesitation that it is far more important that European visitors to Brazil should realize the potential services which Brazil is capable of rendering to the rest of the world than that Brazilians should be furnished with information which they possess already—that Lancashire is capable of making very fine grades of cotton goods and Yorkshire very serviceable woolen fabrics. Brazil at present furnishes the world practically from one State with, roughly, two-thirds of the coffee known to the international markets of the world. In addition, she furnishes some of the finest raw rubber known to the world's markets. That rubber, however, is situated at such a distance from any port of shipment, is so inaccessible, and the area in which it is collected is so lacking in transportation facilities of any kind that it is actually more costly to bring rubber down from the great plateaus of Central Brazil to Para, which is the port from which it is distributed to the world in general, than it is to grow it in the plantations of the East."

At one time Brazil was among the greatest world sources of supply for sugar, *The Statist* goes on to say, and adds that cotton-growing upon an important scale was probably "carried on to a greater extent in Brazil two centuries ago than in any other part of the world." Furthermore, Brazil took a far more important part in the cultivation of cocoa more than a hundred years ago than she does to-day, and we read:

"Except in the collection of raw rubber and the growth of coffee in the State of São Paulo, it would be difficult to say that any Brazilian industry has made any remarkable advance in the hundred years of independence which is about to be celebrated by the Exhibition to which we have referred. In addition to Brazil's potentialities as a source of supply for tropical, semi-tropical and various forms of agricultural produce capable of being grown in a warm country with an abundant rainfall and rich soil, this especially favored part of the earth's surface is very richly impregnated with minerals. Precious stones are found in various parts of Brazil, and particularly in the State of Minas Geraes. Those who will explore the central plateau will find an area running for about a thousand miles where there is some of the richest iron ore which has yet been discovered in any part of the world."

BALFOUR'S "FALSE NOTE"

IN PRIVATE LIFE "Mr." Balfour, as he is still affectionately called despite his peerage, enjoys reputation as an amateur musician of high gift, say some English writers, who deplore the discord he struck in international relations by his note on the Allied debts. A distinguished London journalist, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, assures us that Mr. Balfour made his mistake through being "misled by a person whose business it was to know the state of American feeling, and who seems to have known as little about it as if he were a hermit in the Sahara." On the face of things, this informant finds Mr. Balfour's note "sensible enough," and in the London weekly, *John Bull*, he adds:

"The mistake Mr. Balfour made was in telling America that we could only cancel the French debt to us if America cancelled our debt to her. Thank you, says America, but France *can't* pay you and you *can* pay us, and we want our money. It is not a very handsome attitude, but it is natural enough."

Now, suggests Mr. Gardiner, "let us do the big thing ourselves and leave America to follow when she is ready." Some one has got to give the lead out of the morass into which Europe has sunk, and Britain is the only country able to do this, according to Mr. Gardiner, who proceeds:

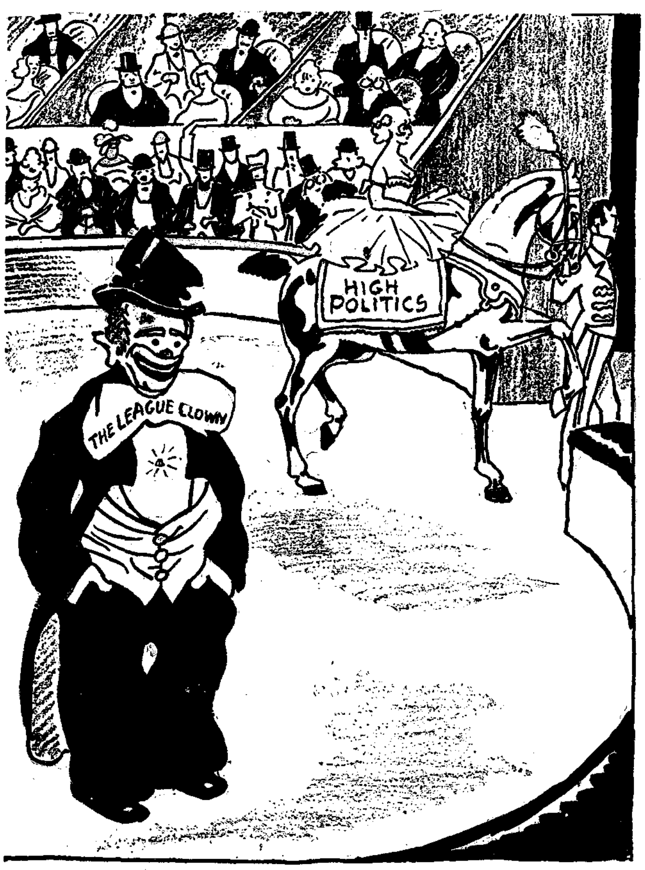
"We can not afford to wipe out two thousand millions of debt, but we can afford still less to see Europe become derelict and our trade perish. . . .

"Let us wipe them out, but on one consideration, that the French drop their militarism, send away their black soldiers from Europe, cancel the occupation of German territory, cease their policy of smashing Germany, economically and politically, and set about to help us in restoring peace to Europe.

"As for America, let us ask her what goods to the extent of fifty millions a year we have to send in payment of the interest on our debt to her. Will she take cotton goods, woolen goods, machinery, or what? When she sees our debt in that light, I do not think she will be long in taking a reasonable view."

WHY GERMANY SHOULD JOIN THE LEAGUE

GERMANY MUST TAKE HER PLACE in the League of Nations in order to recover her standing in the world, is the argument of some Germans who feel that Germany's absence from it tends to make her more and more a mere "object" in international relations. True, the League is not perfect, but Germany's presence will improve it, they hold.



EUROPE'S WORLD-BEATING CIRCUS.

"When Miss High Politics leaves the ring, the audience is diverted by the antics of the League of Nations clown."

—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

In *Die Welt am Montag* one such spokesman asserts that the present situation is unworthy of the German people and he scorns the "occasional traffickings with the Soviet Government of Russia which do not improve Germany's position, especially as their practical results are terribly null." Germany must once again be "an equal in rights to all other nations of the greater politics of Europe," he avers, and the only way she can do this is by finding her place in the League. Allusion is made to statements by various English politicians of prominence expressing Britain's desire to see Germany a member of the League, and the writer informs us in particular that:

"On July 25th when the International Congress of Peace was opened at the Mansion House, London, a member of the British Cabinet, the Rt. Hon. Herbert A. L. Fisher, President of the Board of Education, declared plainly in his speech of welcome that the British Government desires that Germany should ask admission to the League of Nations. This is a formal invitation which requires a formal reply.

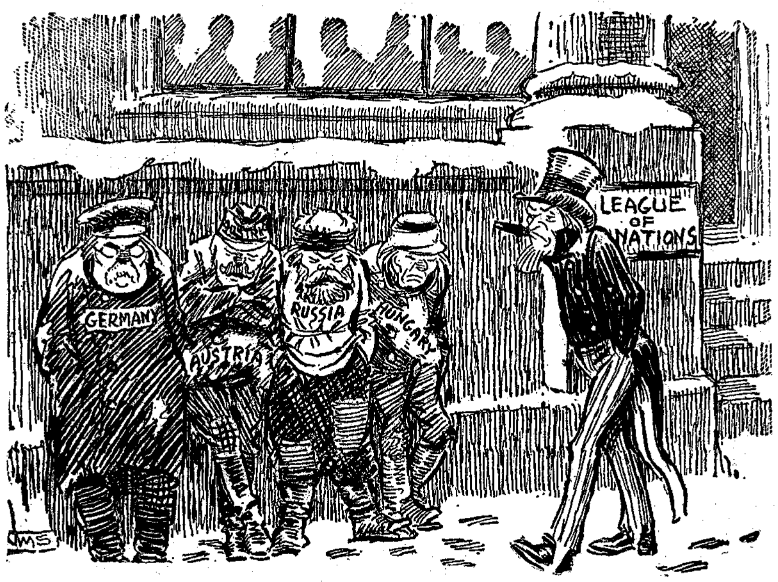
"The Independent Liberals and the Laborists in England have always desired that Germany be admitted to the League of Nations. Now the Government of the Conservative Liberal Coalition has joined in this demand. So the entire English nation is united in the invitation to the German Government. To reply in the negative to such an invitation would be an unfriendly act to the people of Britain and an affront to the British Government.

"It is said that the German Government does not dare to make a move in this matter because the League of Nations is unpopular in Germany. It is true that it is unpopular to a degree, but only because the masses have been so scandalously misinformed about the League by their partizan newspapers. Nevertheless, it is my experience of many popular assemblies that when the pros and cons of the question are thoroughly thrashed out the opinion in favor of the League has been nearly always unanimous. It is true that the League is the imperfect expression of an excellent idea; but it is susceptible of perfection. Now those who have any confidence whatever in their own nation will agree that this institution may be brought to perfection much sooner if we are a member of it and work for and with it, than if we continue to be outside of it."

The writer, Mr. De Gerlach, who is recognized as one of the leading fighters for the League in Germany, goes on to say that judging from certain official communications by the German Government it would appear that Germany desires to make her entry into the League on certain stipulations of her own. This will not do at all, according to Mr. De Gerlach, for—

"We must say 'yes' or 'no.' Once we are a member of the League we can depend on our representatives to make our influence felt. As a matter of fact all the Englishmen and all the neutrals with whom I have spoken have assured me that unquestionably Germany shall have a seat in the Council of the League. In any event, our entrance could do us no harm, and may do us a great deal of good. A word further on the impression produced by the idea that Germany is to become a member of the League. This would mean a final renunciation of the German militarism of the past and of a policy of revenge for the future, as I gather from observation in all sections of political thought in England and among the neutrals as well as among the Pacifists and Socialists of France. . . . We must incorporate Germany in the League, the international organization of states and of the right."

But some French journals feel that Germany should not be admitted to the League until she has produced qualifications of good standing, and the Paris *Gaulois* speaks of "the uselessness and even danger that is inseparable from any attempt to convert a nation to the idealistic doctrine of the fraternity of nations, when the people of that nation, having failed in their attempt to dominate the world, show that they intend never to forget their disappointment."



SOME WILLING, SOME UNWILLING, LEAGUE OUTCASTS.

"Out in the cold world, out in the street."

—*News of the World* (London).

ARGENTINA'S HARD TIMES—Social unrest, unemployment and general gloom have formed the aftermath of the war years for Argentina, we are told, and tho native journals admit that some precautions have been overlooked which might have tempered conditions, nevertheless, the economic upset of the world must be held chiefly accountable for Argentina's trouble. A financial authority of the country, *La Revista Economia y Finanzas*, points out that after the war Argentina hoped to renew its trade with the belligerent nations which had been big buyers of raw materials and foodstuffs. But this expected trade did not materialize because these nations were too much impoverished by war and their moneys were too greatly depreciated for purchasing in foreign markets. We read then:

"Thus Argentina was confronted with a very grave economic crisis. What is more, the financial conditions of the world had changed, so that countries like England, which formerly favored free trade, were obliged to defend themselves against imports by imposing higher and higher duties on foreign products. Former trade agreements were abrogated and heavy import duties were established. When the consumers complained against the high prices that resulted from these high duties, they were told to 'work, produce and export merchandise of your own.' Argentina is the only country that remained inactive and so piled up stocks of her products, especially her agricultural products, which she has been unable to dispose of.

"Meanwhile the farmers have got themselves tied up with the banks in a system of loans that has become more and more perilous. The first thing that should be done to relieve Argentina's crisis is to raise the duties on foreign imported goods, but unhappily Argentina has no law which protects it against 'dumping.' Consequently, Argentina's exports are running up against the barriers formed by high tariffs in foreign countries, while her own industries are stifled because foreign goods can be sold here at the lowest prices. The crisis which results from this condition declares itself in the disturbed condition of the labor market and all the social agitation ensuing therefrom."

BRITISH AMAZE AT OUR NEW TARIFF

AS AMERICA BUYS MORE from England than from any other country, the British will feel our new tariff duties pretty severely, and much interest attaches to English opinion, therefore, which has been crystallizing during the time the bill has been in process of building. Perhaps the most illuminating revelation of the British attitude is to be found in the Manchester *Guardian*, that influential newspaper representing trade sense in the widest industrial and manufacturing region of England. What hits this daily hardest of all in the provisions of the bill, apparently, is the fact that it confers on the President of the United States "arbitrary powers over trade for which there is no parallel in any Anglo-Saxon country since the days of the Stuarts." To Europeans, whatever their fiscal views, it declares, the whole bill seems an incredible folly in the light of international indebtedness. While on the one hand America asserts her intention to recover the last cent of money owed by Europe, we are told, on the other hand, a barrier, unparalleled for its height in the history of protection, is raised against the goods by which, and by which alone, these debts can be paid. We read then:

"When the Republicans came into power they found in existence a tariff under which the average rate on dutiable goods was some 37 per cent. They promptly introduced a bill raising the average rate to about 45 per cent. and moved a number of commodities from the free to the dutiable list. If some obeisance had to be made to the traditional high protectionism of the party, it might well have ended there. But the bill, in fact, gives the President powers which, if used in combination, would raise the rate on the articles concerned to the fantastic figure of over 100 per cent. If, for instance, he thinks domestic industry is likely to be injured by any class of imports, he can order that they be valued for taxation, not as in the past at the price paid for them in the country of their origin, but at the price they would be presumed to fetch in the American market. This of itself would mean an added duty of at least 20 per cent.; but he can in addition clap on, if he thinks fit, a further duty of anything up to another 50 per cent."

After this, *The Guardian* goes on to say, the clause that enables the President to prevent the dumping of foreign goods "by excluding them entirely" seems superfluous. The powers conferred upon the President, even if used with the utmost care and discretion, would by the uncertainty of their application have a chaotic effect on trade, according to this daily, which adds:

"At their worst they give the Executive power to enrich or ruin an industry at will. Well may Senator Underwood describe the proposal as the 'greatest power for political corruption' ever given since the beginning of United States Government. The country is not blind to the dangers of the bill. Banking interests especially have been foremost in protest. But with their present strength the Republican high protectionists, even allowing for the defections from their own ranks, can probably force it through and maintain it for two years pending a general election. After that, if past American reactions on the tariff question are any guide, will come the deluge."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

WHY WE LAUGH

THE ORIGIN OF LAUGHTER is traced back by Dr. Cecil E. Reynolds, of Los Angeles, in an article contributed to *The Southern California Practitioner* of that city, to the sounds emitted in triumph by carnivorous animals on seizing their prey. All laughter has its source in triumph, Dr. Reynolds thinks, disagreeing in this with some of the great authorities on the subject, Apart from its physiological mechanisms, says this writer, laughter is an expression of an emotion. To say that it expresses pleasure, he regards as obviously insufficient, since simple pleasantness is not an emotion. A certain amount of realization must be added. Laughter he believes to be always an expression of a sense of triumph just as blushing indicates a sense of shame. This sense of triumph may be justifiable or unjustifiable, real or fictitious. He continues:

"It is a direct outcome of the dawn of gregarious habits, and therefore we must study it as it exists in the prototype of our early ancestor, the ape.

"It is highly probable that the largest apes, after overcoming an enemy in mortal combat, give vent to a loud roar and drum upon the chest. I have been told that this roar is interrupted and staccato. The drumming has long been regarded as a summons to the mate, and we know that the baying of a foxhound serves to summon the rest of the pack. Now our early simian ancestors were almost certainly, like man, more carnivorous than modern apes, and if we grant this, they certainly hunted their prey in packs.

"Let us picture to ourselves in times of scarcity a herd of these savage gorilla-like beasts ranging the forests in search of prey, and one stalwart fellow outstrips the pack and falls upon some unsuspecting fawn. If he follows the line of least resistance he will over-gorge himself in solitude and not only will the pack suffer but the individual as well. Consequently nature steps in and the instinctive emotion of triumph temporarily overcomes the instinctive feeling of hunger. The emotion of triumph brings about a complex physiological act. The head is thrown back, the mouth is opened and the front teeth bared, and with quivering lower jaw a loud staccato roar is emitted. At the same time the eyes are tightly closed. This state is prolonged in direct proportion to the magnitude of the triumph and not only summons the pack to share in the triumph, but closes the individual's eyes to the immediate temptation.

"Hence this physiological complex is cooperative and altruistic as well as self-preservative.

"Average normal laughter to-day expresses a triumph over primitive, instinctive and deleterious conditions, and summons other individuals to an appreciation of the current standard of morality, sanity, and what is held by the majority to be truth, whether it really be so or not.

"Much of the laughter that men expend over well-known screen comedians is due to the superiority they feel toward the antics of the figures on the screen and to the various reactions to the many situations.

"Primitive instincts have been so hard for us, as a race, to combat in ourselves, that it is a real source of pleasure to see a figure of fiction yield to what is no longer any effort for us to avoid, so long as the result depicted is not too serious in its consequences. However, as one would biologically expect, the funniest things are situations that we barely feel superior to and what we might conceivably fall prey to if unwary, but in regard to which we know better. We laugh at the comedian when he is unwise, we laugh with him when he triumphs over some one else in some unexpected fashion.

"Of the varieties of laughter met with in daily life we often see in both the intellectual and the pseudo-intellectual what may be termed the 'deprecatory laugh.' This indicates that he feels a little ashamed to express triumph over such a comparatively simple situation, but he feels it due to confess that he is glad evolution has progressed so far and will indicate the same to you by a cross between a smile and a chuckle; any greater expression would be unworthy. The opposite of this is the 'boisterous laugh'—usually of the fat and animal type of man, very cheering so long as you are in agreement with him, but apt to be just as animally ferocious when he is in disagreement with the herd.

"The unkind or 'scornful' laugh of the self-satisfied being is directly intended to express triumph over another individual usually of the same species, and hence is not cooperative and is really a perversion. It is at best an effort to bring the person laughed at into the particular group of thought of the laugher, and is a dangerous symptom, since that group may occur in 'paranoiac' laughter which is familiar to alienists as an expression of self-superiority to all other individuals.

"The 'hysterical' laugh is very familiar. In its milder forms it sometimes begins by the patient joining in with others about some ordinary joke but continues after the rest have ceased laughing. It soon attracts the attention of the others and some recommence laughing a little and others pat the hysteric on the back and tell him to 'cheer up'; but the hysteric continues to laugh in ever higher and higher key and the sense of triumph within him extends from that over the original situation that was agreed upon by the rest, to embrace a fictitious sense of triumph over all his inward conflicts and complexes. This is subconscious.

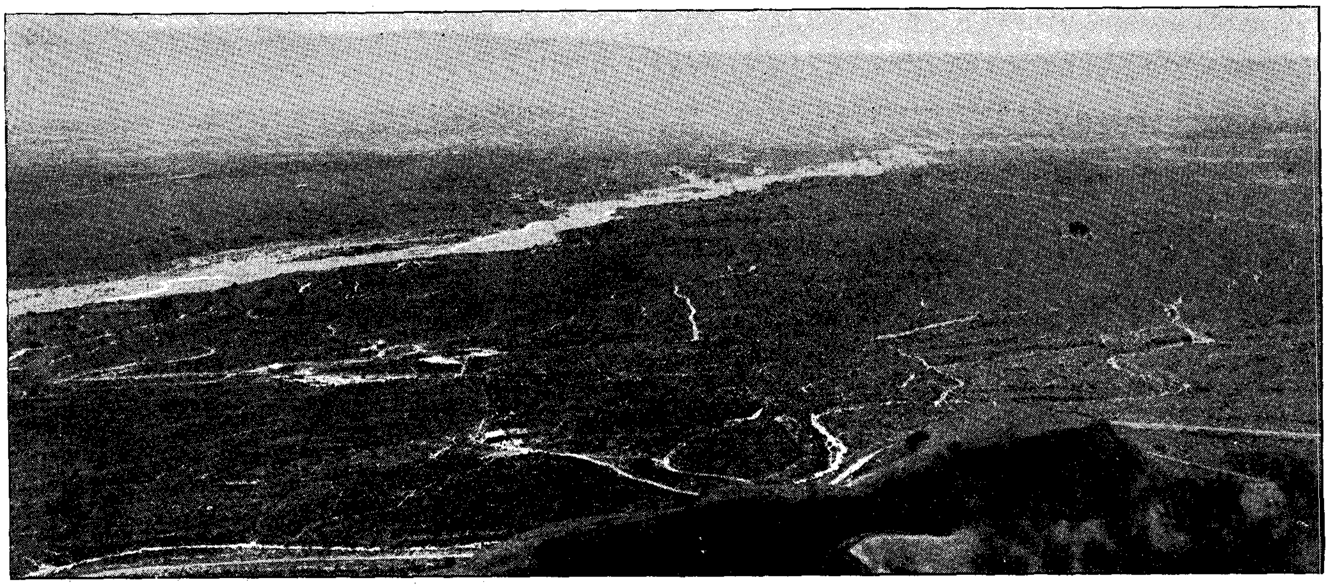
"Often the hysterical laugh begins without apparent cause or in response to a situation that should produce anything but laughter from the view-point of the bystander, especially in women. It is not correct to say that this is merely an overflow of dammed up emotional energy and leave it at that. If it has not a meaning in the conscious it has in the subconscious. In every emotional situation the subject must have some sort of realization, and hysterical laughter, however foolish it appears, has a meaning and is not an unshaped discharge of energy at random. It means sometimes that in the patient's mind there is an illusory sense of triumph over conditions that, in fact, the patient is totally unable to react to rationally.

"Two types of laughter that are somewhat closely allied are the 'hypocritical' and the 'bitter.'

"The hypocritical laugh expresses a sense of triumph that is not felt in order to mislead the companion or herd into a belief that the laughter is in agreement with them, and the penalty he pays, if discovered, is analogous to that which the carnivorous animal would suffer if he roared in triumph when he had slain no prey. This also explains the suspicious hostility with which some regard a person when they do not know what he is laughing about even when there is no suspicion that he is laughing at them.

"The bitter laughter, also forced, expresses a triumph that is not felt, but in this case sufficient knowledge has been acquired to make a real triumph along a given line possible in future. It is, therefore, anticipatory and precautionary, as well as expressing a superiority to his former unequipped state. Of course in modern life much humor is dependent upon compound triumphs in which a point is gained without sacrificing the respect of the joker's fellows, as in the subtle and risque type of humor."

LIME FOR LARGER FAMILIES—That lime or calcium salts increases the fertility of animals has been strikingly shown by the German physiologists Emmerich and Loew, in a recent investigation reported in *Umschau* (Berlin). They used three groups of mice in their experiments. The first group was given ordinary food; the second received the same with the addition of measured quantities of table salt (sodium chloride) which has also the reputation of increasing fecundity; the third group received corresponding amounts of calcium chloride instead of the sodium chloride. Within a given length of time the three groups bore offspring 23 times, 33 times, and 43 times respectively. In spite of the great increase of the number of litters in the third case, the total number of individuals was also greater. At the end of seven months covered by the investigation, the three groups had produced respectively 115, 179 and 262 young.



Courtesy of "The Illustrated World," Chicago.

THE 800-ACRE SPONGE, SHOWING THE MAIN STREAM AND DISTRIBUTING DITCHES.

SHIPS SWALLOWED UP IN THE ICE

THE RUSSIAN SIDE-WHEELER *Polotofski*, lost in 1915 and recently sighted and identified by Eskimos, reminds Stratford F. Corbett, writing in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago), that every winter deserted ice-locked ships are seen in the polar seas, drifting at the mercy of wind and current, their broken masts and crumbling rigging hung with icicles, and their decks and cabins buried in snow.

The *Polotofski* was discovered, toward evening, by a party of Eskimos hunting walrus. Plans were made to board her next morning, but during the night the changing wind swept the ship far north into the unexplored wastes.

According to the only accounts available, she was caught in the ice at St. Michael, in December, 1915, and disappeared the following spring in the great storm off Cape Nome. It was thought that she had been ground to kindling and sunk. Mr. Corbett continues:

"Vessels have been disappearing in this great unknown ever since the beginning of arctic navigation. In 1845 the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, of the British Navy, sailed with 129 souls on board to attempt the northwest passage. They were last seen by civilized men in Baffin Bay. More than a score of ships, with crews of nearly 2,000 men, at an expense of millions of dollars, vainly sought, between 1847 and 1853, news of the missing squadron. The fate of the vessels is shrouded in mystery.

"One dread night in the autumn of 1897, a gale carried off eight ice-locked whaling vessels. Most of the men escaped and reached Point Barrow and other points along the coast. A few refused to leave their ships, and, holding men and ships in its relentless grip, the great pack swept them far out into the vast uncharted polar basin.

"Were these ships crusht? Have they been battered to pieces, or are they still afloat? Did the men die from starvation and cold, or can it be that somewhere in the frozen north there still exists a remnant of the men who stuck to their ships?

"These question have never been answered.

"Before the days of wireless a number of large ships were swallowed up, perhaps the victims of a floating iceberg, a heavy gale, a tidal wave, or fire. One of these was the *City of Glasgow*. In 1845 she sailed from the Mersey for Philadelphia with 480 passengers. Port was never reached. The captain of the *Westmoreland*, a vessel that preceded the *City of Glasgow* by a few days, reported that on the third day out he became entangled in ice floes and was imbedded in them for thirty hours. His evidence, and that of other captains, indicates that this extraordinary ice mass extended in one direction for 347 miles, almost compact, and that it was studded with numerous icebergs of gigantic size. What had become of the *City of Glasgow* was never learned.

"Loaded with passengers, the *City of Boston*, in 1870, left Liverpool never to return. Months afterward bits of wreckage were sighted with her name on them.

"Another mystery is that of the *President*. She was due in Liverpool from New York in November, 1841. Severe weather had prevailed in the Atlantic and unusual quantities of ice were reported in low altitudes. For months the owners queried adjacent ports in a vain effort to get some news of her. Years later there was found in the logbook of a Portuguese sailing vessel an entry which stated that a large steamer, resembling the *President*, with her machinery apparently disabled, had been sighted. This entry was dated a month after the disappearance of the *President*.

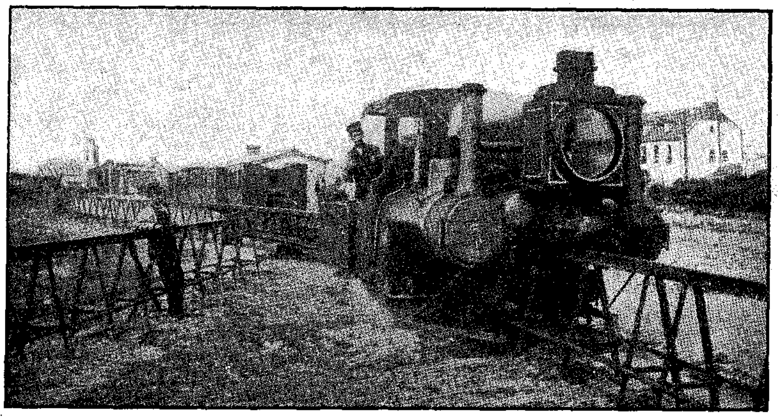
"Could these ships have drifted northward? Are they, too, part of that fleet of silent ships held hard and fast in the great ice-pack, white with frost and manned by frozen crews?

"The little schooner, *Teddy Bear*, missing eight months and believed lost, was found this June frozen in, near the mouth of the Potem River, twelve miles south of Emma, a village on East Cape, Siberia. All on board were well and required no assistance from the coast-guard vessel which discovered them. The captain was waiting for the ice to clear out of the river.

"Only miraculous luck saved the *Teddy Bear* from joining the phantom fleet, of which the *Polotofski* remains the sole materialization."

A NATURAL SPONGE OF 800 ACRES—In Southern California where water is measured by inches, and where land without water is worth little, there must be some means to conserve the winter's rainfall for the dry summer months. From May until October of each year the land-owners depend upon the underground water supply. Writing to this effect in *The Illustrated World* (Chicago, September), Willard D. Morgan says:

"Many check dams and large reservoirs have been constructed in the canyons to hold back the terrific flood waters of the winter storms, which would rush to the Pacific and be lost so far as utility is concerned. A recent development to prevent this waste has been the construction of a natural sponge on the north of Pomona Valley to take in the flood waters from San Antonio Canyon. This water from the melting snow or rains is distributed over nearly 800 acres of rock and sandy land covered with sage brush. The land keeps soaking up nearly 100,000 inches of water at times. By means of the concrete distributing gates the water is divided at the head ditches and sent over the vast area. At the bottom there is a return ditch to carry the overflow back into the original course. At times these streams, or washes, are raging rivers, while again they drop to small streams, and during the summer disappear altogether. Thus it is very important to conserve all the water possible and allow it to seep into the ground and prevent waste. Then, during the summer the hundreds of pumps in the valley are well supplied for the dry season."

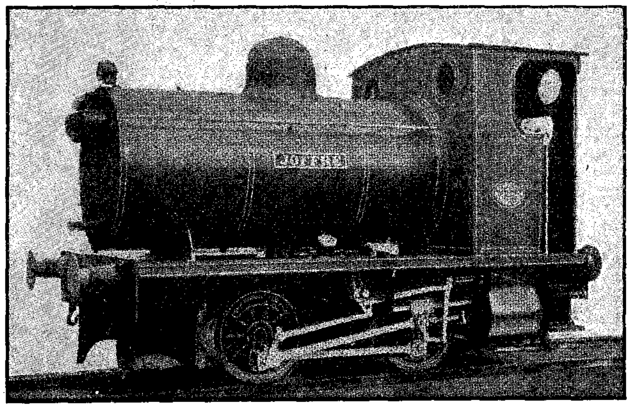


THE MONORAIL LOCOMOTIVE.

On the Ballybunion Railway, Ireland. Notice the double cars in the distance.

ODD LOCOMOTIVES

SOME STRANGE GIANTS AND PYGMIES of the iron road are described and illustrated in an article in *Conquest* (London). After describing several of the huge locomotives more or less familiar in this country and in South Africa, but unknown in England, the writer goes on to treat of such "freaks" as the monorail, engines with protected valve-gear for sandy regions, geared locomotives, turbo-electrics, saddle-tanks and fuelless locomotives. Some of these are familiar to some of our readers, while others will seem as uncouth to them as to those of the London periodical from which we quote. The writer notes that so far as main lines are concerned there are few "freak" locomotives in Britain, as the gradients are rarely steep and practise is fairly standardized. In some other countries, however, the locomotive engineer is faced with many special problems. The gradients may be abnormal, water is perhaps difficult to obtain, and these and other local conditions may call for special types. We read:



FOR USE IN EXPLOSIVE FACTORIES.

A fuelless locomotive charged with high-pressure steam outside the danger zone. One charge is sufficient for several hours' work.

"The monorail locomotive of the Ballybunion Railway is really two locomotives combined in one, the weight being evenly distributed on both sides of the central rail. The Ballybunion Railway is one of the few monorail systems in actual operation. The passenger coaches, which can be seen in the distance, also hang on each side of the rail.

"A particularly weird-looking engine is that shown in the accompanying picture. In this case the cylinders are placed vertically and power is conveyed to the driving wheels by means of a shaft and gears, which act on both front and rear wheels. The engine is used for shunting in America and is very noisy in operation.

"The picture opposite is of an experimental turbo-electric locomotive in which steam is generated in the boiler in the usual way, and drives a turbine engine of the impulse type, which is directly coupled to a continuous current variable voltage generator. A current at a pressure varying from practically 0 to 600 volts is transmitted to four series wound motors, of which the armatures are built on to the driving axles of the locomotive itself. It is hoped to effect fuel economy with this type.

"Here again, however, it is a question whether the additional complications are worth while, and many experiments are necessary before judgment can be given. Another experimental engine of an unusual nature is the Diesel locomotive. The Diesel engine has not the flexibility of the steam engine, and much ingenuity has been shown in adapting it to a locomotive.

"Sparks from the chimneys of locomotives have caused many fires, and, in certain cases, special chimneys are fitted with spark arresters.

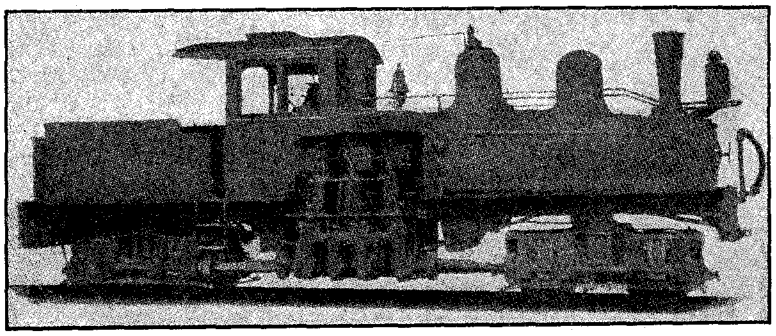
"For breakdown work a special locomotive steam crane is very useful. The crane base is mounted so that the vertical axis lies between the two pairs of driving wheels.

"On mountain railways with very steep gradients rack rails are used. The engine drives a cog-wheel (between the traveling wheels) which engages the teeth of rack bars laid between the running rails. The boiler is arranged so that it is horizontal when on steep gradients, in order to ensure that water will always cover the top of the firebox.

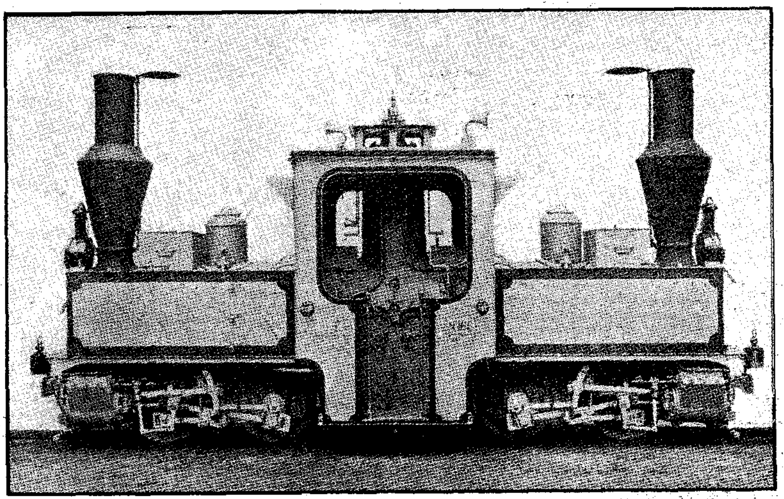
"An interesting type is the thermal storage, or fuelless, locomotive, designed for working in explosive factories and other places where even electric locomotives would be dangerous. There is no fire or other source of heat, and, consequently, no danger from sparks, etc., even the brakes being faced with a sparkless compound. The boiler-like reservoir is charged with hot water and steam, at a pressure of about 160 pounds per square inch, from a stationary boiler outside the danger zone. As the steam is used up and the pressure falls, fresh steam is liberated from the hot water which thus gradually evaporates. When the reservoir pressure drops to 25 pounds the locomotive is run to the charging boiler for a fresh supply. Charging takes about 20 minutes, one charge being sufficient for several hours' work.

"Another picture shows a double-ended 'Pechot' locomotive, similar to what is known as the 'Fairlie' type. The particular engine is a French military locomotive of 1 foot 11⅝ inch gage, built for use behind the firing-line on light rails weighing 20 pounds per yard. The design ensures horizontal flexibility for rounding sharp curves. Spark arresters are fitted inside the large chimneys. The weight is 13¼ tons.

"It will thus be seen that there are two distinct kinds of 'freak' locomotive. Firstly, there are those designed for special and peculiar conditions, where the ordinary locomotive would be quite useless. Secondly, we have the engines built entirely for experimental purposes (such as the electro-turbo and the Diesel types) in the hope of producing new types with higher overall efficiency. In this article, of course, we have dealt only with those which have actually been constructed. Many volumes could be filled with even stranger pictures of engines which exist only in patent specifications, and in the imagination of the inventors."



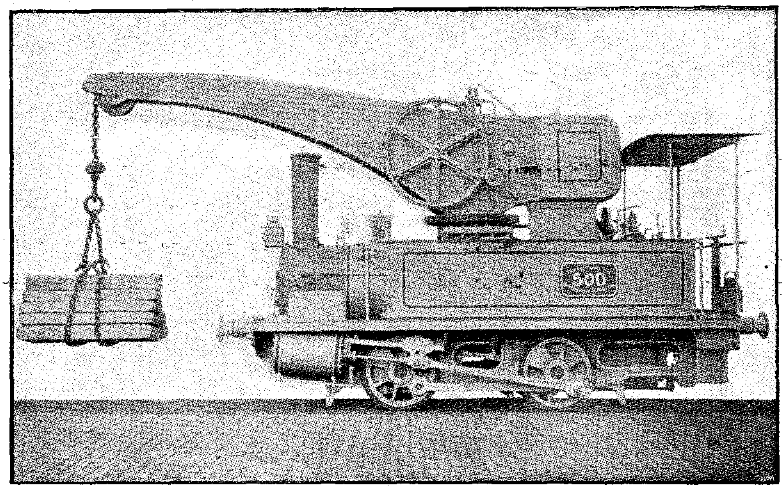
GEARED LOCOMOTIVE WITH VERTICAL CYLINDERS.



A FRENCH LOCOMOTIVE FOR USE BEHIND THE FIRING LINE.

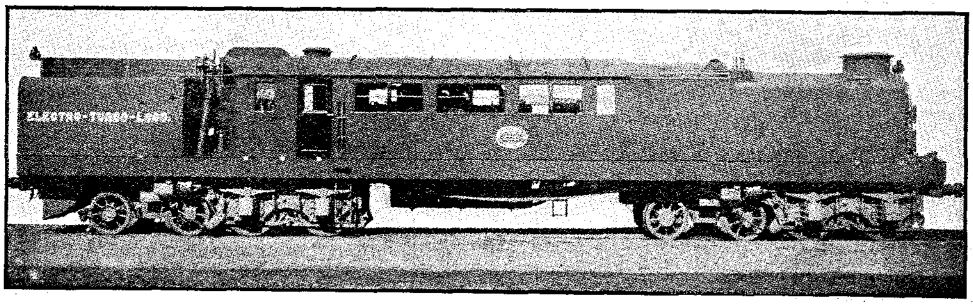
"SAFETY FIRST" SHOWING RESULTS

REDUCED ACCIDENTS on railways last year show that the "safety first" movement is bearing fruit, according to a writer in *The Scientific American.* Thirty-four years ago statistics of railway accidents began to be carefully recorded, and in the intervening years, and especially of late years, the Interstate Commerce Commission has kept a very close watch upon these, and has given them to the public at regularly recurring intervals. The Commission has recently published the statistics for 1921, and altho they are not complete, they are sufficiently so, this writer thinks, to justify the assertion that, for 1921, our railways were operated with a degree of safety that was never reached in all the preceding thirty-four-year period. He continues:



A LOCOMOTIVE STEAM CRANE.

"The year 1920 was itself remarkable, inasmuch as the number of persons killed in proportion to the number employed by the railroads and the amount of traffic handled, was the smallest on record. These statistics for 1921, however, are even better than those for the preceding year. To begin with, as compared with 1920, there was a reduction of 48 per cent. in the number of employees on duty killed in train or train-service accidents; moreover, this is the smallest number of employees on duty killed, in any year of American railroading for which we have statistics. There was a reduction of 10½ per cent. in the number of passengers killed, as compared with 1920, and this is the smallest number in any year except 1895, 1896, and 1915. Lastly, the fatalities to 'non-trespassers'—employees, passengers, and other persons having a right to be on railroad property—were reduced 28 per cent., as compared with 1920.



AN EXPERIMENTAL TURBO-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE OF WEIRD DESIGN.

Fuel economy is aimed at in this engine.

"The only class of persons in which fatal accidents showed an increase was 'trespassers,' 2,166 of these having been killed in 1920, and 2,481 in 1921, an increase of 14½ per cent. These fatalities, however, were entirely due to the foolhardiness of the victims, and were in no way chargeable to the railroads. The most striking comparison, as showing improvement in the track, rolling stock, and signal systems of the United States railroads, is that between the year 1921 and the year 1907, which was the dark year for railroad fatalities, when the total of people of all classes killed reached the appalling figure of 11,839, of whom 4,534 were employees, and 610 were passengers. Since that date there has been a fluctuating but a general decline in the number of deaths until we reached the highly creditable record for 1921. Altho in this year the railroads handled over 30 per cent. more passengers, and about 50 per cent. more freight than they did in 1907, the number of employees and passengers killed was 66 per cent. less than in 1907, and it is believed, by the Commission, to be less than the number killed in any year since 1899.

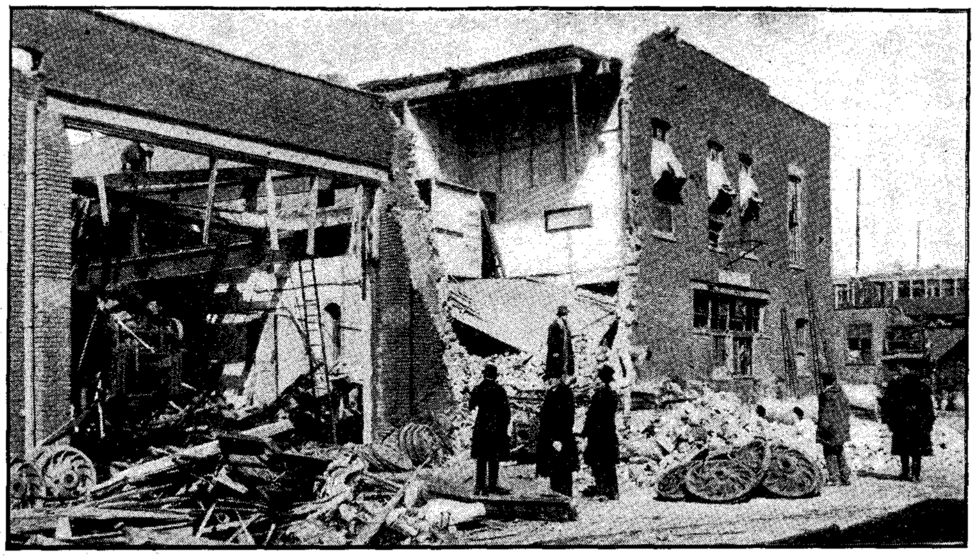
"Now the full significance of these figures will be understood when it is stated that, as compared with 1889, the statistics for 1921 show that the number of employees has increased some 140 per cent., passenger traffic some 225 per cent., and the amount of freight handled about 400 per cent. The moral of all this is that the 'Safety-First' movement, which is showing such good results all over the country, has made itself felt strongly in railroad operation."

PROHIBITION AND SEWERS—Illegal stills are clogging the sewers of North Tarrytown, N. Y., with their waste products, we learn from an editorial in *The Engineering News-Record* (New York). Says this paper:

"Engineers—as engineers—might reasonably have expected to have little interest in the Eighteenth Amendment. As members of the human race, they are subject to all that race's well-known frailties and desires, but to them as a profession the alcoholic content of a beverage would seem to be a matter of the slightest consequence. But Prohibition, it seems, has a universal reaction, for we read that the sewer inspector of North Tarrytown, N. Y., has been compelled to beseech by public proclamation the good citizens of his town to refrain from throwing the refuse from their private—and illicit—stills into the sewers. Grain, mash, prune pits, and like discards have clogged and choked the pipes to the necessity for repair, and realizing the absurdity of requesting a law governing or even restricting the performance of an illegal act, the inspector falls back on good-natured appeal. Sooner or later the home brewer and distiller must have his own disposal plant, or at least some nomenclature committee may have to decide whether hooch refuse is sewage or garbage."

AIR-TANK EXPLOSIONS

THAT RECEIVERS FOR THE STORAGE of compress air may explode with violence, doing much damage, is shown by an account of several of these accidents contributed to *The Locomotive* (Hartford, Conn.). The writer notes that to the casual observer air-receivers or tanks are harmless looking objects. But a glance at the accompanying illustration, which shows the result of an air-tank explosion, will give further evidence of the truth in the saying, "Appearances are sometimes deceiving." This accident occurred in the machine-shop of the Kansas City Railways Co. March 7th last. Five men were killed outright, two died later from injuries they received, and ten persons were more or less seriously injured. The property loss was said to be in excess of $25,000. Continues the authority named above:



Courtesy of "The Locomotive," Hartford, Conn.

WHEN THE AIR-TANK LET GO.

"The receiver which exploded was equipped with a safety valve and on the compressor there was an unloading device which was set to operate at 104 pounds gage pressure. Furthermore, an attendant was detailed to care for the compressor and to guard against overpressure. Notwithstanding these precautions the receiver exploded with extreme violence and no definite conclusions have, as yet, been reached as to the cause.

"There is a well-accepted theory that air-receivers are subject to the hazard of an explosion resulting from ignition of combustible matter which is carried into the tank with the air from the compressor, and which may be drawn in from the outside air or may result from the oil used in lubricating the compressor cylinder. If such matter were present in a vessel filled with air at a high pressure, and if it were ignited, a combustion explosion would be the result and considerable damage would be done. It has not been clearly demonstrated as to what the source of such an ignition might be, altho, in a number of cases, including the Kansas City Railway accident, a flash of fire has been seen so that the theory has been well supported. Such accidents are difficult to guard against.

"Air-receiver explosions have been numerous, particularly within the past year. In July, 1921, there was an accident of this kind at San Francisco. Fortunately, but little property damage was done and there were no personal injuries. This may be accounted for by the fact that both heads of the receiver, which, by the way, was an old boiler drum, let go at the same time so that the energy was rapidly dissipated in both directions.

"On the 12th of December, 1921, an air-receiver exploded at the Winnett Electric Light & Power Co., Montana. One man was killed and one was injured. When the explosion took place the tank was blown through the brick wall of the plant.

"There was undoubtedly a combustion explosion in connection with this accident, for a witness stated that a flash of fire was seen at the time of the accident.

"The next air-receiver explosion of which there is a record occurred at Miami, Florida, on December 28, 1921. The compressor was in use on the construction of the First National Bank and, whereas no personal injuries were sustained, the engine and the compressor were badly damaged and work on the building was delayed for a great length of time.

"Soon after the last-mentioned accident, another occurred in a garage at Greensboro, North Carolina. The receiver, in this case, was used for the storage of air at 200 pounds pressure, the safety valve being set to blow at 250 pounds. The heads were said to be connected to the shell with a brazed joint and when leakage occurred at one of these joints some one rather foolishly attempted to close this leak with a caulking tool. After two or three blows of the hammer, the head of the tank blew out. The man who was attempting the repairs was killed and his helper was badly injured.

"On February 24th of the present year the head of an air-tank belonging to The France Co. of Huntington, Ind., ruptured and the manhole cover was driven through two floors and a sidewall of the building. There is some mystery about the accident since it was stated that the safety valve on the tank had been blowing freely for some time when the hand on the pressure-gage was suddenly seen to swing around as far as it could go. Before the pressure could be reduced the tank failed.

"At the plant of the Denver Auto Laundry Company an autogenously welded air-receiver exploded, on March 27, causing considerable damage. The tank had been installed only the day before the accident. A short time after the air-compressor had been started and when the pressure in the tank had reached a pressure of about 75 pounds the top head of the tank blew out and went through the roof of the building, landing about two blocks away in the rear of an hotel. Boards and bricks were hurled for a block or more, coming to rest on the sidewalk and street. Considering the locality where the accident occurred—a short distance from the Court House and where the sidewalks are usually crowded—it is remarkable that no one was injured."

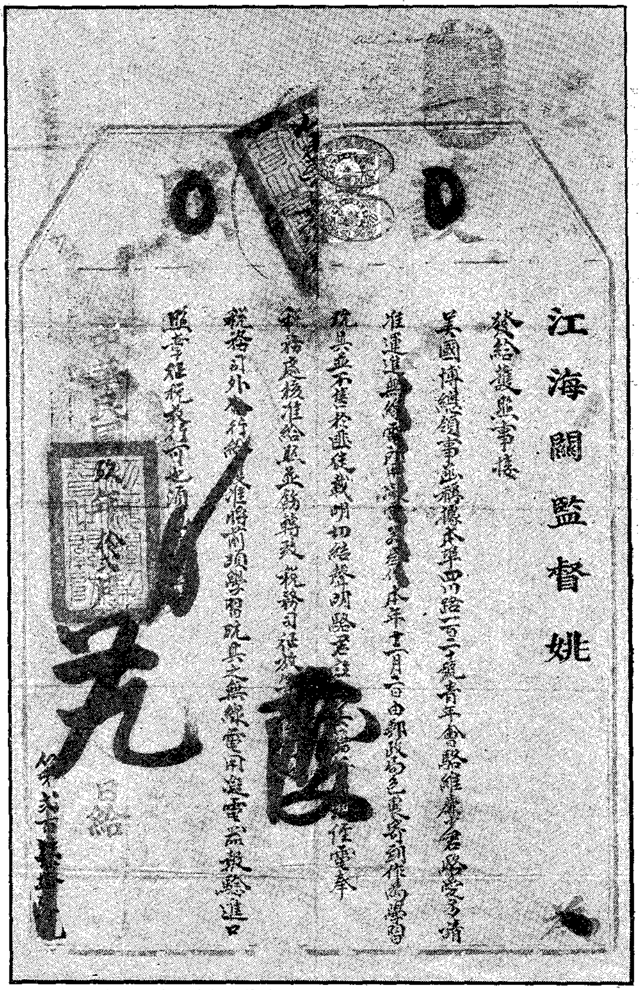
AN INFERNO IN CANADA—"A hell on earth" in the Canadian wilds is reported by a Government agent who has returned from Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River.

He went there, we are told by Kirby Thomas in Science Service's *Science News Bulletin* (Washington), to investigate the new oil discoveries reported in the past few months, and found in many places enormous quantities of burning coal and shale. At night along the river great cliffs of sizzling molten clay may be seen. We read:

"This sounds very Dantesque, but its probability can not be denied. It is well known that the fantastic and highly colored 'bad lands' formations of South Dakota owe their origin and conditions to just such a happening. In fact some of the beds of coal in that region are still burning. Similar phenomena are known in other parts of the world. Some may marvel that coal and oil are found so far north, even within the Arctic Circle, since coal, especially, is known to be derived from plant life which flourished in a tropical or mild climate. The coal beds of the Mackenzie River region, however, are several million years old, altho comparatively recent as the geological age of the earth is now generally accepted. It is not only conceivable, but certain, that tropical conditions, in the relatively recent geologic past, have existed at both the North and South polar regions. As to how the fire started, one can only surmise. It may have been from lightning, or most likely from spontaneous combustion such as takes place in the coal-storage bins quite frequently. This little local 'hell on earth' probably has been burning for countless thousands of years, and it will continue until burned out."

RADIO IN CHINA

IF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE in ordinary conversation is "just a gurgle," as some one has called it, "it's a strangling performance" over a wireless phone, remarks Mr. E. T. Lockwood in *Radio News* (New York). For there is radio in China, and after clearing away certain popular misconceptions Mr. Lockwood's article presents a picture of radio conditions in the enigmatic Celestial Republic astonishing enough to be in keeping with the subject. For one thing, altho radio is new and not highly developed in China, China has the largest regular commercial service using wireless instead of land wire. In fact, this writer thinks that China is likely to be the first country in the world to establish a satisfactory commercial network of wireless telephones, for the very simple reason that land lines have never been installed. "Because of the great distances to be covered and the difficulty of procuring land even to plant telephone poles, the wireless telephone may solve one of the greatest communicational difficulties between China's 1900 walled cities." And then Shanghai is so situated as to be one of the world's great radio centers. Mr. Lockwood presents other interesting information as follows:



江海關監督姚

By courtesy of "Radio News," New York.

A CHINESE PERMIT TO IMPORT RADIO APPARATUS.

The underlined, or side-lined, characters in the fourth row from the right say that the permit is for "three variable condensers for wireless telegraphy." The permission cost the sum of $1.50.

"The Chinese Government has a few spark stations of moderate power, most of which carry on commercial business. They are efficient stations as far as they go, but at present the Government radio facilities are very inadequate. They do not have in operation a single station capable of transmitting regularly over a thousand miles, altho many are in contemplation.

"The best stations in China are those that the Japanese Government has established. There are several powerful stations at strategic points in China. The Japanese are constructing a large station near Peking for the Chinese Government at the present time.

"The Federal Telegraph Company of America has contracted with the Chinese Government for the erection of several high-power radio stations, notably one at Shanghai, to be one of the largest in the world. This will be of great value to commercial interests in China because of the irregularity of the cables.

"Because of the difficulty of maintaining the regular (or irregular) long-distance wire telephone, the China Electric Company, in cooperation with the Chinese Government, has put in operation two stations to be used in lieu of the land line between Peking and Tientsin. Speech travels from house telephone in one city, via land wire, then radio, and then land wire again to the house telephone in the other city, a distance of over 70 miles. Both stations are easily heard in Shanghai, a distance of 650 miles. *This is the largest service of its kind in the world, and it's in China!*

"Chinese writing is hieroglyphic and so the Chinese have had to compile a code book of characters and corresponding numbers. Thus each character is designated by a number in telegraphic communication. The standard Chinese dictionary contains something like 40,000 characters, but the ordinary number used does not exceed 5,000.

"The French have established a system of stations throughout China and Indo-China. They deserve much credit for the way in which they have for years rendered weather forecast service and time signals. The time signal is of the letter type, not beating off seconds, and is accurate to within a few seconds. The signals are relayed from the French observatory in Shanghai to the local station FFZ.

"Much has been said about Japanese interference, intentional and otherwise. The main difficulty seems to be that the transmitters are directly coupled, of course, producing high decrement and a broad wave. The main difficulty with the Japanese themselves seems to be that they have an ingrained liking for repetition, which, with their cumbersome and lengthy alphabet, makes the whole Japanese Navy a nuisance to amateurs, as well as to professionals. Naval ships of various countries are allowed to use full power in the port of Shanghai.

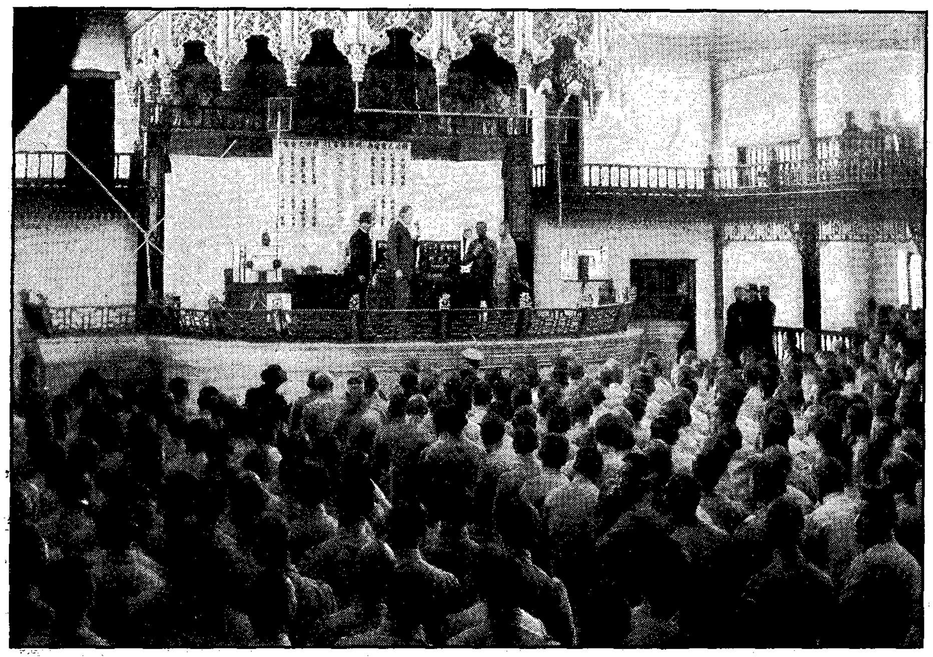
"Like most governments, the Chinese Government intends to be strict with regard to radio regulations. Private radio stations on Chinese territory are frowned at by the authorities, and in many instances they have had to be dismantled, causing the foreign consuls much inconvenience. However, Shanghai is an international settlement, the Government being carried on by a Municipal Council, elected by the people of all nations, exclusive of Chinese. Under these conditions the Chinese Government has not attempted to exercise radio jurisdiction as to wave-lengths, power, etc.

"As a matter of fact, however, since there are no amateurs to send to outside of Shanghai, there has been very little transmitting on the part of amateurs. At present, the few who have powerful transmitters use pretty much whatever they please, as did the one mentioned in the beginning of this article.

"Altho the writer is informed that there are at present over 100 amateurs in Shanghai, they have never organized a club, but it is anticipated that such an organization will be formed in the near futue.

"Herewith is published a picture of the permit which the writer had to obtain at the cost of $1.50 in cash and about $100 worth of time and energy chasing around, in order to import three variable condensers. Can any of the readers pick out the exact characters which say 'variable condensers'?

"Because of its central location, Shanghai is an admirable place from which to cover the world by radio. It is a convenient thing to remember that London and Paris, Shanghai and Manila, and San Francisco are equi-distant points around the world. European stations come in strong here, both large and small. Pacific Coast American stations also come in well. Even Atlantic Coast stations have been heard in Shanghai. It is a coincidence, and many of you may have heard, Pearl Harbor and Nauen sending time signals at the same time, one at noon and the other at midnight. Their wave-lengths are such that they both can be heard at one adjustment. The air in Shanghai is practically free from static in winter, but in hot weather it is likely to be very heavy.



By courtesy of "Radio News," New York.

A RADIO LECTURE BEFORE 1,200 CHINESE MILITARY STUDENTS.

Professor C. H. Robertson, of the Y. M. C. A. at Paotingfu. The radio transmitter panel is behind him. The large loop on the left is used for telephone transmission and reception, the other station having been set up several hundred yards away.

"A short time ago the writer was astonished to hear perfectly good Peking Chinese language floating around the ether. 'The ole world do move!' He was interested to read in a recent number of *Radio News* that Chinese was 'just a gurgle.' If it is in life a gurgle, over a wireless phone it's a strangling performance.

"Nanyang College, at Shanghai, one of the leading Chinese technical schools of the country, has instituted a course in Radio Engineering. They have been fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. T. C. Chang, an American trained radio engineer, who, as head of the department, is rendering great service to radio in China. At present there are about twenty students taking up this line. It is a full-fledged engineering course, not merely a school for operators.

"One of the most interesting radio enterprises in China has been the popular educational movement under the direction of Prof. C. H. Robertson of the Lecture Department of the Y. M. C. A. He purchased, while in America a short time ago, the two complete radio telephone stations which were used in the Victory Way in New York City during the Victory Loan drive. These he has cleverly mounted in trunks, so that in a few minutes' time the two stations can be set up for lecture purposes. On one tour of about twelve cities, 100,000 people heard him speak. To see some old Chinese Governor with the phones clamped to his ears, as interested as a kid, is a sight to make one think that China has got to wake up. He has given lectures to the leading generals of the country, and even before the President of the Republic himself.

"It would not be surprizing if China was one of the first countries in the world to establish a satisfactory commercial network of wireless telephones, because land lines have never been installed. Because of the great distances to be covered and the difficulty of procuring land even to plant telephone poles, the wireless telephone may solve one of the greatest communicational difficulties between China's 1,900 walled cities.

"Who knows but what in a few years from now Americans in Shanghai will be sitting down to breakfast with the strains of the Metropolitan Opera Company concert, of the evening following, floating through the house? Sounds rather nice, doesn't it?"

DR. DE FOREST'S TALKING FILM

THE RADIO SENSATION of the hour is the announcement that Dr. Lee de Forest has completed his rumored invention of a method of recording voices, accurately synchronized, on the moving picture film, it being further asserted that the "voice picture" may be broadcasted from a transmitting radio station. The New York *Times* tells of the reception in this country by Dr. de Forest's representatives of a section of the talking film, or "phonofilm," which the inventor perfected while in Germany, and gives a description of its appearance and a clear explanation of the way in which it performed its miracle. We read:

"It appears like an ordinary strip of film with almost invisible razor lines running vertically on the extreme right. The razor lines are the effects of minute points of light which play upon the edge of the strip under the control of the vibrations of the human voice. From this record the voice is reconstructed with the help of selenium photoelectric cells and the audion amplifier invented by Dr. de Forest for use in radio.

"This invention, it is suggested, may be capable of use as an automatic interviewer or mechanical stenographer and may become a competitor of the phonograph for general use, in addition to its primary purpose of introducing the spoken word into the motion-picture drama.

"It is asserted, also, that the apparatus for registered sounds with pictures costs but little and may be made an annex to any motion-picture camera, so that when a public man or a personage in the news is being filmed, his words may be recorded at the same time. The possibility of developing the film photograph record as a substitute for the present type of record also is put forward by representatives of Dr. de Forest in this city.

"The path of light on the film which registers the sound waves is so narrow that an ordinary inch-wide film has room for a hundred voice photographs side by side. The compactness of the film makes it possible, it was said, to carry about a sound-recording machine charged with enough film to register a day's proceedings in Congress.

"If no obstacle to the success of the invention develops, it was pointed out that the reporters' pad and long-hand or shorthand notes may be replaced entirely by the sound camera. Interviews will be developed in the dark room, instead of being reconstructed on the typewriter. The replacement of court stenographers by the testimony camera is another possibility.

"The Lee de Forest talking-film, as it exists to-day, can be hitched, after the film is developed, on to broadcasting instruments, it is claimed, so that the voice-pictures can be wirelessed great distances and then turned back again into sound-waves.

"By the use of light similar to the photography of sound-waves by Dr. de Forest, the printed word has been turned into sound, so the blind can read by ear. The arrangement of black and white in the ordinary letter causes such varying effects when the letters are intensely lighted and passed over selenium photoelectric cells that the electric current can be controlled by them so as to produce sounds which the blind can interpret into letters.

"In both the De Forest invention and the machine which renders the printed word into sound for the blind, the key is the peculiar property of selenium. In darkness this substance is resistant to electricity. In light it conducts electricity. In varying light it modifies the current of electricity passing through it. In the De Forest invention the aperture for the admission of light for the sound-wave photography is said to be in some way controlled by the vibration of the sound. This produces the variations in the sound pictures on the film. When reproduced these variations modify the light which passes through. The modifications of light keep the electrical resistance of the selenium cells in constant variation. The electrical current is thus controlled by the pictures of the sound waves. The current is magnified by the audion tubes and in turn it controls a diaphragm or microphone like that of the ordinary telephone receiver, finishing up the process of reconstructing the sound.

"The process is outlined in general terms as follows in a letter by Mr. de Forest to his representative here:

"'Taking the picture:

"'1. Sound waves (voice of the actor) translated into electrical waves.

"'2. Electrical waves translated into light waves.

"'3. Light waves recorded on the edge of the film.'

"Reproducing the picture:

"'1. Light waves translated back into electrical waves.

"'2. Electrical waves translated back into sound waves.

"'3. Sound waves amplified with loud-speakers placed near the screen for the audience.'"

TYPEWRITING BY WIRELESS

IT IS FAMILIARLY KNOWN that the infinitesimal amount of energy intercepted by a radio-receiving apparatus may be accentuated almost indefinitely by use of the relay principle, so that many types of machines, from telegraph keys to battle-ships, may be controlled by a distant operator. But there is opportunity for the display of great ingenuity in the practical application of the principle, and specific instances of success in the attempt have the interest of new inventions. Perhaps the most important recent success in the field has to do with the sending of typewritten messages from an airplane to be received at a land station. In *Radio World* (New York), W. R. Service tells the story of this achievement as follows:

"The Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C., recently explained some experiments by F. W. Dunmore, which indicated that a recently perfected radio-relay recorder might do away with code operators by printing the code message on a tape so that it could be read visibly by inexperienced men, but now the Naval Aerial and radio experts have gone the bureau one better—they print radio messages automatically on a typewriter.

"Cooperating with the Radio Laboratory of the bureau, experts of the U. S. Navy successfully tested the operation of the line-wire teletype by a radio a few months ago, and succeeded in printing messages from a distance of nine miles. The radio circuit was established between the Bureau of Standards, near Chevy Chase, and the Naval Air Station at Anacostia.

"More recent experiments have established the fact that teletype messages printed on a machine installed in an airplane and transmitted by radio may be recorded on a typewriter in a ground station. Future experiments will undertake the reversal of this operation; the sending machine being on the ground and the receiving apparatus installed in a plane in flight. Great interest is manifest by Naval experts as the new method will permit the sending and receipt of duplicate orders of record, eliminating errors and a knowledge of code, besides saving time of rewriting.

"The practical tests made assure future commercial uses in aerial news reporting, when a correspondent covering an aquatic event, marine engagement or sea maneuvers can send his copy straight to the desk. Another value, if aerial passenger lines are extended, would be the receipt and dispatch of typewritten telegrams, stock reports, news dispatches, etc., ready for delivery.

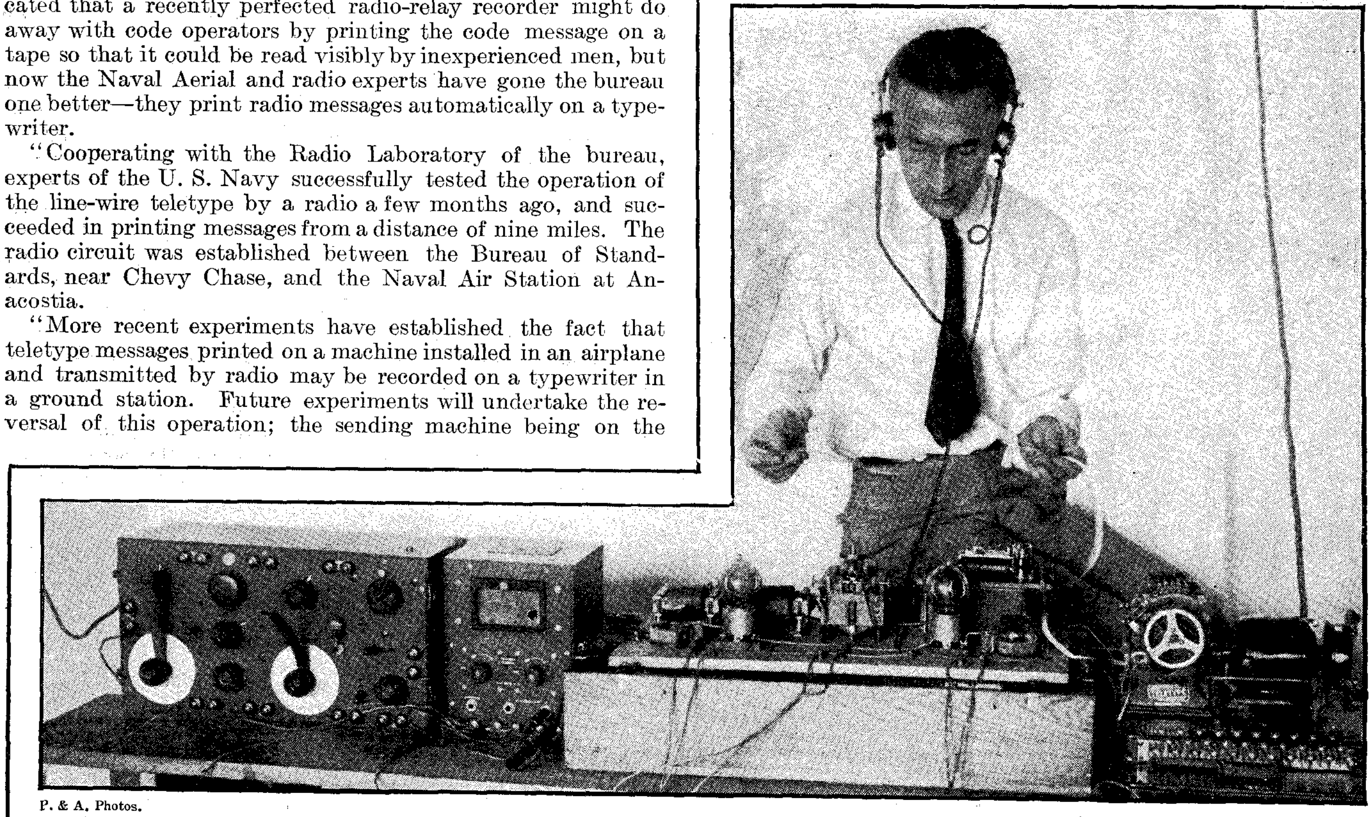
"The sending instrument of the teletype resembles in general the commercial typewriter, in that a keyboard having the alphabet and other conventional symbols is so arranged that it may be operated by hand. Each key is connected to the radio installation in the plane and when a letter is struck on the keyboard a radio impulse is sent out from the antennæ of the plane and is received at a ground station. The similarity to the typewriter is completed in the receiving device. When the letter A is struck on the keyboard in the air, a radioactive energy released travels to the recording instrument and selectively energizes the type-letter A, causing it to be reproduced on paper carried in the receiver.

"The teletype has been in use for eight years in connection with land-wire operations, but its application to radio use is a recent development. The tests at the Naval Air Station are the first conducted in an aircraft."

SONG-LEADING BY RADIO—Referring to the average man's puzzlement as to what radio will next bring us, *The Wireless Age* (New York), comments: "And from Seattle, Washington, comes the answer. 'Community singing, of course!'"—

"During a reception given there this year to Marshal Joffre, Mr. R. H. Vivian, the director of music for Seattle Community Service, sang through the radiotelephone for groups gathered around loud speakers in all parts of the city, each group joining in the songs under the direction of a leader. And not only did Mr. Vivian lead the singing for the people assembled under the song leaders, but he made it possible for those in every home or institution equipped with a radio apparatus, to join in the great chorus that was sweeping the city in honor of the French hero.

"Community Service organizations in other places have made use of the radio, but none in such an unique manner as Seattle."



P. & A. Photos.

READING A MESSAGE SENT BY RADIO FROM A TYPEWRITER IN A FLYING AIRPLANE.

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THE KAISER AS A NEW KIND OF HISTORIAN

"FACTS UNDREAMT OF by the ordinary historian" is the description of the contents of the book put forth by the ex-Kaiser and bearing the title, "Comparative History, 1878–1914." In its description of itself the Kaiser's book purports to give "a comprehensive summary of absolutely historic facts, which would enable the reader to form his own judgment" on the world situation since the Berlin Congress of 1878. It is pointed out in a preface that these notes were not intended for the public eye. They were prepared in 1919 for the ex-Kaiser's own use—"possibly to sustain him in a severely shaken belief in his own uprightness," says the London *Daily Telegraph*. "But by one of those indiscretions which bear so much the appearance of calculation on the part of somebody, portions of them got into the pages of a Dutch newspaper and now their author feels compelled to publish them in full." In illustration of the Kaiser's historical method and his judicious selection of "sources" for the material of his historical work, the *Telegraph* informs us that the history "adduces the evidence of the Bolshevik press to show that King George told M. Sazonoff that 'in the event of war the English fleet would destroy not only the German fleet but the German merchant marine as well, and that Viscount (then Sir Edward) Grey repeated the same threat.'" The London *Evening Standard* in commenting on the book surveys some more of the "facts" gathered by the ex-royal historian:

> "The ex-Kaiser begins with the Treaty of Berlin. Russia regarded this as a defeat; she laid that defeat to the charge of Germany, and worked henceforth for revenge. In due time this attitude brought her to alliance with France, also thirsting for vengeance; while her attempts to regain the hegemony of the Balkans, which would have been hers under the Treaty of San Stefano, caused her to come into collision with Austria.
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> "Through all the drama of nearly thirty years Germany is the hated innocent. We hear of Pan-Slavs who made the Czar do what they willed; we hear nothing of Pan-Germans; Bismarck's insurances and reinsurances are taken for granted as in the order of nature; but it is hideously wicked that France should wish for her lost provinces or seek safety for such threats as that of 1875.
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> "So far as concerns England, we have careful notes of all sorts of things of long ago which might justify German actions or contentions during the great war. An English paper in 1887 declared that if a Franco-German war broke out England would not object to a right-of-way through Belgium; therefore Germany was justified in going through Belgium in 1914.
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> "In 1882 England bombarded the open town of Alexandria; therefore Germany was right to shell the open towns of Yarmouth and Whitby.
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> "In 1886 somebody said England could not admit that food was contraband of war because it was destined for a belligerent port; therefore, the blockade of Germany was illegal.
>
> "In 1899, at the Hague Conference, Sir John Fisher said, 'If the welfare of England requires it, international agreements will go to hell'; therefore, Germany was justified in disregarding international agreements in 1914.
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> "These inferences are not drawn in the text; but the facts are, of course, selected for the purposes indicated. Something should be said about the alleged facts themselves. Sometimes the ex-Kaiser is quite wildly wrong, as when he states that Mr. Chamberlain resigned in 1905; the resignation, of course, was two years earlier. But the essential falsity is less literal than spiritual. It is, no doubt, perfectly true that the *Saturday Review* wrote in 1896 that Germany should be destroyed, tho we are certain that it never was guilty of the ex-Kaiser's Latin equivalent—'*Germaniam esse delendam.*' But who but an imbecile would suggest that a random piece of Jingoism like this proved British enmity as early as a quarter of a century ago?
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> "It is, no doubt, true that a Mr. Usher, in a book called 'Pan-Germanism,' speaks of the conclusion of a 'gentleman's agreement' between France, England and America against the alleged Pan-German menace, the United States undertaking 'to give help against Germany and Austria-Hungary in case of war.' But since when have books of this kind been regarded as evidence?
>
> "Let us grant the whole of the case set forth in the most wearisome 172 pages of print that have ever been assembled and called a book. Let us agree that France has taken much territory since 1870; that Tsarist Russia was a danger to Germany and a constant terror to Austria; that England was envious, hostile, imperialistic, absurdly nervous, insincere, untactful; that the Entente was a contrivance of aggression and not a defensive insurance; that obscure Belgian diplomatists told Leopold II how peaceful Germany was and how wickedly restless were her Slav and Gallic neighbors.
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> "Admit, in short, the whole German case much more intelligently stated than in these foolish jottings, and we still have the question—Who tried to avert war in 1914, and who made war inevitable then?"

The book devotes only twenty pages to the six weeks before England declared war, and in these, so the writer in the *Evening Standard* declares, "he says much less than nothing." If there was needed any confirmation of the popular impression of the ex-ruler's mentality he seems to have supplied it here:

> "From other sources we know the dominating part which he personally played in urging on Austria against Serbia; here we are only told that 'the German Government considers the clearing up of matters with Serbia as an Austrian affair, in which Germany does not desire to be involved.' From other sources we know that when Austria faltered at the last moment Germany put the matter right; the ex-Kaiser tells us that he 'devoted himself to the cause of maintaining peace' and 'used his influence with the Austro-Hungarian Government in favor of an understanding.'
>
> "In short, to the very end this reconstruction of history suggests that Germany's attitude was purely defensive, and that she was the victim of a combination of Powers which had already determined on war. It is not wonderful that many Germans believe this; German docility is ready for any act of faith. But it is, surely, extraordinary that the ex-Kaiser, who knew all, should so bamboozle himself in a document meant for his apologia, not addrest to the world, but to himself.
>
> "We have our own English disease—the reverse of the German. It takes the form of believing that our own country is always either villain or fool, and generally both. No better corrective can be recommended to sufferers from this complaint than the Kaiser's book. For the English disease flourishes on the theory of 'six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other,' and on that thesis an intelligent writer can argue plausibly.
>
> "But there are very few Englishmen who will agree that Germany is altogether without fault, and yet the Kaiser's book, in its cunning stupidity, is really an admirable parody of the kind of argument with which we are familiar. It makes an unintelligent use of all the facts which English apologists of Germany have used with a skill worthy of a better purpose."

As a historian the ex-Kaiser, in the opinion of the London *Daily Telegraph*, falls below his son in sense and perspicacity. We read:

> "With regard to this legend of King Edward and his scheme of strangling Germany, it is not uninteresting to contrast the ex-Kaiser's crude charges and the attitude taken up by his brainier, or perhaps better counseled, son. The ex-Crown Prince speaks in his 'Memoirs' of King Edward's great ability and activity. 'And all this,' he continues, 'to what end? To destroy Germany? Certainly not. . . . War with Germany the King, I believe, never wanted. . . . I will go further and say that, with the

acknowledged status enjoyed by him in Europe and in the world at large, King Edward, if he had lived longer, would probably not have stopt at the creation of a Triple Entente, but would perhaps have built a bridge between the Entente and the Triple Alliance, and thus have brought into being the United States of Europe.' We do not, of course, need to go to the ex-Crown Prince of Germany for the evidence on which to base our estimate of King Edward; but the emphatic contradiction between the ex-Kaiser and his son is sufficient in itself to dispose forever of the impudent fiction of a malevolent British King watching for the opportunity to crush Germany. . . .

"We learn that as far back as 1897, France, England and America had concluded a 'Gentleman's Agreement' in view of the Pan-German menace, in accordance with which 'the United States of America undertakes to give help against Germany and Austria-Hungary in case of war.' It is not necessary to point out how utterly any such fiction is destroyed by the known facts of America's entry into the war, only after long hesitation and much searching of heart, and after Germany had sunk American ships and killed American citizens. As to the violation of Belgium's territory, apparently the ex-Kaiser is still unable to understand why the Belgians should have objected to Germany doing what was so obviously the correct military thing for her to do. Did not a Belgian diplomatist say in Berlin—according to the ex-Kaiser—that he would be amazed if any other course were followed? Unreasonable Belgians, to desire to defend their own land and preserve its neutrality! Much is made in the volume of reports from Belgian military attachés, alleged to have been found in the archives at Brussels after the German occupation, written in a tone of distinct hostility to France and sometimes to England. But is it not obvious that if this is so it offers only the stronger disproof of the German allegation that Britain, France and Belgium were in secret alliance against Germany?"

DOES A SERMON MAKE A NOVEL?—Mrs. Wharton's novel on "social parasitism" as well as Hutchinson's on "mother responsibility" keep readers busy, but do not seem to decide the questions. The New York *Evening Post* analyzes Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot to show how given to theses they were and how trivial the thesis itself was. Yet—

"Mere elaborateness and originality do not seem quite all that is needed. Mr. Wells, for example, in his latest novel, 'The Secret Places of the Heart,' has an emphatic thesis regarding the folly of efforts to control instinct—the secret places—by law, as upon monogamy. Nobody exactly used it before and it is most ingeniously worked out. Yet the critics have been objecting that he gives it no connection with that reality which must infuse every novel worth reading. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, in his new novel, 'This Freedom,' has an equally ingenious thesis regarding the baleful effects of a mother's devotion to her career upon her children, which he illustrates by the most tragic incidents; yet the critics say it is so unconvincing that they smiled over the supposedly heartrending deaths, seductions, and imprisonments. Miss Rebecca West has a thoroughly original thesis for her new novel, 'Every mother is a judge who sentences the children for the sins of the father,' she puts it. Original as it is, English critics tell us that the book becomes a preposterously false fable. There are worse missteps, apparently, than being as commonplace in your thesis as 'Othello.'

"No thesis alone ever made a novel, not even 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' but every year has its conspicuous novels spoiled by an artificial, overemphasized, or impracticably stiff thesis. The Victorian theses were elementary, but this very quality prevented their getting in the way when the author dealt with human nature."

FUTURE OF NORTHCLIFFE JOURNALISM

WHAT TO DO WITH THE LONDON *TIMES?* It was a problem with Lord Northcliffe that he seems to have died without solving. To endow it; to give it to the British Museum, were some of his speculative projects. What he did *to* it is another phase of the Northcliffe-*Times* problem that has occupied much space in the English papers since his death. Aside from *The Times* there seem to be no apprehensions regarding the future of what is known as "the Northcliffe press." There is little reason to apprehend any waning of its hold on the public for many years to come, thinks the *Outlook* (London). "In no respect was the late Lord Northcliffe more completely distinguished from his imitators than in the qualities which enable him, while making his newspapers extraordinarily sensitive to every change in public opinion, to endow them with an organization capable of carrying on indefinitely." "Enormous as was his range of activities, he never bit off more than he could chew." That is, except *The Times;* or such, at least, would seem to be the impression held in some circles in London, tho the *Outlook* continues its laudatory notice:

EDITORIAL ROOM OF THE *DAILY MAIL*.

Where Lord Northcliffe organized his many newspapers. After his purchase of *The Times*, he removed from Carmelite House to Printing House Square.

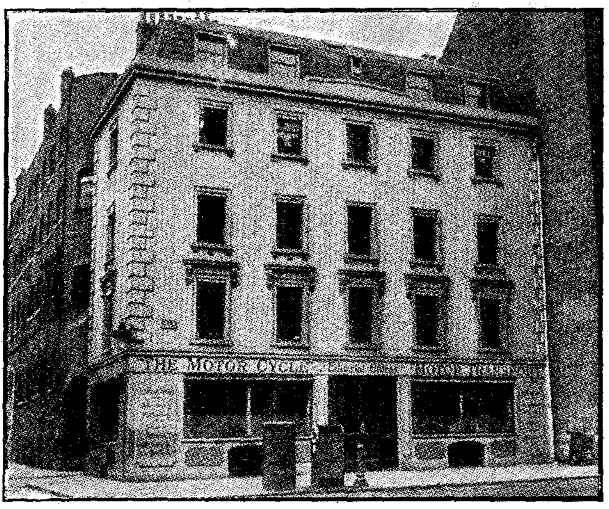
"Lord Northcliffe was himself a good deal concerned with the future of his papers after his death. That of *The Times* especially occupied his thoughts. He had from early youth conceived an ambition to conduct *The Times;* his connection with it was a matter of great pride to him; and he often reflected on the best way to secure that its reputation and usefulness as a national institution should not suffer by his withdrawal in the course of nature from a position of general control. Once, we believe, he had the rather fantastic idea of leaving its future in the hands of the Trustees of the British Museum, so that it should be for ever safe from the sacrilegious hands of the speculator or company promoter. That those who may be trusted implicitly with the mummies or the Elgin marbles might not be the best guardians of a live newspaper would seem a truism to most people who know nothing about journalism. But Lord Northcliffe, who knew almost everything, was not at first baffled by any such fear; so intense was his desire that *The Times* should not be vulgarized that he did not seem to consider the danger of its being embalmed."

In view of this "touching solicitude" the *Outlook* feels it a "little brutal to suggest that *The Times*, alone of the Northcliffe papers, may quite conceivably be improved rather than otherwise by the loss of its directing counsels." For—

> "The unique value of the *Times* was its impersonality, and Lord Northcliffe's control, while fruitful of much advantage in other ways, tended to rob it of this character. Of late years especially it had become involved in his feuds, and tinged with his prepossessions. It may be that the loss it will inevitably suffer in individuality may be compensated by a distinct gain, in that it will more correctly represent the average opinion of the solid classes, and be again what it has latterly ceased to be, a fairly accurate barometer for foreigners of British opinion."

It is what Northcliffe did to the *Times*, we see, which will be the measure of his abilities. For the *Times* has almost stood as the *alter ego* of the British Empire. "Lord Northcliffe's journalism," says the London *Nation and Athenæum*, "must, in any critical view of it, be judged by the last phase of our Napoleon's career:

> "Lord Northcliffe bought the *Times* when at the top of his fame and in the prime of his experience as the life and soul of the new journalism. He had all literary England to draw from, and he had full command of a mighty fortune for the rebuilding of the greatest English newspaper in its decline from the proud mastery of Delane. Lord Northcliffe failed because, with all his genius, he lacked the moral and the intellectual outfit for his job. Thus it happened that the last Northcliffian paper proved to be the most characterless of all. With the old standard of merit fell the old tradition of omniscience and omnipresence, the old feeling that the *Times* *was* governing England. Lord Northcliffe seemed—of course, he only seemed—to let that tradition out to France. But, in fact, he never lived enough with the greater things of his time to know what it required of him when it called for quality rather than for a crude, quantitative measurement of its needs. Absurd as the word may seem, he was not quietist enough to be a good director of the *Times*. . . . He could not wait for the faithful report, the authoritative word, the skilled and patient judgment. So, while he aspired to govern the politicians, he only intimidated them."



NORTHCLIFFE'S NEWSPAPER CRADLE.

House in Tudor Street, London, where he started *Answers*, his first newspaper venture.

The *Spectator*, too, joins the others in hoping that the time has come when "so great a national institution" as the *Times* may "find that stability which it needs." Where so conservative an organ of opinion always placed Northcliffe may probably be seen in this paragraph:

> "That Lord Northcliffe had in any supreme measure the special gift of the newspaper editor, the instinct for publicity, we are not prepared to admit. He knew a certain public, and to that public he served the dish, or rather the series of dishes, which they desired for their daily mental food. But in doing this he did not, we think, show any extraordinary originality, tho no doubt he did show great enterprise. It is true that he hit off the public taste, but he hit it off not so much by the exercise of imagination or any of the higher forms of ratiocination as by a personal process. The *Daily Mail* hit its particular public between wind and water not because Lord Northcliffe had skilfully diagnosed what that public liked, but because he made a paper which he liked himself. By what was for him the most fortunate of accidents, he represented exactly what we had almost called the men and women of 'the new learning'—a class keen, eager, and intelligent, but also very superficial and very badly educated.
>
> "To put it in another way, Lord Northcliffe was a man who had a bright, ill-balanced, sensational mind, which was hungry for general information. He desired to know a little about everything, but he did not want to be bored by knowing too much about anything. There was no limit to his mental alertness or to his eagerness to hear and half discuss every new thing. What he, in common with his public, could not bear even for five minutes was reflection. No one who ever talked with Lord Northcliffe and tried to get him to reflect could fail to notice the infantile character of his mind. In many ways he and, once more, also his public, were like the lady in Pope—the lady 'with too much quickness ever to be taught.'"

MYSTERIES IN THE THEATER

PLAYS ARE SUBJECT TO EPIDEMICS. Just now it is mystery that is supposed to be drawing the tired amusement seeker. The theater provides him with thrills for jaded nerves and takes him into its confidence on an "honor" basis, asking him not to divulge the point of the mystery to intending visitors to the play, so that their pleasure shall not be spoiled. The machinery of the plays seems to go as far back as the old "Mysteries of Udolpho" days, and Mr. Reamer, dramatic critic of the New York *Herald*, begs the playwrights to moderate their transports and deal in simpler devices. "Whispering Wires" turns a telephone into a firearm and "The Monster" plays over the keyboard of nature for its spooky thrills. Mr. Reamer objects:

> "It is not a healthy sign for the future of these plays of mystery that writers find it necessary to surround their incidents with so much irrelevant aid to bewilderment. In 'The Bat' an occasional hand reached from behind a drapery or a symbol of the thief was seen on a panel. But the action passed in a country home. The most exciting murder is the least unusual. To kill a man or woman in a two-room-bath-and-kitchenette apartment at three in the afternoon on a popular thoroughfare is in its effects more horrifying than any killing that ever took place in the old belfry at midnight. Detective stories are like Herbert Spencer's ideal style, impressive in ratio to their lack of effort. In a tale or play the effort may be present. But the revelation of it weakens the effect of every act.
>
> "Mystification by the simple and every-day means of life is the most enduring and striking. When Gaboriau and Boisgobey were surrounding their stories with all possible paraphernalia of crime there came into the field of ephemeral literature a story of crime by Anna Katherine Green which had more genuine suspense than any published in this country or Europe. It was 'The Leavenworth Case,' long accounted the best of American detective stories. This fame, it is needless to say, came from the probability and simplicity of the conditions which the author laid down for herself. No exotic or supernatural power was invoked to solve this story of a murder.
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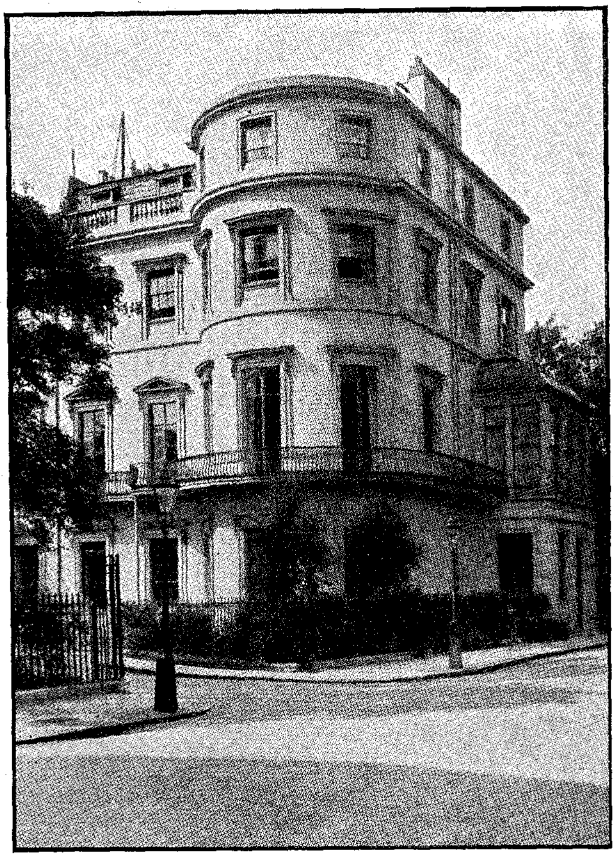
> "So it ought to be with the mystery play that is going to be most successful in its effect on the listener. Lightning may flash, thunder roar, telephones discharge bullets and the wind sigh about the inky rooms. Yet to enthrall the spectators with the aid of none of these arbitrary and theatrical means, makes the best kind of a mystery whether it be divided into acts or chapters.
>
> "It is for the good of the playwrights therefore that they are urged to bear in mind the value of such simple means of creating their effects. Sardou wrote in 'Fedora' nothing more than a good mystery play and there are no other qualities in Sir James Young's 'Jim the Penman.' Yet they made theater history in their time. Doubtless both playwrights could have invented unessential bugaboos to make them seem more mysterious. Luckily it was not necessary. They knew their craft. So they could impart to every line and action more absorbing eloquence than might have come from all the thunder and lightning and midnight darkness that the property man could invent for them."

WHY BOYS GO TO COLLEGE

LEARNING FOR ITS OWN SAKE plays a relatively small part, it seems, in the complex of motives that send boys to college to-day. They are storming the doors in such increasing numbers that artificial means have to be devised for keeping out the overplus—those that the physical conditions can not accommodate. "What the typical boy sees in college," says John Palmer Gavit, who has been analyzing our higher institutions for the New York *Evening Post*, "appears to be not any educational process that he is to undergo through instruction, so much as a chance to *live*, in all that the word may be taken to mean, in a very pleasant environment and amid most interesting events and social activities for four years or more before the hurly-burly and the more or less irksome routine of hard work in the outside world swallow him up." What Father, who pays the bills, thinks of this expensive program does not come within the purview of this inquiry. The boy, it must be said, is more or less the victim of class prejudice, and tho he may covet intellectual distinction in addition to his social graces, he is forced to conceal these ambitions beneath a surface of nonchalance. To go into some of the details of Mr. Gavit's inquiries:



NORTHCLIFFE'S LONDON HOME.

No. 1 Carleton Gardens W, where the man who liked to be called the "Napoleon of English journalism" died.

"During the past few weeks in various places I have been asking many college boys and graduates of many different colleges as I chanced to meet them what they regarded as the net advantage acquired in their college life. The answers were all prompt and glib enough; you could make them into a formula on a rubber stamp or set them to music. With a proportion of exceptions so small as to be almost negligible, the list of advantages cited had to do with purely *social* relationships and experiences. The fellow students from every class and corner of the earth whom he met and the helpful and enjoyable friendships that he made; the teamwork he participated in, the executive experience he gained as manager of some athletic group or as editor of a periodical; the democratic atmosphere in which he lived (every college is democratic, if you let its adherents tell it!); the self-reliance he acquired, and so on. I can count on the fingers of one hand —any way, not more than two—the men who even mentioned spontaneously the studies they pursued or any purely intellectual activity in which they engaged.

"'Oh, yes, the studies, too!'

"To be sure, it was an oversight, wholly unintentional. Call attention to the omission, and instantly:

"'Oh, yes, there's that, too.'

"Not that the teachers, very great teachers, were not remembered. Almost always there was one, or perhaps two or more, of whom appreciative mention was made among the assets; but in every instance professor or instructor was acknowledged among the avails not because of what he taught but because of what he *was*. One thus including William James among the things the Harvard of his day gave to him said to me:

"'I didn't get much of his stuff, but I got *him*.'

"Some allowance must be made for the fact that it is not 'good form' in colleges to exhibit 'high-brow' tendencies or excessive enthusiasm about one's intellectual interests. Ask an Army officer, a real thoroughbred, what are the qualifications of an officer. He will list many things, but he will never mention bravery mong them.

"Nevertheless, it seems to me highly significant that the acknowledgment among college men is almost invariably of what the college *life* has done or is doing; seldom or never any first allusion to the formal college *work*. Only one man has said to me the shrewdly discriminating thing:

"'One has to look out that he balances the two things. It is a great mistake at college to neglect either the courses or the student activities.'"

The college community is described as a microcosm, "a little cross-section of society, where the individual, made what he is by personal equation and the home and social environment out of which he came originally, modified but rarely radically changed by the preparatory school, goes on being much the same kind of person that he was and would have been had he never come to college at all." Mr. Gavit declares he knows no college where high scholarship in and for itself commands great social prestige. He thinks students at nearly all colleges may be divided into four groups with reference to relationship between scholarship and social standing. Thus:

"Group 1—The socially prominent and personally popular. Active in all the more conspicuous athletic and other undergraduate activities. Financially comfortable, as a rule; very small proportion working their way or in need of financial assistance. Few of notably high standing in scholarship; indeed, men most important for athletic prestige and important student activities frequently in hot water and in danger of being lost by probation for low grades. Few, if any, Phi Beta Kappas, and an excessive proportion of low-stand students. Probably about 25 per cent. of students are in this group.

"Group 2—Men of lesser prominence. Engaged in minor sports and activities. Notably better average grades than group 1. Members of less prominent clubs and fraternities. A large proportion working their way and in need of financial assistance. Again few, if any, Phi Beta Kappas. This group contains about a normal percentage distribution of all the grades of scholarship. Probably about 30 per cent. of students are in this group.

"Group 3—The students. Personally inconspicuous socially, but monopolizing the Phi Beta Kappa group and the high scholarship grades generally. Perhaps 20 per cent. of this group working their way and having relatively hard sledding financially. These are the men who take college very seriously from the point of view of both scholarship and college regulations. They have neither time nor money to waste. A smaller group—say 20 per cent.

"Group 4—The recluses and the entirely obscure. Half or more of these are in serious financial straits, earning their way by hard work, often complete drudgery. The college makes allowances for the time they must spend in wage-earning rather than in study. This group includes also those who live at home in the college town or within commuting distance, or in nooks, corners and attics of the neighborhood, getting education under the greatest handicaps. It will include some very high-stand men and some tottering for various reasons on the verge of dismissal for total failure. Probably about 25 per cent. of the students are in group 4."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

REPENTANCE NEEDED TO BRING PEACE ON EARTH

AN ALL-ROUND LUNACY was really responsible for the World War, declared Dean W. R. Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, in a sermon before the twenty-second International Peace Conference held recently in London, and immediately a fire of criticism burst about his head for what was regarded as a too generous distribution of blame. Clergymen and laymen vied with each other in denouncing the Dean for his alleged unpatriotic utterance, his deliverance being pronounced "a national disgrace," "a wild flaunt," "an unjust and cruel aspersion," "a slanderous story of madness," "an abuse of the privilege of the pulpit." But when the "gloomy dean," as he is sometimes called, pointed his critics to a complete report of his sermon, it was seen, we are told, that he did not have in mind the immediate causes of the conflict—that he was delving deeper than these—delving into the "prolonged madness" of international jealousies, the reliance upon armaments as the mainstay of peace, and the diplomacy which regarded such things as the natural and inevitable condition of European civilization. "War is a form of madness," agrees the London *Guardian*, official organ of the Church of England, adding that "surely no other term is suitable in which to describe an enterprise that pours out human life and treasure like water, and leaves everybody worse off in the end." Moreover, we are told, "a peace which rests upon mutual suspicions and a competition in armaments is real lunacy, and for that we all had our share of responsibility. The Christian Church has a unique opportunity for driving home this lesson, by insisting that the divine blessing rests upon mutual trust and the putting away of fear."

Wide World Photos.

THE "GLOOMY DEAN" KNOWS HOW TO SMILE.

W. R. Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, who is seen here with Mrs. Inge, appeals to penitence and reconciliation as a means to world peace. As the chief sinner, Germany especially, he holds, should show a contrite heart.

The war, while it lasted, seemed to us to have been caused by the deliberate wickedness of an abstract demon called Germany, says Dean Inge, as his sermon is published in *The Christian Century* (Undenominational). "The Germans were more or less honestly persuaded that similar abstractions, called Russia, France and England, were the criminals. Now it seems to most of us that we were all stark mad together. The chief obstacle to penitence is indeed the suspicion that none of the parties concerned was responsible for their actions." The utter futility of war had often been demonstrated, points out the Dean,

> "But the liability to attacks of war-fever is so great, and the irrationality of human beings so intractable, that we can not rely only on appeals to common sense. The moral appeal must come first, if for no other reason, because the war spirit makes a successful appeal to the idealist as well as to the self-regarding. As has been said, it was the moral effect of an obscure monk's self-sacrifice which brought the bloody games of the Coliseum to an end. And the emancipation of the slave was won not by proving that free labor would produce more sugar and more cotton than the cowhide lash, but by persuading public opinion that slavery as an institution involved horrors which were an outrage on humanity and an insult to God.
>
> "The moral appeal just now must mainly take the form of penitence and the spirit of reconciliation. Europe has deep cause for penitence. Do we realize these two things: first, that the relations of civilized mankind had become so close that this war was at least as much a civil war as the chronic wars between the various cantons of ancient Greece; and, secondly, that after a century of growing humanity, a century which prided itself on having banished cruelty from the statute-book, and which even concerned itself in safeguarding the rights of the lower animals to decent treatment, the nations of Europe were no sooner locked in the death grapple than horrors and atrocities were committed which ten or a hundred or even two thousand years ago would have been thought incredible except in savage warfare?"

Even religion was freely dragged in, one side appealing to its "good old ally, God"; the other representing the war as "a struggle between Corsica and Calvary." So the minds of the belligerents were systematically poisoned by their governments, says the Dean, and the deadly spirit of hatred thus generated has been slow to subside. And then, he goes on, "we think of the peace."

> "The victors had to consider whether they wished to make an end of war, knowing, as we all know, that another war in our time would destroy our civilization utterly; or whether they wished to make a vindictive peace, which the losers would think themselves justified in tearing up at the first opportunity. If we wished the former, we ought to have offered the Germans terms which they themselves would have thought unexpectedly generous, and then to have said to them, 'Now we have given

you no excuse for plotting revenge; join us in establishing a league of nations and universal disarmament, and let us all help each other to 'gather up the fragments that remain.' We say that the Germans showed no sign of repentance. Did we make it easy for them to repent? The human heart is like water; it freezes at a certain temperature, and melts under the influence of warmth. The Christian method is to overcome evil with good. It does not always succeed; but the opposite method, of driving out devils by Beelzebub, invariably fails.

"But, if it please God, it is not yet too late. The gate of repentance is not yet shut. We have all sinned and suffered together; we may all repent together. We may help to bear one another's burdens; not only by relieving the necessities of those who are suffering most grievously, but by bearing one another's moral burdens.

"But here a caution is needed. We English are a sentimental people; and some of us, in our reaction from the hatred fostered during the war, and our shame at having given way to the absurd idea that every one who has the misfortune to be born between the Rhine and the Vistula has a double dose of original sin, have rushed to the opposite extreme, and speak as if the Germans were amiable and injured innocents. That will not do at all. They have at least as much to repent of as we have; indeed, I still think they have more; but we must help them to show their best selves by showing them our best selves. Justice, common-sense, and good will are the qualities which are needed, not sentimentality.

"The spirit of civilization would say to us all, 'Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?' We are brethren, we Europeans. If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it.

"We have discovered this to our great cost in the economic sphere; we must learn it also in the moral sphere. We can not afford a humiliated, embittered, and degenerate Germany, any more than a triumphant militarist Germany. The harmony of the European symphony needs the best notes of all its members; and who, after all, are the typical Germans—Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Beethoven, or the Slavs, Nietzsche and Treitschke, and the Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain?

"'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father in heaven forgive your trespasses.' 'Repent, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshment shall come from the presence of the Lord.'"

Dean Inge, says the Chicago *Post*, is taking the big and the broad vision of war as a mad method for settling controversies and for serving the better interests of humanity—"the vision that few of us could hold while the horror lasted, but which has come to multitudes more or less clearly, since men have had time to think." In the sense that the building of navies and the drilling of armies were symptoms of a latent madness which at last broke out, *The Post* agrees that "we are all stark-mad together," and exclaims:

"Thank God for men like Dean Inge. His message for England and Europe is needed for America and the world. It must never again be that for lack of any other way we should all go 'stark-mad together.'"

A NEW DOOR OPEN TO THE CHURCH—University credits for work done on religious subjects in denominational schools established in immediate conjunction with the University have been formally granted by the University of Illinois, which is said to be the first State institution of its kind to take such a step. As a requirement for recognition of their courses, these religious schools, says *The Continent* (Presbyterian), must obtain State charters entirely independent from the University, and the University will assume no responsibility for them beyond inspection of the scholarship shown and maintained in the classrooms.

"If the courses are of sufficient 'caliber' and the work is prosecuted in a diligent university spirit, credits allowed for it will count toward graduation for any student who is also regularly matriculated in the State's institution. So far only the Methodists and the Roman Catholics have signified an intention to avail themselves of this privilege. Should the plan be pursued to its logical result by the denominations in general, the University pastors on the campus at present will be succeeded by professorial faculties. The Catholics of Illinois have set out to raise a million dollars for an educational and social plant adjacent to the University."

RIDDING THE CHURCH OF UGLY ART

A CHURCH OF THE HOLY TOOTHPICKS, suggested by a pair of too-aspiring spires, or a Church of the Holy Bean Blower, suggested by a sculptured Gabriel overflamboyant with his trump, as some of our church architecture is picturesquely described, may be made impossible in the future if efforts to persuade the generous to leave art to artists are availing. "Paying for an altar, a window or a rood screen," says the report of the Commission on Church Architecture presented to the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, in Portland, Ore., "does not give the donor the right to impose his own taste on posterity, or justify the rector, ward ns and vestry in accepting something which is bad. Nepotism in art is as bad as nepotism in church preferment. In going over the 2,500 pictures of Episcopal church edifices in all parts of the country, it is evident that millions of money have been unwisely spent." Nor are the authorities as at present constituted a sufficient tribunal. "Esthetic infallibility," the report proceeds, "does not inhere in a bishop, a priest, or wardens and vestry, or clerical or lay benefactor." Among those who signed the report are two architects—Ralph Adams Cram, of Boston, architect of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, and Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, who prepared for presentation to the convention a handbook for the use of the clergy where parochial commissions of architecture are being formed. The report also recommends a course in church architecture in theological seminaries.

Clearly the time has come to apply the new principles of self-government to the building of churches, says the New York *Times*, declaring that what is needed "is not so much a personal dictator—a pictorial Judge Landis, an architectural Will Hays or a sculpturesque Augustus Thomas—as a commission of churchmen and architects that shall improve the taste of the donor, curb the artistic hospitality of wardens and vestry, even direct the feet of the Bishop in the way they should go." There are, of course, not a few churches in this country, often found in small country parishes, says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, against which no exception can be taken.

"But too many show a ludicrous and inappropriate mixture of styles, pseudo-Gothic or what-not, distressing to every person of taste. Worse still, many churches that are architecturally blameless without, comparatively speaking, are disfigured within by gaudy atrocities in stained glass or commonplace mural tablets or hideous rood-screens. These are often gifts which can not be rejected without giving pain and offense to a devout and worthy parishioner. But they ought to be rejected just the same.

"No doubt, American taste in such matters is improving slowly. The memorials of the last war will be in most cases adornments, quite unlike the horrible soldiers' monuments which ravaged the country after the Civil War. But the public still needs education in this direction. If the Episcopal Church can restrain some of its pious benefactors, it will do well."

The purpose of a church, admonishes the New York *Mail*, is neither to advertise the architect nor to glorify its donor. "The great cathedrals of the Middle Ages were growths. Their architecture represented the aspirations of the people. The modern church, like the modern office building, the modern hotel and the modern apartment house, should not be an imitation, but a creation." And the New York *Tribune* reminds us that the great churches of the thirteenth century, regarded by some as the "greatest of centuries," welled up from below, that "they were in the eye and hand of stone-cutter and window-builder quite as much as in the brain of the great designers." Rivalry between cities was the great stimulus. Chartres vied with Bourges, and Rheims with Amiens, exactly as if the people of New York should attempt to outdo those of Boston in church building. In all, religion was the center of life. But such is not the case now, complains *The Tribune*, for American architecture, "the best in the world to-day, does not reach its great success in church building."

> "So one wonders about the new plan to save our churches from horrors. Is taste to be bettered in this negative fashion? Can anything more be achieved than a rather prim, conventional adherence to old styles? Perhaps it is the best that can be hoped for in a period of waiting between tides. It will certainly save sensitive retinas many awful wounds. But what of great churches? Is their day past or will some revival of exuberant faith send them soaring skyward again, as utterly original as the great Gothic cathedrals, to reach with their steel ribs a height and majesty that no cathedral builders before ever dared attempt?"

SQUARING FAITH WITH SCIENCE

IF EVOLUTION IS TRUE, all the anathemas of Mr. Bryan can not hurt it, and if Christianity is false, the sooner we know it the better, declares the Farmville *Herald*, which, looking at it from an impartial point of view, suggests that the conflict is not between Christianity and evolution, but rather between orthodox Christians and Christian evolutionists. So, it recommends, let the discussion go on, for discussion, "like an electric storm on a sultry day, will clarify the situation, and the truth will come forth, not only vindicated, but strengthened and glorified. And the truth is what we want, for it shall win, and by it shall we be judged." But both sides to the dispute which has caused so much dissension in religious circles need to be cautioned against immoderation in argument, says this Virginia weekly, convinced, as it is, that "the common judgment of mankind can be depended upon, in the long run, to sift the false from the true," and believing with Carlyle that "men everywhere are the born enemies of lies." So, we are advised,

> "The evolutionist would help his side if he did not display so much cock-sureness; his finality-of-word manner prejudices his cause. He should remember that Prof. William Bateson, a great scholar, and an evolutionist, frankly admits that nothing is yet scientifically known concerning the origin of species. In the face of this admission moderation of claims is in order. The anti-evolutionist likewise should be advised that the defender of the faith is ever in danger of becoming dogmatic. His position of itself, being on the side of conservatism, has that strange affinity for infallibility which precludes liberality toward opposing views. Mr. Bryan and his co-religionists would do well to read carefully the words of that illustrious Christian apologist, Saint Augustine: 'It very often happens that there is some question as to the earth or sky, or the other elements of this world . . . respecting which, one who is not a Christian has knowledge derived from most certain reasoning or observation, and it is very disgraceful and mischievous and of all things to be carefully avoided, that a Christian speaking of such matters as being according to the Christian Scriptures, should be heard by an unbeliever talking such nonsense that the unbeliever perceiving him to be as wide from the mark as East from the West, can hardly restrain himself from laughing.'
>
> "The question has been raised as to whether this conflict is not between Orthodox Christians and Christian evolutionists, rather than a conflict between Christianity and evolution. Some people, in order to save their faith without denying the facts of natural science, try to harmonize religion and science. But such efforts have been more interesting than convincing. Henry Drummond, who was both a great scientist and a mighty Christian, said: 'Science is tired of reconciliations between two things that ought never to have been contrasted . . . where science is either pitted against religion or fused with it, there is some fatal misconception to begin with as to the scope and province of either.' To Christianize evolution is like rationalizing faith—both appear alike impossible. To reduce the contents of religion to the formulæ of philosophy is to square the circle. So the battle is on, but we have no fear. The spirit of Faith can not be put in bondage to any man. Faith is above and beyond science, but has never been found contrary to the established data of pure science."

THE PROBABILITY OF A RELIGIOUS REVIVAL

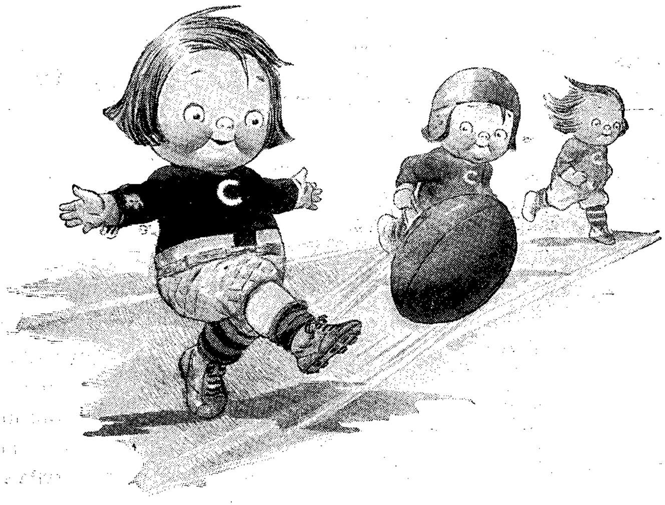
THE CHURCH IN DECAY, civilization in ruins, have been so generally pictured by alarmists, sincere and otherwise, that the statements have come to be accepted as facts by some, and an air of pessimism as to the future, we are told, darkens the minds of many to whom the silver lining is not yet apparent. But often what is alleged to be universally true is found on inspection to be certainly false, and, instead of faith dying, it may be that a revival of religion is at hand. At any rate, there is one English writer optimistic enough to believe that there is a possibility of such a revival, and he sees in the ruin wrought by war, in the moral insensibility which he believes led up to the war, and in the alleged conflict between science and religion, the seeds of a faith reborn. Looking at the causes of the decay of religion in England, and to a degree in all the world, during the last half of the nineteenth century, this observer, who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Artifex" for the Manchester *Guardian*, notices three, and these, he believes, are not permanent, while he regards the situation to-day as very favorable to a great religious revival. First, he writes in the *Guardian*, there was the apparent impossibility of reconciling the teachings of modern physical science with matters of faith. Natural science, he states, gave its vote for a mechanical and determinist interpretation of the universe which left no room, not merely for revealed religion, but for any spiritual or moral value whatever. Now, however, "the attitude of serious thinkers is totally different from what it was thirty years ago," and "if any one were to declare that the dominant school of philosophy in the near future would be definitely theistic, and even explicitly Christian, it would not appear too bold a prophecy to be realized."

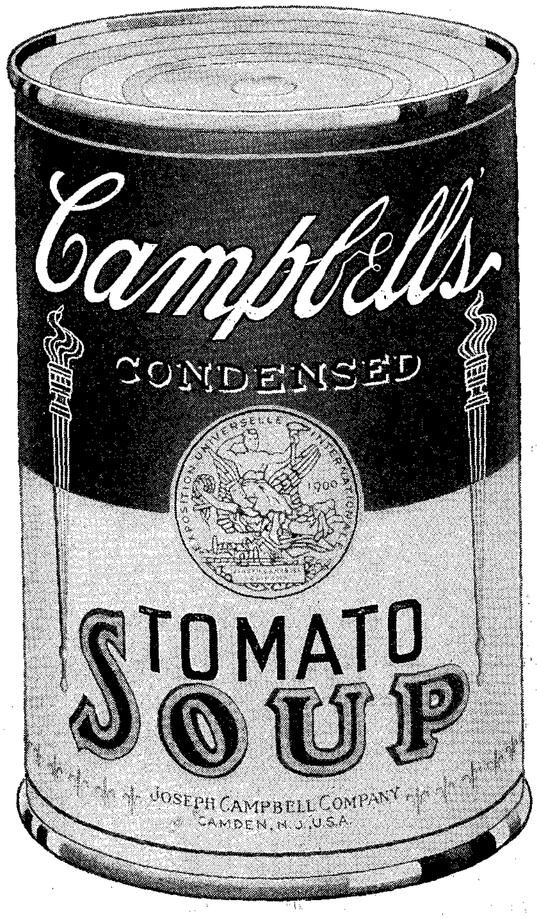
Another cause of weakness in religion, as seen by this writer, was undoubtedly the opinion, "vaguely diffused in the public mind, that some wonderful critical process discovered, or at least brought to perfection, in Germany, has proved the New Testament to be worthless." But to-day, we are told encouragingly, "the pendulum of criticism is tending to come to rest at a middle position between old-fashioned obscurantism and the extreme scepticism of the more radical critics, and what have been described as 'the assured results of criticism' are such as no religious mind need quarrel with." The third, and, believes the writer,

> "the most important, cause of the decay of religion during the last two generations was, however, the conviction that this world was a very pleasant and comfortable place, that there was some inviolable law of progress, and that, to parody a popular phrase, 'every day and in every way things were getting better and better.' Evolution, education, the progress of the sciences, and the common sense of the ordinary man might be trusted to maintain a steady rate of progress, and with this world so good, and certain to go on getting better and better, other worldliness of any sort was at once needless and dangerous. A few of the 'have-nots' might grumble, but the fact that they were 'have-nots' proved them to be people of low mental capacity, and so there was no need to bother. All that is strangely out of date and impossible for us to-day. The conscience of the whole world has been deeply shocked by the appalling spectacle of the war. For some time it seemed probable, and to-day it is still far from improbable, that we might see civilization coming down in ruins about our heads. All of us have been frightened; most of us have been shocked. We are shaken out of our placid self-satisfaction.
>
> "The dullest of men and politicians babble to-day of 'spiritual forces' and 'spiritual sanctions.' Surely a condition of things very favorable to a great religious revival! Personally, I am sure, and have before now given my reasons for believing, that in the early days of this century there was, in Eucken's words, 'a moving of the dead bones and a blow of the Spirit' in every country in Europe. But it came to nothing, owing to the moral insensibility which was the real cause of the war. To-day we have a second chance."

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—INVIGORATING SOUP

Go-getters in any old game you pick
Are the fellows with health and the pluck to stick
The kind who eat Campbell's and have the right punch
And laugh all the while they're eating their lunch.

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Rich, smooth puree of tempting, full-ripe tomatoes with all the skin, seeds and core fibre carefully strained out, leaving only the pure tomato goodness. Campbell's have their own exclusive recipe for this enticing blend. Golden butter makes it richer still and the famous Campbell's chefs add the spices with nicest skill.

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LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

CURRENT-POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

SUMMER'S accustomed pageantry brings more than mere beauty to those who have watched her course through many a year. In the New York *Herald* one records her parting sigh:

EBB TIDE OF THE YEAR

By Edith M. Thomas

Do you not see and hear
Already is the ebb tide of the year,
Though it should seem no more
Than a first wave retreating down the shore?
"No, no," you say, "for still
Noon empties his hot arrows on the hill;
And many are the flowers
And ardent hued to mark the sun bright hours!"

I answer: Though the moon
Flames on the hill, when has night brought such boon
Of cooling drink outpoured—
Deep Sleep—the oldest vintage ever stored;
While the tree cricket plays,
Moving his slender wings of chrysophrase,
And searching is the sigh
Of the low wind through leaves grown crisp and dry!

And, as for many flowers,
Look how—like ladies from their windowed towers,
The bloom creeps ever higher
On foxglove and on evening primrose spire
Until the last flower-bell
With kisses tells aloft its world farewell!

No birds in nests: they fare
In flocks afar—no mated loves are there.
Silver yon stubble fields
Where her swift shuttle the gray weaver wields.
Red gold, the great orb'd sun
Leans yearningly toward earth, day being done.
Some beauty—past all guards,
Each evening will be slipping heavenwards!

Summer's old heart is tired,
Beats fitfully, but Time cannot be hired.
You will not have it so?
Too young! These aging signs you will not know!
More wise—or sad, am I:
So many a year has bidden me Good-by!

MANY have meditated by a lonely shore this summer and caught a mood that may have been in harmony with this which the London *Spectator* prints:

THE DROWNED LOVER

By Laurence Housman

Here, by the lone shore
I have pitched my tent;
Only a slant of shingle, and sometimes sand,
Severs us, bed from bed;
And the waves that roar
Over your resting head,
With its dreams all spent,
Hopeless, hollow with hunger, beat at the land.

Stone-cold, starved, shivering land,
Where nothing wakes,
Gaunt, and gutted by storm: above in the gloom,
All one way come flying
Dim flakes of spume,
And menacing sea-mews, this way and that way crying,
Stretch their necks
And turn with a ghostly glide
Down to the gleaming hollows—wraiths to the tomb!
But here, in the door of my tent, a lamp stays lit;
And all night lonely I sit
By a shore that shakes,
Watching for wrecks,
With a heart that aches and aches.

Say, what sails—what ranks upon ranks of oars,
What battered hulls, and, within, what broken hearts
Here lie sunk! O ghosts which haunt these shores,
Shall not one arise ere the darkness pales,
Join, knit bone to bone of its shattered parts,
And, lifting, bear foam-bright, to the foam above,
Feet, and form, and face of the man I love?
Hark, in the storm-drunk night, how a sea-mew wails!

II.

Into the shade of my tent
From the darkness without,
Into my tent, like a blade
Of silver dividing the night—
Pale as a moonray peering thro' cloud to my sight,
Slender, lonely, and proud,
Here, to me waiting, with wonderful motion and light,
My lover comes up from the sea.

Dark to my search is the face;
But, delivered of doubt,
My lips with his lips grow one.
"Ah! where hast thou been,
Under the rocks and the caves
Where the blind things sleep,
Away from the sight of the sun?
Under the hurling of waves,
And the toss of the storm,
What, in thy dreams, hast thou seen;
And—without me—what form,
That, sleeping, hath made thee content?"

He turns, he looks:
And out of the dreary length
Of sea-dreams, heavy as lead,
Lifts up the ghostly strength
Of a drowning hand:
And up from his lips comes a whisper of sound I know—
The whisper of sea on sand:
Then out of the gloom
Thick, and swift, and sudden, dim flakes of spume
Are flying;
And menacing sea-mews, wheeling and crying,
Stretch their necks, and turn with a ghostly glide
Back to the gleaming hollows—wraiths to the tomb!
And I wake! The tide
Is down: the grey-ribbed sand
Stretches away and away in a steely glare
Of thin salt water, straining, band upon band,
Draining back to the sea from a shore swept bare—
And sea-weed black on the sand
Like a drowned man's hair!

THIS record of death by the sea is one to inspire only acquiescence. In the London *Mercury* we find it:

ON A FRIEND WHO DIED UPON THE SEASHORE

By J. D. C. Pellow

Quiet he lived, and quietly died;
Nor, like the unwilling tide,
Did once complain or strive
To stay one brief hour more alive.
But as a summer wave
Serenely for a while
Will lift a crest to the sun,
Then sink again, so he
Back to the bright heavens gave
An answering smile;
Then quietly, having run
His course, bowed down his head,
And sank unmurmuringly,
Sank back into the sea,
The silent, the unfathomable sea
Of all the happy dead.

A BIT of macabre from the London *Spectator:*

THE MURDERED FACE

By John Freeman

Willow droops now her breast upon the breast
Of waveless water,
Leaning her cheek against that hueless cheek;
And her leaves speak
Tender as silence when the least wind trembles
And sinks at rest.

Floats on the stream the rippled argent round
Of the full moon,
Following with slower mood the faltering tide.
Willow's branches slide
Deeper to draw the moon close to her breast,
In silver slumber.

But as a murdered face in agitation
Of windy flaw
The argent moon wrinkles in angry pain:
Eyes stare in dream of pain.
Wind on the willow's bosom falls and moans,
Hides in a floating cloud the moon's torn face.

A GROUP of parodies by Margaret Widdemer appear in the *Bookman*. They are described as "in the manner of certain Modern American Poets who had been shown a Tree with a Bird on it, and told it was a Grackle." We choose the last one:

THE HOBOKEN GRACKLE AND THE HOBO: AN EXPLANATION

À la Vachel Lindsay

As I went marching, torn socked, free, (*Steadily*)
With my red heart marching all agog in front of me,
And my throbbing heels
And my throbbing feet
Making an impression on the Hoboken street,
(*With energy*)
Then I saw a pear tree, a fowl, a bird,
And the worst sort of noise an Illinoiser ever heard;
(*Disgustedly*)
Banks—of—poets—round—that—tree—
All of the Poetry Society but *me!*
All acackle, addressed it as a grackle (*Chatteringly, as parrots*)
Showed me its hackle (that proved it was a fly)
Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet! (*Cooingly, yet with annoyance*)
Gosh, what a packed street!
The Secretary, *President*, and TREASURER went by!

"That's not a grackle," says I to all of him,
Seething with their poetry, iron tongued, grim—
"*That's an English sparrow on that limb!*"

And they all went home
No more to roam,
And I saw their unmade poetry rise up like foam;
And I took my bandanna again on my stick
And walked to a grocery store and took my pick—
I bought crackers, canned shrimps, corn,
Codfish like the flakes of snow at morn,
Buns for breakfast and a fountain pen,
Threw my change down and walked out again,
And I walked through Hoboken, torn socked, free,
WITH MY RED HEART GALUMPHING ALL AGOG IN FRONT OF ME!

Cantilever Stores

Cut this out for reference

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade
Albany—Hewett's Silk Shop, 15 N. Pearl St.
Altoona—Bendheim's, 1302—11th Ave.
Asbury Park—Best Shoe Co.
Asheville—Pollock's
Atlanta—Carlton Shoe & Clo. Co.
Auburn & Geneva, N. Y.—Dusenbury Co.
Austin—Carl H. Mueller
Baltimore—325 No. Charles St.
Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery
Bay City—D. Bendall Co.
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Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.
Bridgeport—W. K. Mollan
Brooklyn—414 Fulton St.
Buffalo—639 Main St.
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Charlotte—221 Piedmont Bldg.
Chicago { —30 E. Randolph St. (Room 502)
Chicago { —4750 Sheridan Rd. (Room 214)
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Cleveland—Graner-Powers, 1274 Euclid Av.
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Minneapolis—25 Eighth St., South
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Tacoma—255 So. 11th St. (Fidelity Bldg.)
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Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
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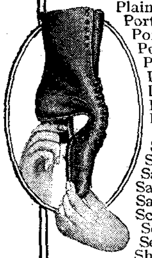
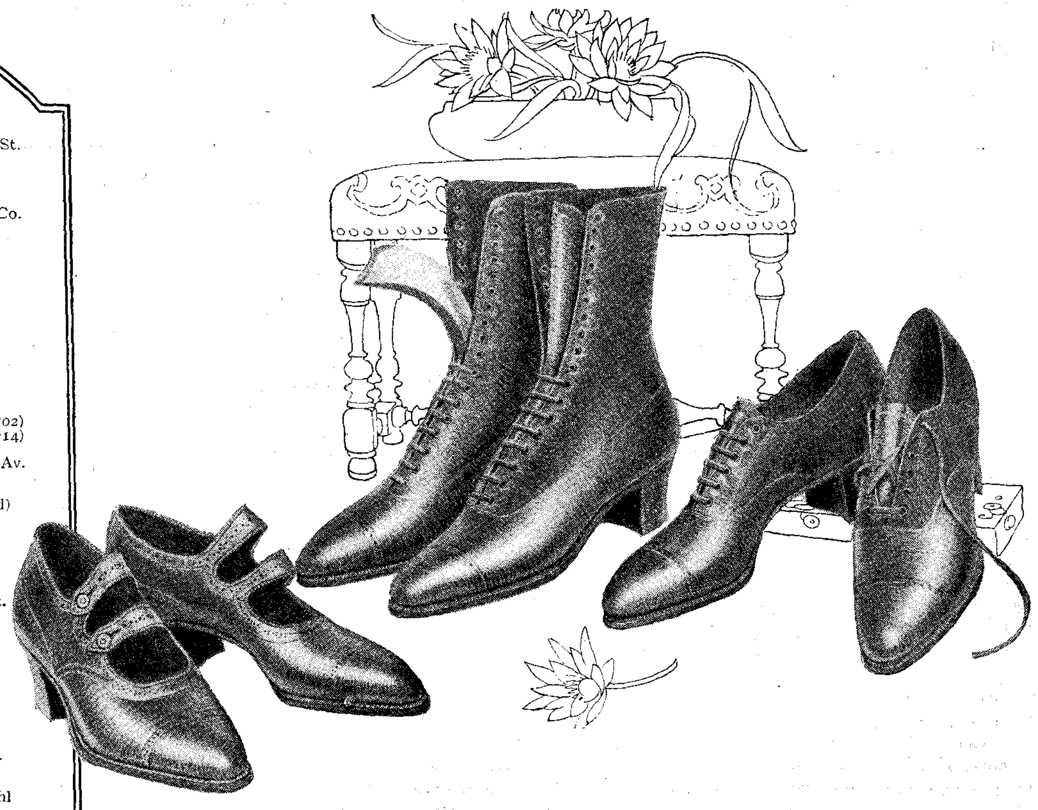
Zanesville—J. B. Hunter Co.

Agencies in 275 other cities.





Comfortable Shoes Increase Your Enjoyment

Autumn brings many interests. Work and amusements take a fresh start at this time of year. Opportunities for advancement come to the business girl. The home woman sets her house in order for the comfort of the family and the social activities of the new season.

Shopping time is here again. Store windows are a joy. The departments display an interesting and alluring variety of garments, fabrics, novelties. Club work starts up afresh. Fall exhibitions of pictures are given. New plays are being put on. The lecture season opens. Classes in night schools begin. College contests are held in sports and scholarship. All these combine to make life actively interesting.

But your interest lags, your efficiency is impaired, your joy is lessened if your feet hurt. Comfortable shoes make you forget your feet and let you focus your whole attention on your work and your other interests. They increase your endurance and hence add to your enjoyment of life generally.

Cantilever Shoes are comfortable shoes. They are modeled on natural lines, with a flexible arch, entirely free from the concealed metal which is in the shank of ordinary shoes.

The flexible arch of Cantilevers, together with their natural sole line, the neat, rounded toe which gives ample room, the well placed medium or low heel, give great comfort to tired, weak feet, correct and prevent fallen arches, and help you in a hundred other ways.

Cantilevers are made for men also. Every pair of Cantilevers is trademarked to protect you. Look over the dealer list at the left of this advertisement. If you do not find one listed for your town, write the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 1 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address of a nearby dealer, and for a book which tells how to increase your enjoyment through foot comfort.

Cantilever Shoe

Endorsed by Women's Colleges, Women's Clubs, Public Health Authorities, Physicians, Osteopaths, Directors of Physical Education, Editors, Stage Celebrities and prominent women everywhere.

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

"WETS" AND "DRYS" SPEAK OUT IN MEETING

INTERESTING POINTS OF VIEW are revealed in many of the letters that have poured in upon THE LITERARY DIGEST from voters for and against Prohibition during the poll. One correspondent has sent a two-volume letter of 192 pages profusely illustrated with cartoons and newspaper cuts and all patiently written out by hand. Others, while less prodigal of time and labor, show an equal earnestness. For example, a voter tells us, "For five years I was a deputy commissioner to enforce the liquor laws in Maine, and I would like to see every rum-seller hanged by the neck until dead," while the same mail brings a communication in which the Government is urged to purvey "real whisky at a very low price." Whatever else may be said of these letters, no one will accuse our correspondents of listlessness. And they are interesting people. Without taking sides, and purely because bits here and there in these letters are entertaining, as well as illuminative, THE LITERARY DIGEST feels at liberty to print those that seem most readable. For its readability, especially as it quotes a source with which relatively few are acquainted, we give first place to this extract from a most unusual epistle:

THE VOLSTE
High Life
The Queen of Beers
The Volstead BAR

SEVENTY-FIVE YARDS FROM PROHIBITION.

This photograph, contributed by a moist voter in THE LITERARY DIGEST'S Poll, shows a saloon across the border from Douglas, Ariz.

"I am a Latter Day Saint, and in the book called 'The Doctrine and Covenants' there are 136 revelations. Section 89 is a revelation given through Joseph the Seer at Kirtland, Ohio, Feb. 27, 1833: 'Behold verily, thus saith the Lord unto you . . . that, inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him. And behold, this should be wine, yea pure wine of the grape of the vine of your own make. And again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies. And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill. And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly (such as tea, coffee, etc.).'"

Or perhaps the following remarks on Prohibition and its enforcement should have had first place, as they are contributed by a voter whose point of view is as novel as it is interesting:

"We have done a right thing in a wrong way, by enacting a righteous law and putting the enforcement of that law in the hands of a political party that does not love the law, if indeed it be not absolutely hostile to it. The Prohibition party should have been put in power and then the law enacted and we would not have had the near travesty of enforcement we have. Enforcement agents tell me that they are held back in procedure by those in power in Washington. I fear that we will have to have a startling visitation of some kind before we awake as a Nation to the fact that WE MUST HAVE A PARTY STANDING FOR PROHIBITION IN POWER BEFORE WE WILL HAVE REAL ENFORCEMENT. A Carrie Nation was a necessity before Kansas made it a success."

Less surprizing, to be sure, tho not less spirited, are certain diatribes against the people who violate the Volstead Act. For instance, we are told that "Prohibition is vindicated by the daily violent, as well as secretive, criminal actions of the 'Wets,'" and an indignant merchant writes:

"We think the Eighteenth Amendment should be strictly enforced. We had two examples here this week why it should be. One drunken cuss ran his machine against a telegraph pole and smashed both of the front wheels of his car, and another man came along and at the point of a gun he compelled the man to take him to the nearest town so he could buy new wheels. He wanted to compel the dealer at the point of his gun to sell him two wheels for $10, so the dealer called an officer and landed him in jail, all because he was drunk!

"The other was, a drunken crowd of young men came up behind another machine and the driver drove his machine to the side to let them pass, but they were drunk and could not steer their machine and struck the machine a side-swipe and damaged machine considerably, and all the occupants were considerably hurt, all because they were drunk!"

Here and there a correspondent thinks the arguments of the "Wets" insincere—or at all events prompted by selfishness, or by the leadings of an unlovely disposition—and their practise now and then comes in for similar criticism. One remonstrant writes, "It is pure cussedness on the part of thousands of good American people that prompts them to patronize the bootlegger and insist that they want their liquor"; and another says:

"My neighbor rents his building to a man who used to conduct a saloon, and wants me to vote for anything that will rent his building. The man that ran the saloon is a member of the city council and needs his old backing, and he wants me to vote for anything that will bring back his old followers that have scattered. My old neighbors down on the farm raise corn and rye and the old prices were held up a few notches through the sale of their rye and corn to the distilleries, and they want me to vote for anything that will bring back these prices for their rye and corn."

That Prohibition has brought immense benefits is a claim made by many of the voters. Says one:

"Take, for example, the present coal and railway strikes. If you will stop to consider the relative amount of violence in these two strikes with that which obtained in the strikes in the past,

The New Cadillac Victoria

The new Cadillac Victoria, we believe, embodies refinements which will induce even wider and warmer favor for this popular Cadillac model.

A well-considered change in dimensions causes the car to appear lower and longer and greatly accentuates the atmosphere of distinction always associated with the Victoria.

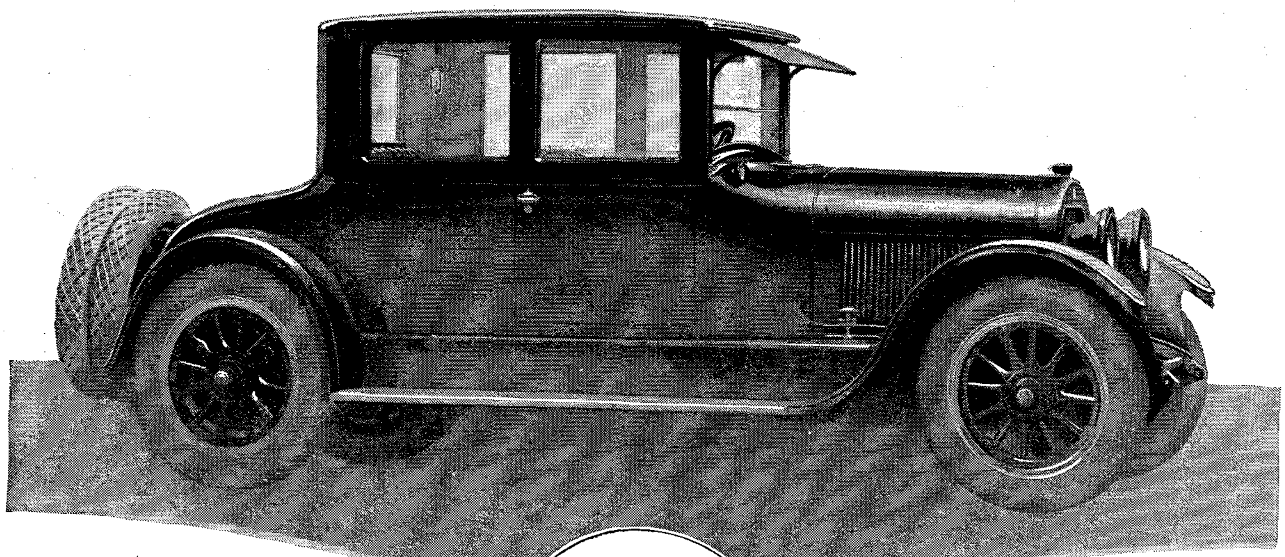
The enlarged interior, with the driver's seat placed directly behind the steering wheel, and all seats lengthened, provides increased spaciousness and comfort for four passengers.

The new model Victoria shares the advanced engineering and careful craftsmanship of Type 61, admittedly the greatest Cadillac ever produced.

Its owner will discover a degree of dependability and riding smoothness that is generally considered unequalled in current automobile manufacture.

Cadillac has developed a finer Victoria, one more artistic more roomy and more comfortable, which we submit to prospective buyers with full confidence that it will win their delighted approval.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation



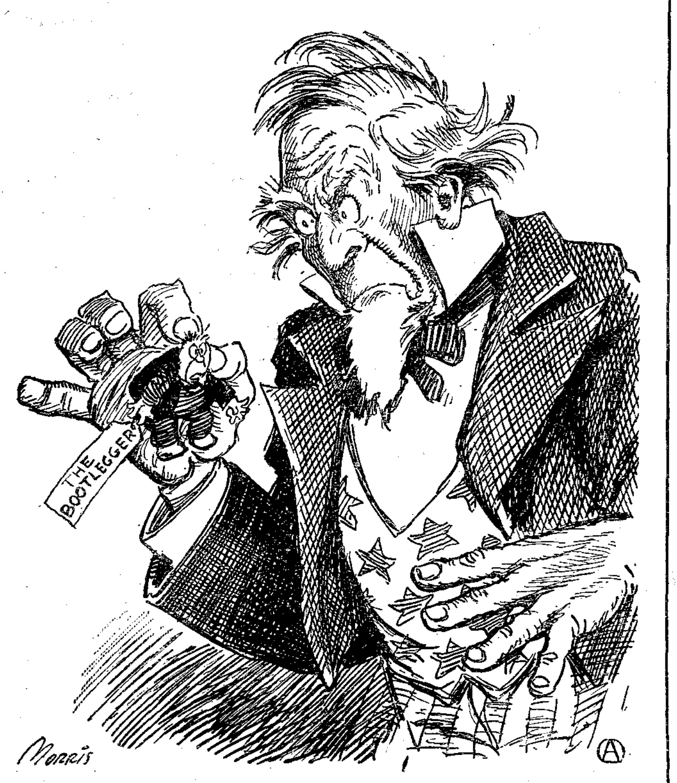
CADILLAC

Standard of the World

and also compare the conditions you will realize that the big cause for this lack of violence is the lack of the ability on the part of the men to obtain liquor. Drink always creates an antagonistic feeling in these circumstances. Also if you will examine the bank accounts you will find that the working classes are far better off without drink."

Speaking from personal observations, a manufacturer tells us:

"I have been in the textile business for nearly fifty years and an observer of the lives of the people who are a part of it. If all people could see and know what Prohibition (even with the lax enforcement) has done for the women and children, as well as men, in the homes of the laboring classes, they could not fail to be a supporter of the constitutional amendment we now have.



THE COOTIE.

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

"I can think of only one motive that can lead to the denial of the good that comes from this knowledge of the facts, and that springs from some form of selfishness in the life of the individual. Open-minded business men can not fail to see its benefits in the *dollars saved* against the *dollar earned*."

Another enthusiast observes:

"I think that every American citizen should celebrate the day that Prohibition became a national law with the same sacred regard that the true American does the Fourth of July, and the negro does the Eighth of May; for the laboring man spent his hard-earned money for liquor before it was put out of his reach by national legislation, and he and his family now wear better clothes, shoes, and eat more wholesome food, and are gradually gaining their way into a higher type of citizen, which would have been impossible had whisky not been outlawed."

Still another of our correspondents declares, "I am very satisfied with the Volstead Law, because I have been an employer of many thousand men, before, as well as after the Volstead Law became effective. I surely know the great good Prohibition has accomplished, and want it strictly enforced."

Meanwhile, comes this interesting observation:

"How can you account for the building boom from one end of this country to the other? Since the country went "dry" we can not build homes fast enough, neither can we build automobiles fast enough, and money that used to go for liquor is now being spent in other luxuries, which, to say the least, is less harmful. Then again the increased business in all lines of mercantile business, such as groceries, meats, dry goods and clothing, which means better fed and better clothed wife and children, better husbands and better fathers and better citizens."

A consideration rarely discust is brought out in a letter reminding us that "rum and gasoline don't mix," and drawing therefrom an argument for Prohibition:

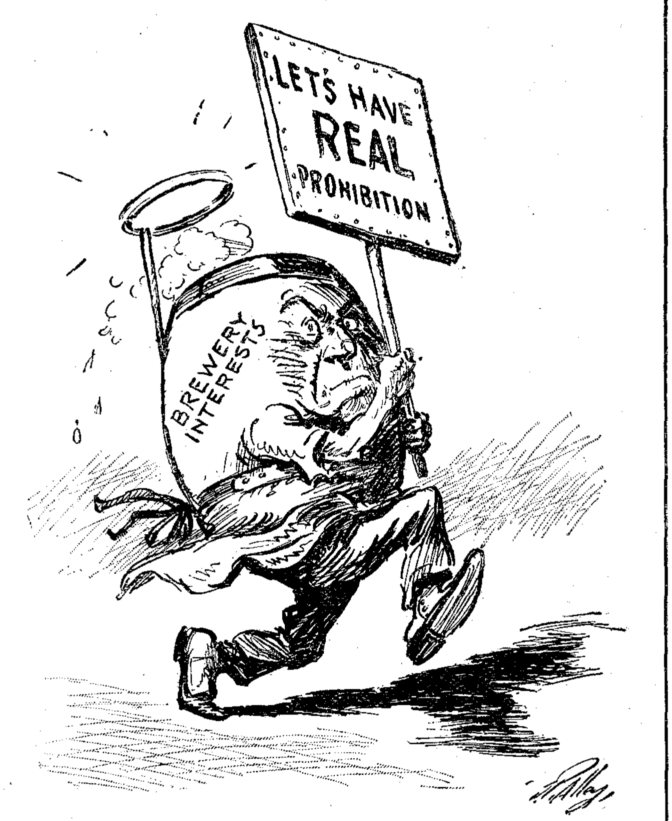
"On the subject of the Eighteenth Amendment, I desire to point out, that, irrespective of the economic and moral arguments against a change, the most cogent reason of all for maintaining the status quo is the present state of automotive traffic in the United States. The risk to life on our streets and highways is already appalling, but if filling stations for booze became as numerous as those for gasoline, the situation would quickly reach the impossible. The issue would then very rapidly change from a moral one to one of policy. On the one side would be allied the expected opponents of liquor, the users of automobiles and the entire automotive industry in all its ramifications, and on the other side, the common ordinary drunks."

Tho the opposition to enforcement is generally recognized, our correspondents are by no means convinced that the opposition will continue indefinitely. "When the present generation who are clamoring for booze have passed away, then there will be no demand or desire for the vile stuff," we are told. So the "Drys" are not always averse to stern measures in enforcing the law now. Says a lawyer:

"I am not in favor of sending men to prison indiscriminately who violate the Volstead Law. If after a sufficient warning is given to offenders against that law there is no improvement, I am in favor of deporting the foreigner and disfranchising the American citizen. No law-breaker should be a law-maker, and in our locality nine-tenths of the violations of this Volstead Act are committed by men who are not American citizens."

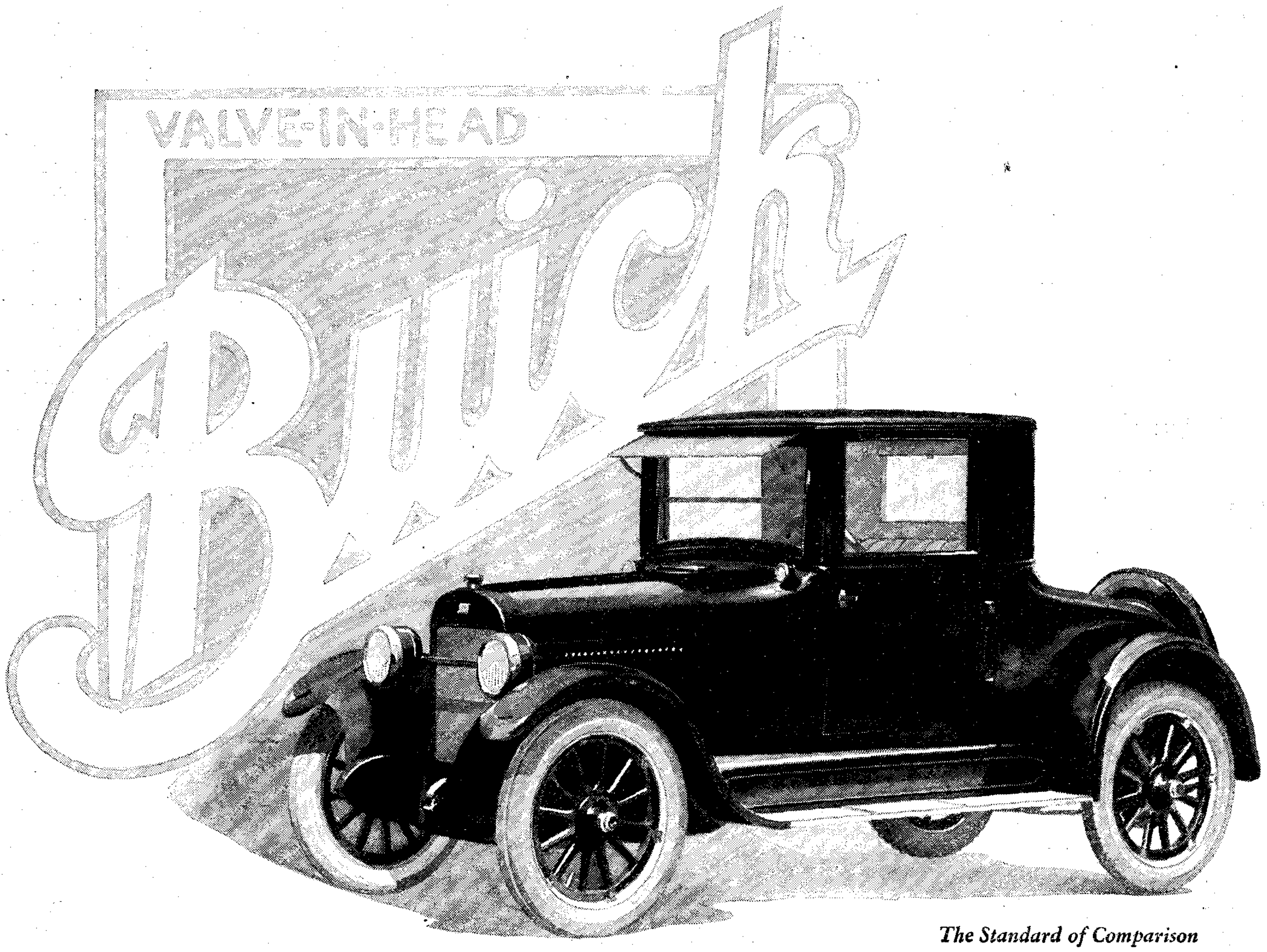
Deportation of aliens appeals to another correspondent as forcibly, tho he is not averse to putting bootleggers in jail:

"I do hope there will be 'teeth' enough put in the Volstead Act to send a lot of these law-breakers to the penitentiary. I notice, in the papers here, when a bootlegger is caught, his name is generally Mascerlaria, or Genokowsky, or something similar, indicating they are foreigners, who come over here to enjoy the benefit of better government and chances in life, and in return for these privileges, they break the laws of this country, and get away with it. Am in favor of deporting all non-naturalized foreigners who break our laws—send them back from whence they came. As long as any law is on the books, enforce it to the letter; there is always a remedy if the majority of the people want it repealed. There is too



THE DEVIL A SAINT WOULD BE!

—Alley in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*.



The Standard of Comparison

A Luxurious Coupe for Three

The 1923 Buick Four

Bringing comfort and refinements heretofore found only in costly closed cars, the Buick four-cylinder three-passenger coupe meets a need which for years has gone unattended.

It is every inch a car of distinction. The low, metal body, custom-built by Fisher, is enhanced by the high lines of the hood, the graceful sweep of the full-crowned fenders and the handsome drum-type head lights and cowl lights.

The very wide doors swing open to reveal an interior finished and upholstered in fine plush, and set off by fittings of distinctive pattern. There is a heater for cold weather, and the cowl ventilator, adjustable windshield, and disappearing door windows assure complete comfort for summer driving.

In this splendid car, as in each of the other thirteen new Buick models, improvements in the famous Valve-in-Head motor, in the springs, frame and every other important unit of the chassis, have kept pace with the more obvious body changes. Yet, in the midst of this remarkable progress, the time-proven Buick fundamentals of reliability and ruggedness remain—the new Buick Four Coupe is altogether a finer car.

Among other items of the complete equipment are: transmission lock, dome light, adjustable sun-shade, improved hood catches, flush door with lock giving access to large luggage space under rear deck, cord tires, transmission speedometer drive, aluminum steering wheel spider. Class "A" fire insurance rating. $1175 f. o. b. Buick Factories.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars—Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

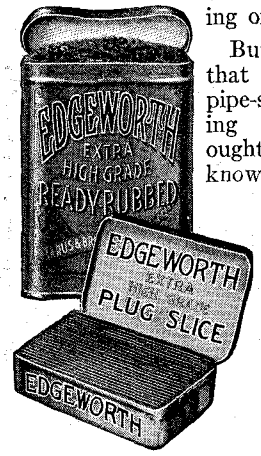
"I was smoking my pipe when it came to me"

Which may, or may not, be a boost for Edgeworth

How many good ideas are born in a pipe of tobacco! There is something in the calm contentment of smoking a pipe that seems to open up the mind for new ideas.

A busy man, a thinker, whose brain is crisscrossed with a thousand impressions, finds that smoking his pipe wipes out most of the confusion, and leaves his mind clean, so that the new idea, the inspiration, has a much better chance to make its impression—as if pipe-smoking wiped all the chalk-marks from the blackboard of the mind and invited new ideas, new thoughts, and creative plans to outline themselves thereon.

Edgeworth suits many men. We presume there are some men who wouldn't like Edgeworth. It is a matter of individual taste—like eating onions.



EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE READY-RUBBED
EDGEWORTH EXTRA HIGH GRADE PLUG SLICE
EDGEWORTH

But we have a belief that there are many pipe-smokers not smoking Edgeworth who ought to be—who don't know Edgeworth and therefore have no idea that there is a tobacco that hits their taste so exactly that it might have been made for them alone.

We want those men to try Edgeworth. We would like to hand them our pouch personally, but as that is impossible, we'll do what we can.

The makers of Edgeworth will send free samples to any pipe-smoker who will ask for them. Simply send a postal or a note asking for these free samples and they'll come to you by the first mail.

Edgeworth comes in two forms—Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice. In either form it is a moist, fragrant tobacco that packs nicely, lights quickly, and burns freely and evenly.

We can't promise that Edgeworth will make brilliant ideas come to you; but we are sure you will have a delightful smoke—and after all, that's all that good tobacco is supposed to give.

For free samples, address your postal or letter to Larus & Brother Company, 5 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will mention the name and address of the dealer from whom you usually buy your tobacco, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

much disregard for law in this country, when it runs counter to some one's personal wishes or opinions."

The plea for "light wines and beer," tho satisfying the "personal wishes," and falling in agreeably with "the personal opinions" of numerous voters, is, nevertheless, abhorrent to many others. We find such objections, for example, as, "What is meant by 'light wines and beer'?" or as, "Light (?) wines and light (?) beer! There's no such animal," and one correspondent declares that, "If wine and beer were legalized, the people who are now showing how extraordinarily intelligent they are by their ability to break the total abstinence laws would want to break the laws by using stuff stronger than wine and beer." Another, equally earnest, tells us:

"I am in favor of the strictest enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. I had rather see it repealed than a modification of the law. The law is hard to enforce now, and if there were any modification it would but add to the difficulty of enforcing it.

"I do not agree with some of your readers that light wines and beer can be made and sold under Federal control in any satisfactory way. Such action would cause disrespect for the Constitution, violation of the laws, and degrading the very foundation of the Government. Every few days, we find in the daily news one story after another where bonded warehouses are raided, the keepers murdered or gagged and the contents moved. It would be impossible to have a system of government distribution of light wines and beer."

Again, tho from another voter, comes the declaration:

"I do not believe in a modification of the Volstead Law to permit light wines and beer to be sold indiscriminately, not only because I believe that beer as it is usually consumed is more demoralizing than hard liquor, but because it would, if not at once, eventually bring back the saloon, which would present the golden opportunity to the bootlegger to ply his trade with little chance of catching him, and as good liquor would not be manufactured he would make and sell his poisonous decoction as he is doing now."

Turning to the Wet side—or at any rate to the Moist—we find innumerable criticisms of both Prohibition and its enforcement, and the letters are by no means wanting in "kick." We read that "our moneyed men get their good beverages, but the poor devil gets the poisonous hootch, which will kill him and does kill every day"; that, "when it has got down to arresting an old farmer for selling a gallon of cider off his own farm, the word 'liberty' has become a fake"; that "an intelligent public will realize the possibility of a recurrence of an intensified Dark Ages under the influence of a sodden Puritanism," and so on indefinitely, tho perhaps the most interesting contribution to the mass of Wet correspondence is the one that reaches us from Beeks Hog Camp, Simcoe Mountains, Klickitat County, Wash. Says the writer:

"I am a lonely sheep-herder way up in the tall pines of the Simcoe Mountains, close to the Yakima Indian Reservation. The man that brings my camp supplies—what we call the packer—doesn't come very often, so I am just in receipt of your ballot.

"I am in favor of a law that will permit the United States Government to manufacture and sell whisky, wine and beer of the best quality, said booze to be distributed under Government restriction just like they do over in Vancouver, Canada.

"The stuff you have to drink under the present way the booze is handled is something awful. Some parties came by my camp the other day on a fishing trip and gave me a drink of moonshine whisky. After I took a big snort I thought I had swallowed a skyrocket and it had busted inside me, for it tasted like red fire and formaldehyde. If you can get things regulated so that we can get the good old stuff again, for heaven's sake do!"

The Literary Digest is not engaged in getting things regulated, one way or the other. In printing this letter it aims only to provide interesting reading matter, and is guided by the same principle in presenting the selections that follow—for example, this from a "graduate Doctor of Astrology, etc.," and "Fellow Member of the American Astrological Society," who warns us that "the earth is still under Mars's evil sway" and declares:

"Personally, I have never been inclined to drink and never expect to, but, being liberty-loving, I do rebel at the foolishness of this law and wish to see it changed, and not see the many punished for the few."

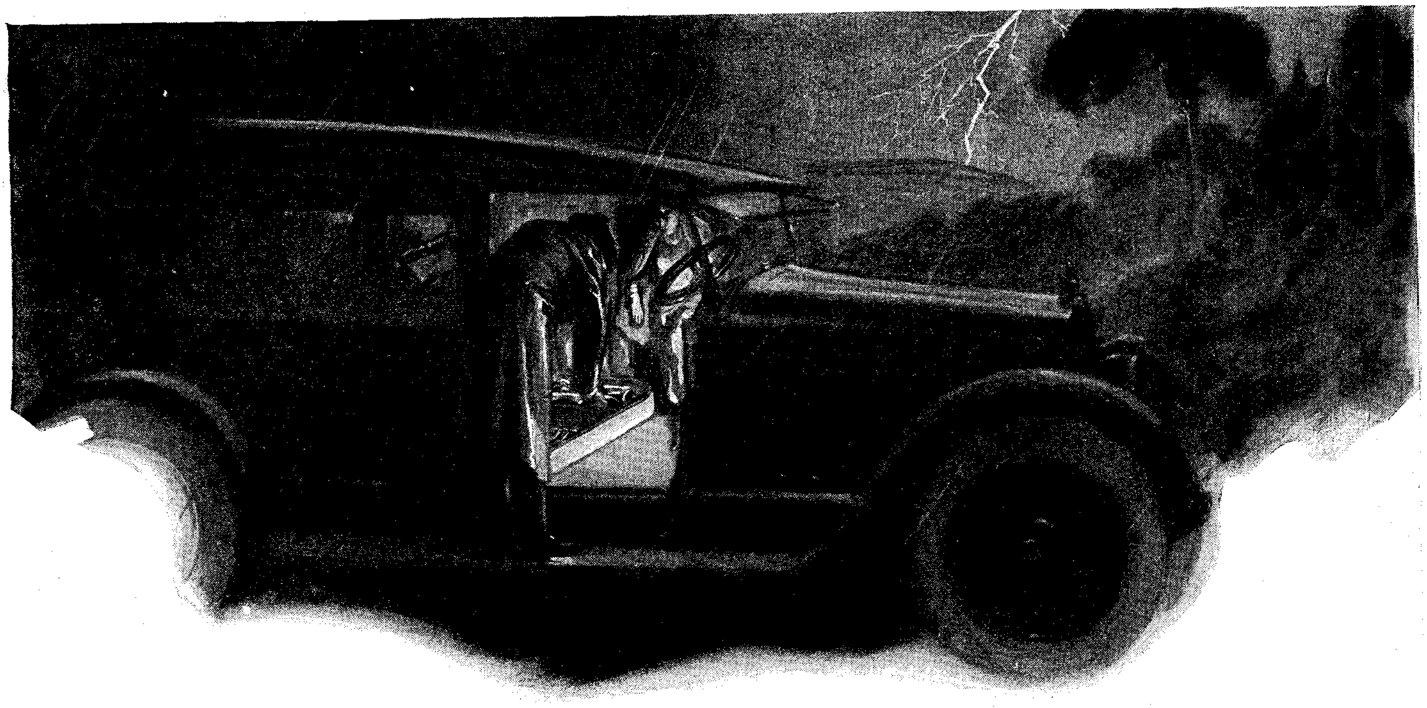
Whether or not Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's opinion in these matters may be regarded as of help to either side, is perhaps a rather difficult question. But one of our Wet correspondents has taken the trouble to copy out from an interview with "Bob" (it appeared in the *Iowa State Register* for May 23, 1885) the following paragraphs, which we reproduce merely for their interest, and, for the same reason, we reproduce the headline our correspondent has given them:

"AN ECHO FROM THE PAST WHICH RINGS OUT WITH STARTLING CLEARNESS. IT WILL SURELY WAKE THE LIVE ONES.

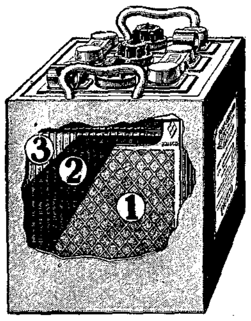
"Laws to be of value must be HONESTLY ENFORCED. Laws that sleep had better be dead. Laws to be HONESTLY ENFORCED must be HONESTLY APPROVED OF AND BELIEVED IN BY A LARGE MAJORITY OF THE PEOPLE.

"UNPOPULAR LAWS make hypocrites, perjurers and official shirkers of duty. And if to the violation of such laws severe penalties attach, they are rarely enforced. Laws that create ARTIFICIAL CRIMES are hardest to carry into effect. . . .

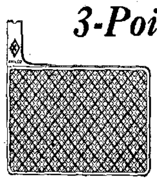
"You can never convince the MAJORITY OF THE PEOPLE that it is a CRIME or a SIN, or even a MISTAKE to drink a glass of wine or beer. Thousands and thousands of people in the United States honestly believe that Prohibition is an



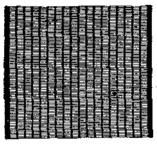
That ghost of the night trail — battery trouble



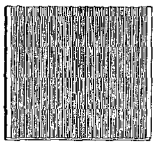
3-Point Superiority



1. The Famous Diamond-Grid—the diagonally braced frame of a Philco plate. Built like a bridge. Can't buckle—can't warp—can't short-circuit. Double latticed to lock active material (power-producing chemical) on the plates. Longer life. Higher efficiency.



2. The Philco Slotted Rubber Retainer—a slotted sheet of hard rubber. Retains the solids on the plates but gives free passage to the current and electrolyte. Prevents plate disintegration. Prolongs battery life 41 per cent.



3. The Quarter-Sawed Hard-Wood Separator—made only from giant trees 1000 years old; quarter-sawed to produce alternating hard and soft grains. Hard grains for perfect insulation of plates. Soft grains for perfect circulation of acid and current—quick delivery of power. Another big reason why Philco is *the* battery for your car.

A lonely road—stormy night—battery "dead"—and miles from a service station! It's the *emergencies* that make you realize what a long-life, power-packed Philco Battery means in your car.

The Philco Battery, with its tough, rugged, shock-proof construction, gives years—not just months—of dependable, trouble-free service. The Philco Battery not only stands *work*—it stands *punishment*.

Philco's diamond-grid plates are buttressed—in every direction—against shocks that buckle, warp, twist and short-circuit the plates of ordinary batteries. Philco's slotted retainers and quarter-sawed separators *keep these plates alive*.

Philco construction stands up in emergencies. That's why thousands of car owners today—*at the first sign of battery trouble*—are replacing the ordinary batteries that came with their cars with reliable long-lasting Philcos.

The Philco Slotted-Retainer Battery, with the famous diamond-grid plates, is guaranteed for two years—*but it is built to last years longer*. And it now costs you no more than just an ordinary battery.

Consult your nearest Philco Battery Man at once. He is a specialist in long life for batteries. No matter what make of battery is in your car, prompt attention may save you months of battery life. And not until your battery is definitely worn out—when by mutual agreement no further repairing would be justified—will he advise a new battery for your car.

RADIO DEALERS—Now, for the first time in history, a storage battery can be used without first charging. The new PHILCO Radio "A" and "B" Batteries are sold CHARGED, BUT ABSOLUTELY DRY. To use, just add electrolyte from convenient individual bottles. Write or wire for details.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

Makers of the famous Philco Slotted-Retainer Batteries—the standard for electric passenger cars and trucks, mine locomotives and other high-power, heavy-duty battery purposes.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

of better battery service. Over 5000 stations—all over the United States.

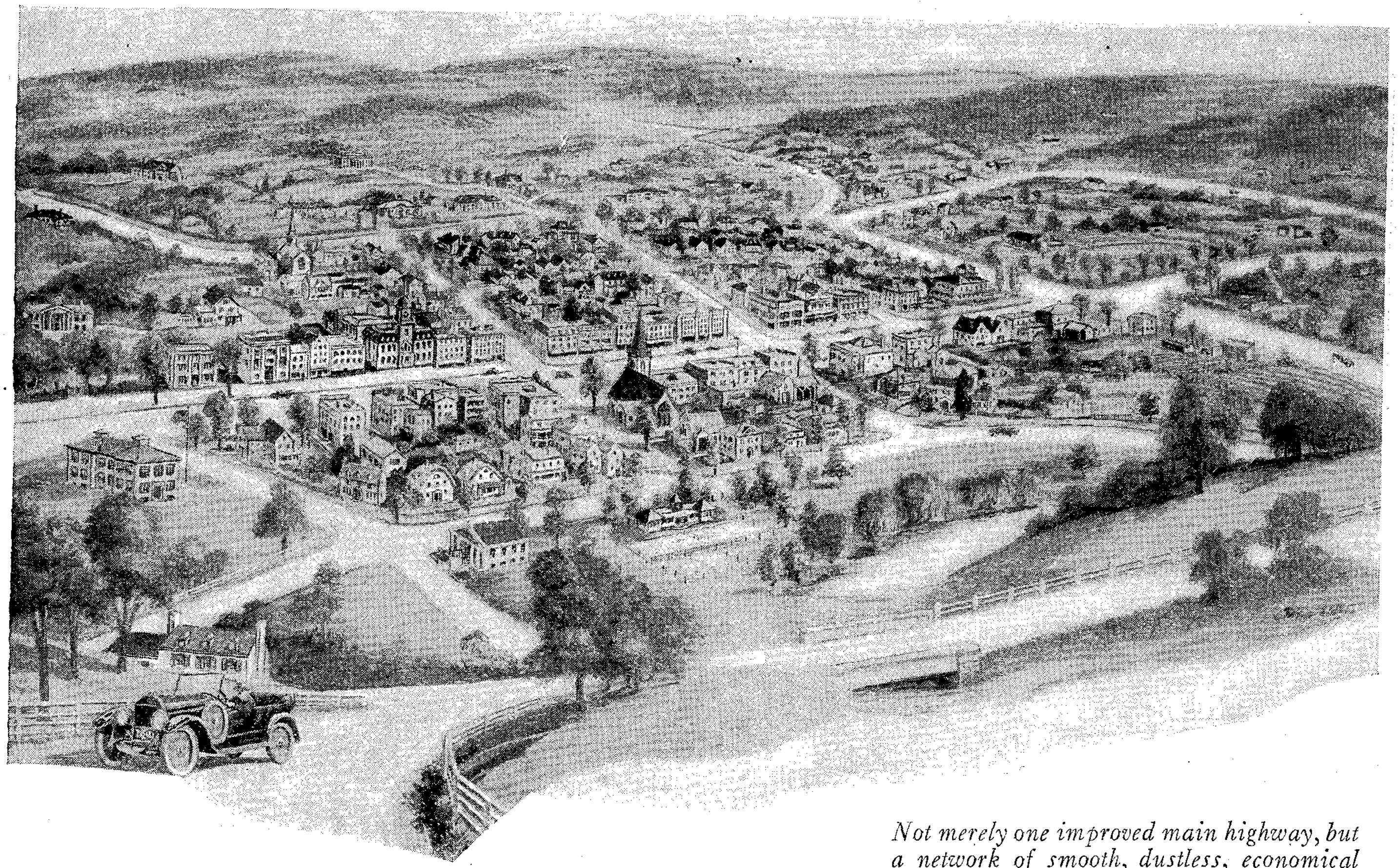
PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

PHILCO

SLOTTED RETAINER BATTERIES

with the famous "Philadelphia" Diamond-Grid Plates



Not merely one improved main highway, but a network of smooth, dustless, economical roads—this is "The Magic of Tarvia."

The Magic of Good Roads—

HALF a century ago the railroads reached far out into the wastes of the continent—tapped vast reservoirs of undeveloped wealth—lifted the pall of isolation from frontier life.

Today, improved highways are completing the work that the railroads then began—are doing for individual districts what the railroads did for the country as a whole.

The old-time "isolated community" is rapidly vanishing. In its stead are seen progressive towns and villages—centers of ever-widening circles of business activity. This is the magic of good roads.

Nor are the benefits confined to towns and villages. Good roads make farming more profitable. They bring to the farmer and his family greater social advantages and better educational facilities. They make farm life more attractive.

Yet with all their blessings, good roads need not be expensive. Whether for residential streets or country highways, Tarvia is the quickest, surest, most economical way to all-year roads, free from mud, dust and ruts and proof against water, frost and traffic. It is a coal-tar product made in grades to meet every road condition.

One Tarvia road in your community will prove to you and your townspeople how good roads, with all their benefits, can be had at low cost.

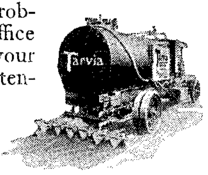
Illustrated booklets free upon request.

Tarvia

For Road Construction Repair and Maintenance

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this department can greatly assist you.



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

interference with their natural rights, and they feel justified in resorting to almost any means to defeat the Prohibition law.

"'It is unfortunate to pass laws that remain unenforced on account of their unpopularity.'

"People who would on most occasions swear to the truth do not hesitate to testify falsely on a Prohibition trial. In addition to this every known device is resorted to, to sell in spite of the law; 'and when some want to sell and a great many want to buy' considerable business will be done. 'The liquor is poorer and the price is higher.' The consumer has to pay for the extra risk. 'More liquor finds its way to homes,' more men buy by the bottle and gallon. 'We are driving liquor back to the homes!'

"In my opinion there is a vast difference between distilled spirits and the lighter drinks, such as beer and wine. Wine is a fireside and whisky a conflagration. These lighter drinks are not unhealthful, and do not, as I believe, create a craving for stronger beverages.

"You will, I think, find it almost impossible to enforce the present law against beer and wine (these are made at home). . . .

"It takes almost as much ceremony to get a drink as it does to join the Masons, but every one seems to like the ceremony.

"People seem to take delight in 'outwitting the State' when it does not involve the commission of any 'natural offense' and when about to be caught may not hesitate to 'swear falsely' to the extent: 'don't remember or can't say positively,' or 'can't swear whether it was whisky or not.'

"One great trouble is that politicians, many of them, who openly advocate Prohibition are really opposed to it. They want to keep the dry vote, and do not want to lose the wet vote. They feel a 'divided duty' to ride both horses. This causes the contrast between their conversation and their speeches.

"Not long ago I took dinner with a gentleman who had been elected Governor of one of our States on the Prohibition ticket. We had four kinds of wine during the meal, and a pony of brandy at the end.

"Prohibition will never be a success until it prohibits the Prohibitionist."

Here and there a voter becomes not only censorious but savagely indignant. Says one:

"It is a very simple matter, to my mind, to understand how this law was placed upon the statute books, or 'put over' as we say in the United States. I attribute the putting over mainly to the indifference of the average American to any legislation affecting the body as a whole. It was accepted as a good joke for the time being, until this law became serious. The indifference of the average citizen was shown last year when only 16,000 tried and true men took the time and trouble to parade up the Avenue in public protest regardless of the torrid weather. The indifference of the average American combined with the crookedness of crooks at Washington put over the Eighteenth Amendment; and we shall all know it."

Meanwhile a very unusual human document comes to us from a little city in North Carolina. Apparently believing that open confession is good for the soul, the writer says, frankly,

"Having been born a Baptist and nurtured in a Prohibition cradle, both important events occurring in Wayne County, W. Va.; and, later, having removed to Lawrence County, Ky.; and both of these counties being 'dry' and bordering on the Big Sandy River, I grew up an ardent Prohibitionist and one 'never known to refuse a drink!'

"My susceptibility to drink and my advocacy of the Prohibition cause were, I sincerely believe, largely attributable to an environment inadequate to supply a natural and normal craving for excitement. And there is as much excitement to be found in agitation as in drink.

"I, along with other Baptist brethren, took the Prohibition side of the question, in that I honestly believed that, with a national Prohibition amendment enacted, there would speedily develop an almost total cessation of crime; that repentance, baptism and prosperity in general would follow. The result is in no sense what I expected. A marked increase of crime in these centers is the consequence; and, where there was previously no moonshining, there is now a sufficient number of stills to supply the demand—in no way diminished.

"I still drink, agitate and am still a Baptist and a Big Sandian, but I no longer believe, tho it were possible to eliminate the manufacture of intoxicating beverages, that extreme Prohibition laws of any character would work a cure of our social, industrial and moral diseases, being inclined to the opinion that the better and more practical treatment lies in the creation of healthier environments, both in the cities and rural communities, through mediums better calculated to attract attention from immoral and intemperate practises into channels leading to a spiritual, physical and social culture.

"I once heard an old schoolmaster, in advising a younger teacher in the rudiments of school department, say, 'Never say DON'T to the children. Keep them busy, either with their studies or at play, and they will be orderly pupils.' Humanity is restless. Of necessity it is totally and eternally active. If helped to a better life it will accept it. It is not likely to adhere to meaningless cries of—'Don't.'

"I would repeal the Eighteenth Amendment and apply the proceeds received for licenses granted to the creation of environments of a character likely to attract the attention of the people from the intemperate to the temperate."

This is theory, tho based on personal experience, and the bulk of what the "Wets" tell us about the working of Prohibition is more or less theoretical, but several voters claim to speak from direct observation and to deal only with ascertained facts. Here, for instance, is a Tennessee lawyer declaring:

"I wish to add that, in my judgment, the liquor business is in vastly worse condition than it was prior to the Prohibition Amendment. It is no trouble to get a substitute for whisky in this section, and I assume that conditions are the same all over the country. However, the venders of the stuff get from $8 to $10 per gallon for it. Even the officers are in partnership with the venders of this vile stuff, and receive a portion of the profits. I do not say this is true of all officers, but it is true with a majority of them—say 65 per cent. of them.

"I am reliably informed that small boys

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$5

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Pat. U. S. A., Canada and Foreign Countries

READ- Clamp it on bed or chair; or anywhere.

WRITE- Clamp it or stand it on your desk or table.

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Solid brass; handsome, durable and compact. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. 5-yr. guarantee. Complete with 8-ft. cord and screw socket with 2-piece standard plug.

Get an Adjusto-Lite today. If your dealer doesn't carry it order direct.

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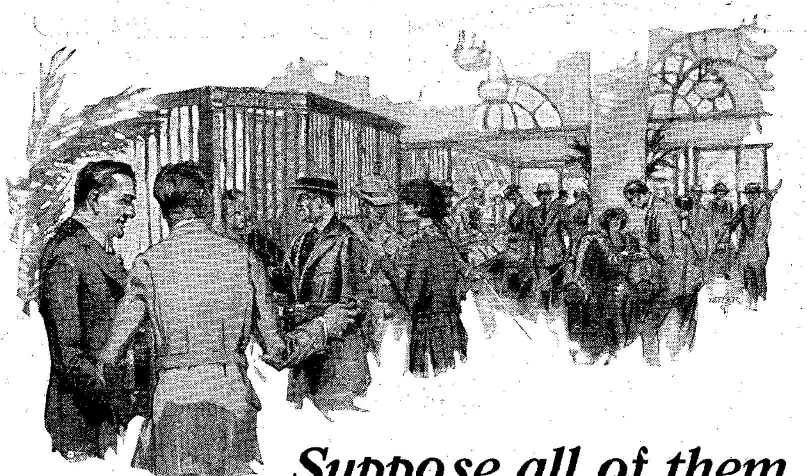
Prices in U. S. A. and Canada, brass finish, $5; *bronze or nickel finish*, $5.50. *West of Mississippi and Canadian Rockies, and in Maritime Provinces*, 25c *per lamp additional*.

TRADE FARBERWARE BROOKLYN MARK



Suppose all of them asked for their bills at once!

Guests enter and leave this gigantic hotel in a continuous stream. I couldn't understand how the bookkeepers had every account ready at a minute's notice.

The cashier answered my question by giving me a look at his bookkeeping department. "Our system here," he said, "is so complete, fast, and accurate that not so much as a ten cent phone call escapes notice or is charged to the wrong person. We handle 2,200 accounts a day, and sometimes a daily average of 3 items per account."

I wasn't satisfied—"But how can any system keep track of this host of constantly changing records?—You can never tell what guest is going to want his bill or when he is going to want it."

"We are ready for all of them all the time."

He pointed to the Elliott-Fisher Accounting and Writing Machines.

"These machines are kept busy day and night. Elliott-Fisher is the only machine which can do the job in the way we must have it done at a cost we can afford. The handling of guest cards and city accounting on Elliott-Fishers makes our ready-on-the-minute system possible.

"They enable us to have also a Daily Financial Statement for the management; and in addition to that a correct daily record of activities by departments—payables and receivables."

I found out a lot about Elliott-Fisher in that talk. These machines can serve any firm, however numerous the customers and complicated the accounts, as well as they serve this great hotel. It isn't a new system of accounting but a method of consolidating, speeding up, intensifying the accuracy of the records you have. Over 15,000 firms in the United States representing more than 400 different lines of business use Elliott-Fisher machines.

"Quantity production together with economy cannot be achieved," declared the cashier, "except by standardization and simplification of work. This is quite as true of accounting and bookkeeping as it is of making automobiles. Elliott-Fisher performs the essentials of bookkeeping in *one simultaneous operation*. No other machine in the world can do it as well because Elliott-Fisher alone works upon the flat-writing surface principle which makes it possible to write as many as 16 copies of one record or several records of different sizes and shapes, i.e., bills, statements, ledger sheets, distribution-analysis sheets, etc., *all at one writing*."

Here's what the Elliott-Fisher actually does:

1. It gives a complete record (written description as well as figures) of each transaction. Without both no record is really complete or understandable.
2. It saves the maximum of time and labor by making the greatest number of records or the greatest number of legible copies of one record at one writing. The invoice, the bill of lading, the statement, the ledger record, the analysis of sales or purchases, or any other record or combination of records, can be made at one operation on the flat writing surface, *an exclusive Elliott-Fisher feature.*
3. It establishes mechanical proof of accuracy by means of the visual audit sheet which automatically proves each entry as it is written.

The Elliott-Fisher representative will be glad to analyze your accounting methods and make a written report to you of what Elliott-Fisher can save you.

Elliott-Fisher

Accounting and Writing Machines: Flat Writing Surface.

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY
43rd Street and Madison Avenue
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Branches in all large cities.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

are making this substitute, and learning all about the process of making, for the immense profit there is in the business.

"Many murders have been committed as a result of this illicit business in this section; and it is making liars and thieves and law-breakers of many who would walk in the comparatively narrow and straight way, but for this law."

Another lawyer, writing from Oklahoma, where enforcement seems to have involved somewhat drastic measures, remarks,

"I have grown tired of seeing reckless enforcement officers ruthlessly breaking into the homes, in complete derogation of the constitutional inhibition against unlawful searches and seizures. A man's home is no longer his castle when he has a small quantity of home-brew concealed anywhere on the premises. Personal liberty is a mere empty platitude under the Volstead Act, and I think that a great deal of disgust for this Act has been occasioned by the ruthless disregard of the people's rights by the so-called enforcement officers."

Still another lawyer, in Montana, reports:

"I live in a border State and as a result have probably had occasion to observe the effect of Prohibition and the growth of the 'bootlegger' industry far better than those in interior States and I can say of my own personal knowledge irrespective of the preacher who toured the country and said he never smelt liquor on any person's breath with whom he talked, that I have seen more liquor consumed since Prohibition went into effect and more people drink anything from real liquor down to lemon extract than I ever did prior to the time the act went into effect, and I have not made it a point to go in search of persons who were drinking."

Moreover, the mayor of a city in Arkansas writes: "I have been mayor of this town for one and a half years. During that time I have had more than 300 cases in my court. Three out of four are for liquor violations. We have drunks all the time, and whisky is made and sold continually here." Meanwhile, an official writes from South Dakota—on the stationery of the Cellar Club, tho there are cellars and cellars—declaring: "I have been connected with the sheriff's office here for ten years (six years as sheriff). I have seen beer-drinking communities transformed into moonshine drinkers and we have more trouble now than we ever had with saloons." As pessimistic, if not more so, is the Spokane business man who says:

"The Prohibition farce is an absolute failure. Our (Spokane) records in the police courts, and sheriff's office, show more arrests, fines and crime under the present so-called administration and enforcement of the liquor laws than at any time previous. Some of the 'dry' squad officials are the most prosperous citizens we have now.

"We are near the Canadian border—and our highways are crammed to the danger-point. Automobiles congest them and hinder commercial cars in their travels.

The tourists (so-called) come from all the Southern, Middle Western, and Western States—to be explicit, from Florida to the Lakes, and all the States South, West and North, and all are bound for Canada. There they stop over, spend their money, have a good time, and then return homeward bound. I have in the past twenty-five years resided here and traveled over Washington, Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, California and Oregon, and nearly all of British Columbia. In these years I have formed many acquaintances and friends. I meet them here in the city and they tell me they are going to Canada for a good time, and a *good drink*. I see them again coming back, and they tell me about the time they had, and 98 per cent. of them express disgust of the Prohibition law, and how it is enforced.

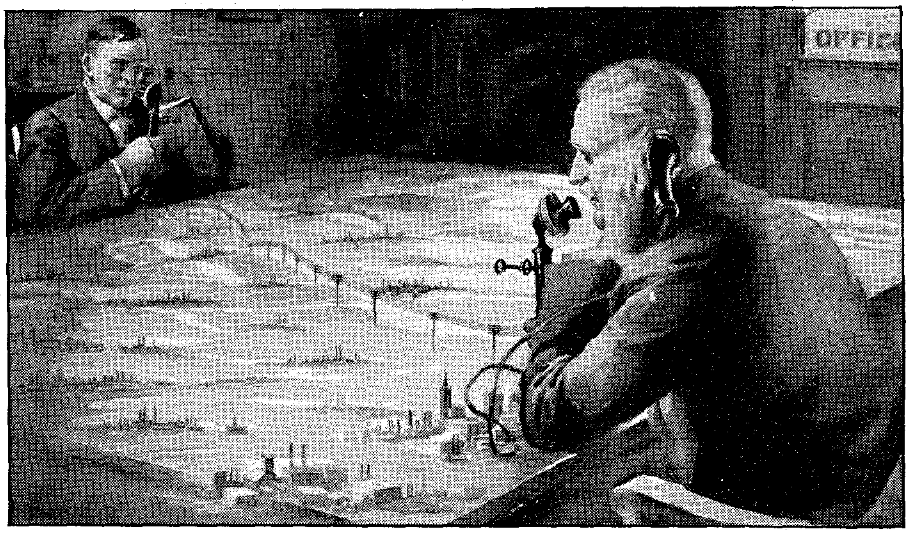
"In my candid opinion, in this section, they are not trying to enforce it, but simply using it for a means to enrich a certain element, and make as much as they can out of it. If every one in this section was frisked and prosecuted, very few of us would be out of jail. Seventy per cent. of the people are cooking and doping up something—trying to get a kick out of it. Some sure do, let me tell you."

That "dry" squad officials are enriching themselves everywhere, many of our correspondents assert. One, a Massachusetts manufacturer, says: "A president of a bank stated that a Prohibition agent deposited in his bank $21,000 in a period of seven months. This bank happens to be near the border of a neighboring country." Finally, a Pennsylvanian declares,

"I am now forty years of age and have been a constant drinker for twenty years. When the day arrived that Prohibition went into effect I was glad, because I thought I was through with a habit that I knew I was better without. But what have I found: Instead of being shut off from liquor I have been able to get for quite a while good whisky and then the poison stuff arrived, and now I am drinking moonshine made from fruit and also from grain, which is far worse for the system than good whisky ever was. Bootleggers ply their trade through here day and night, and they never seem to be able to store a stock up and let it age, which might improve it some.

"From my own observation I have seen this poisoned liquor and moonshine kill in a population of about 8,000 at least half a dozen good industrious men within the last six months—one a mail-carrier, one a merchant with two good stores, one a prominent miller, and several others, all about forty-five to fifty years of age. On account of their prominence the newspapers did not mention the real cause of their death."

Quite an armful of testimonies, made presumably in good faith, might be added to the array already quoted. Also, the "wet"—or rather, the "moist"—pleas for light wines and beer would deserve mention if this review of the letters were intended as more than random glimpses into the minds of the writers. It is intended as that and that only, and again THE LITERARY DIGEST desires to emphasize its impartiality, merely recording faithfully the views of both sides and letting our readers form their own judgments.



As if across a desk

"New York is calling!" says the operator in San Francisco. And across the continent business is transacted as if across a desk.

Within arm's length of the man with a telephone are seventy thousand cities, towns and villages connected by a single system. Without moving from his chair, without loss of time from his affairs, he may travel an open track to any of those places at any time of day or night.

In the private life of the individual the urgent need of instant and personal long distance communication is an emergency that comes infrequently—but it is imperative when it does come. In the business life of the nation it is a constant necessity. Without telephone service as Americans know it, industry and commerce could not operate on their present scale. Fifty per cent more communications are transmitted by telephone than by mail. This is in spite of the fact that each telephone communication may do the work of several letters.

The pioneers who planned the telephone system realized that the value of a telephone would depend upon the number of other telephones with which it could be connected. They realized that to reach the greatest number of people in the most efficient way a single system and a universal service would be essential.

By enabling a hundred million people to speak to each other at any time and across any distance, the Bell System has added significance to the motto of the nation's founders: "In union there is strength."

"BELL SYSTEM"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

HOW TO BE HAPPY THO DECENT

QUITE A COMMOTION resulted, not long ago, when THE LITERARY DIGEST conducted a poll on the question, "Is society, especially the younger part of it, undergoing a revolution in morals, in manners, or in both?" Naturally enough, the doctors disagreed; but it will be recalled that the sharpest criticism was directed, not against the young folks or against those of their elders who set them a bad example, but against onlookers who, observing behavior startlingly different from what they were brought up to consider decorous, unexcitably acquiesce in the change. This, so our most anxious correspondents appeared to think, indicated that our very standards were shifting. Indeed, there was something more serious occurring than a revolution in morals and in manners, they feared; a revolution in ideals was occurring.

Just at that time, curiously, an authoritative treatise on manners (an official treatise, one might almost say) was in press. Opening it now, one seeks to discover if Mrs. Price Post—Emily Post she signs herself as author of "Etiquette"—sees a revolution in ideals. A recognized arbiter in matters pertaining to conduct and social usage, she speaks for New York society, where standards are made and ideals defined. Does she tolerate "flapperism"? Does she go further, perhaps, and approve of it? Let us investigate—for example, by determining her attitude as revealed in this advice of hers to young girls:

> Instead of depending upon beauty, upon sex-appeal, the young girl who is "the success of to-day" depends chiefly upon her actual character and disposition. It is not even so necessary to do something well as to refrain from doing things badly. If she is not good at sports, or games, or dancing, then she must find out what she is good at and do that! If she is good for nothing but to look in the glass and put rouge on her lips and powder her nose and pat her hair, life is going to be a pretty dreary affair. In other days beauty was worshiped for itself alone, and it has votaries of sorts to-day. But the best type of modern youth does not care for beauty, as his father did; in fact, he doesn't care a bit for it, if it has nothing to "go with it," any more than he cares for butter with no bread to spread it on. Beauty and wit, and heart, and other qualifications or attributes is another matter altogether.
>
> A gift of more value than beauty, is charm, which in a measure is another word for sympathy, or the power to put yourself in the place of others; to be interested in whatever interests them, so as to be pleasing to them, if possible, but not to occupy your thoughts in futilely wondering what they think about you.
>
> Would you know the secret of popularity? It is unconsciousness of self, altruistic interest, inward kindliness, outwardly express in good manners.

Or again,

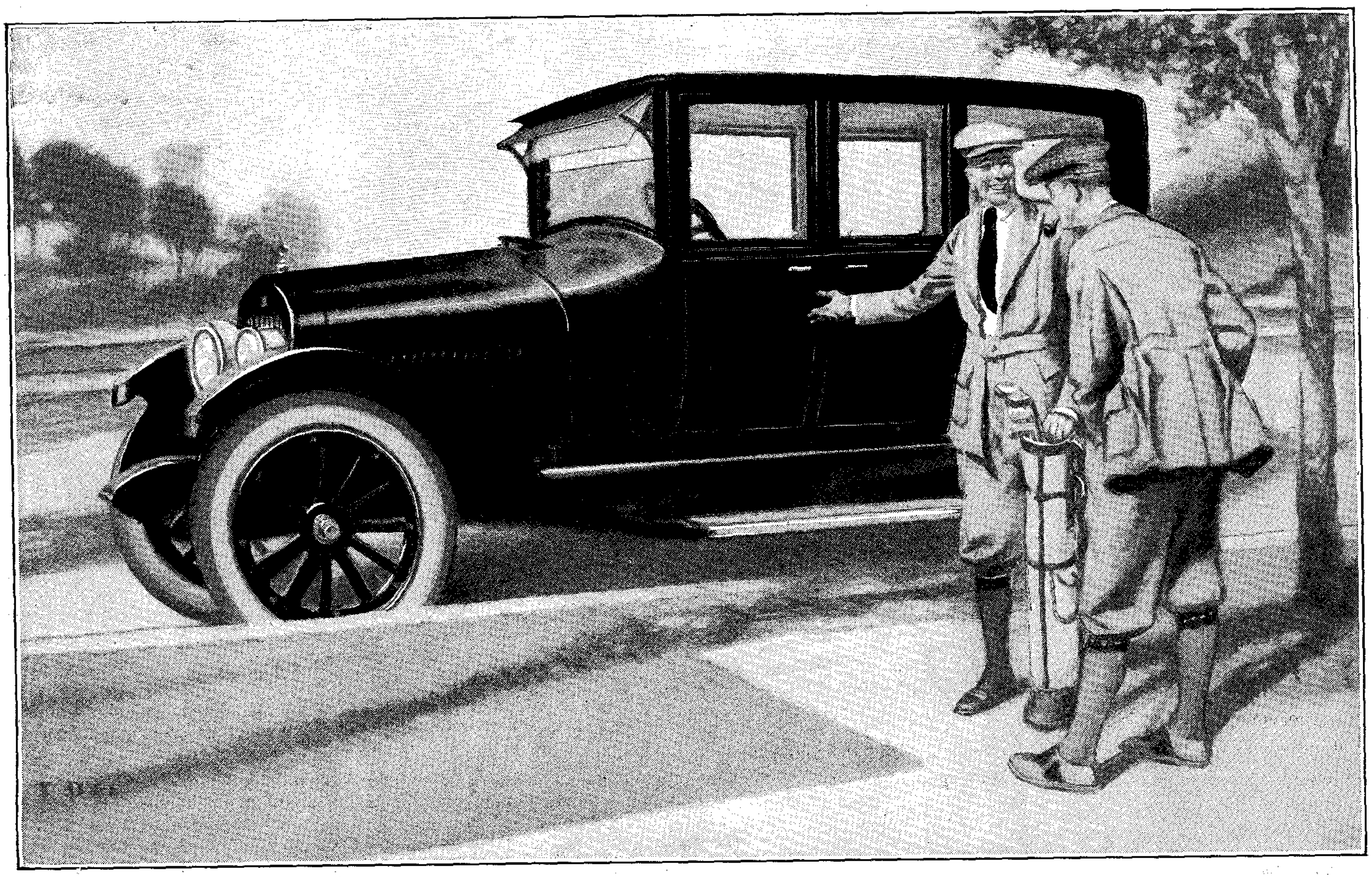
> Don't think that because you have a pretty face, you need neither brains nor manners. Don't think that you can be rude to any one and escape being disliked for it.
>
> Whispering is always rude. Whispering and giggling at the same time have no place in good society. Everything that shows lack of courtesy toward others is rude.
>
> If you would be thought a person of refinement, don't nudge or pat or finger people. Don't hold hands or walk arm-about-waist in public. Never put your hand on a man, except in dancing and in taking his arm if he is usher at a wedding or your partner for dinner or supper. Don't allow any one to paw you. Don't hang on any one for support, and don't stand or walk with your chest held in, and your hips forward, in imitation of a reversed letter S.
>
> Don't walk across a ballroom floor swinging your arms. Don't talk or laugh loud enough to attract attention, and on no account force yourself to laugh. Nothing is flatter than laughter that is lacking in mirth. If you only laugh because something is irresistibly funny, the chances are your laugh will be irresistible too. In the same way a smile should be spontaneous, because you feel happy and pleasant; nothing has less allure than a mechanical grimace, as tho you were trying to imitate a tooth-paste advertisement.

A shocking amount of slang and even of profanity is supposed to be tolerated among "flappers," and we are sometimes told that good society tolerates them also; whereas, "People of position are people of position the world over," writes Mrs. Post, "and by their speech are most readily known. Appearance on the other hand often passes muster. A "show-girl" may be lovely to look at as she stands in a seemingly unstudied position and in perfect clothes. But let her say "My Gawd!" or "Wouldn't that jar you!" and where is her loveliness then? Moreover, the "flapper" has boasted of being free, when—

> As a matter of fact the only young girl who is really "free" is she whose chaperon is never far away. She need give conventionality very little thought, and not bother about her P's and Q's at all, because her chaperon is always a strong and protective defense; but a young girl who is unprotected by a chaperon is in the position precisely of an unarmed traveler walking alone among wolves—his only defense is in not attracting their notice.
>
> To be sure the time has gone by when the presence of an elderly lady is indispensable to every gathering of young people. Young girls for whose sole benefit and protection the chaperon exists (she does not exist for her own pleasure, youthful opinion to the contrary notwithstanding), have infinitely greater freedom from her surveillance than had those of other days, and the typical chaperon is seldom seen with any but very young girls, too young to have married friends. Otherwise a young married woman, a bride perhaps scarcely out of her teens, is, on all ordinary occasions, a perfectly suitable chaperon, especially if her husband is present. A very young married woman gadding about without her husband is not a proper chaperon.
>
> There are also many occasions when a chaperon is unnecessary! It is considered perfectly correct for a young girl to drive a motor by herself, or take a young man with her, if her family know and approve of him, for any short distance in the country. She may play golf, tennis, go to the Country Club, or Golf Club (if near by), sit on the beach, go canoeing, ride horseback, and take part in the normal sports and occupations of country life. Young girls always go to private parties of every sort without their own chaperon, but the fact that a lady issues an invitation means that either she or another suitable chaperon will be present.
>
> No young girl may live alone. Even tho she has a father, unless he devotes his entire time to her, she must also have a resident chaperon who protects her reputation until she is married or old enough to protect herself—which is not until she has reached a fairly advanced age, of perhaps thirty years or over if she is alone, or twenty-six or so if she lives in her father's house and behaves with such irreproachable circumspection that Mrs. Grundy is given no chance to set tongues wagging.
>
> The chaperon (or a parent) should never go to bed until the last young man has left the house. It is an unforgivable breach of decorum to allow a young girl to sit up late at night with a young man—or a number of them. On returning home from a party, she must not invite or allow a man to "come in for a while." Even her fiancé must bid her good-night at the door if the hour is late, and some one ought to sit up, or get up, to let her in. No young girl ought to let herself in with a latch-key.
>
> In old-fashioned days no lady had a latch-key. And it is still fitting and proper for a servant to open the door for her.
>
> A young girl may not, even with her fiancé, lunch in a roadhouse without a chaperon, or go on a journey that can by any possibility last over night. To go out with him in a small sailboat sounds harmless enough, but might result in a questionable situation if they are becalmed, or if they are left helpless in a sudden fog. The Maine coast, for example, is particularly subject to fogs that often shut down without warnings, and no one going out on the water can tell whether he will be able to get back within a reasonable time or not. A man and a girl went out from Bar Harbor and did not get back until next day. Every one knew the fog had come in as thick as pea-soup and that it was impossible to get home; but to the end of time her reputation will suffer for the experience.

But what of bachelor girls? Are they, too, required to be punctilious as regards chaperonage? Mrs. Post tells us,

> The bachelor girl is usually a worker; she is generally either earning her living or studying to acquire the means of earning her living. Her days are therefore sure to be occupied, and the fact that she has little time for the gaiety of life, and that she is a worker, puts her in a somewhat less assailable position. She can on occasion go out alone with a man (not a married one), but the theater she goes to must be of conventional character, and if she dines in a restaurant, it is imperative that a chaperon be in the party; and the same is true in going to supper at night. No one could very well criticize her for going to the opera or a



"No, it's not a new car— I Valspar-Enameled it Last Spring"

Make the old car look like new and stay new! Hide its streaks and scratches under the most beautiful and lasting finish money can buy—Valspar Enamel. The cost? Five dollars at the outside for *two* coats.

Sun, rain, mud and dust—gasoline or oils—even boiling water from the radiator—can't dim the wonderful, rich lustre of Valspar Enamels.

Any one can use them. They work freely and smoothly under the brush—dry dust-free in two hours and hard in twenty-four.

Valspar Enamels are produced by Valentine & Company, who have been the acknowledged leaders in the vehicle varnish industry for 90 years. Valspar Enamels are made of the finest pigments, carefully ground in Valspar Varnish.

This gives the absolute waterproofness and durability of Valspar. The Enamel colors are: Red—Light and Deep; Blue and Green—Light, Medium and Deep; White; Ivory; Black—Gloss and Flat; Bright Yellow; Gray; Brown; Gold; Bronze and Aluminum.

Valspar Aluminum protects Motors, Rims, and Wire Wheels from rust and deterioration.

Spare Tires painted with Black Valspar Enamel look spick and span, are perfectly protected against injury by sunlight and moisture, gas and oil.

Of course you can buy cheaper enamels, but Valspar Enamels are the most economical in the long run, because of their long-wear, toughness, and waterproofness. Insist on getting them.

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
ENAMEL

The famous Valspar boiling water test

This coupon is worth 20 to 60 cents

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps —15c apiece for each 35c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Print full mail address plainly.)

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State color............
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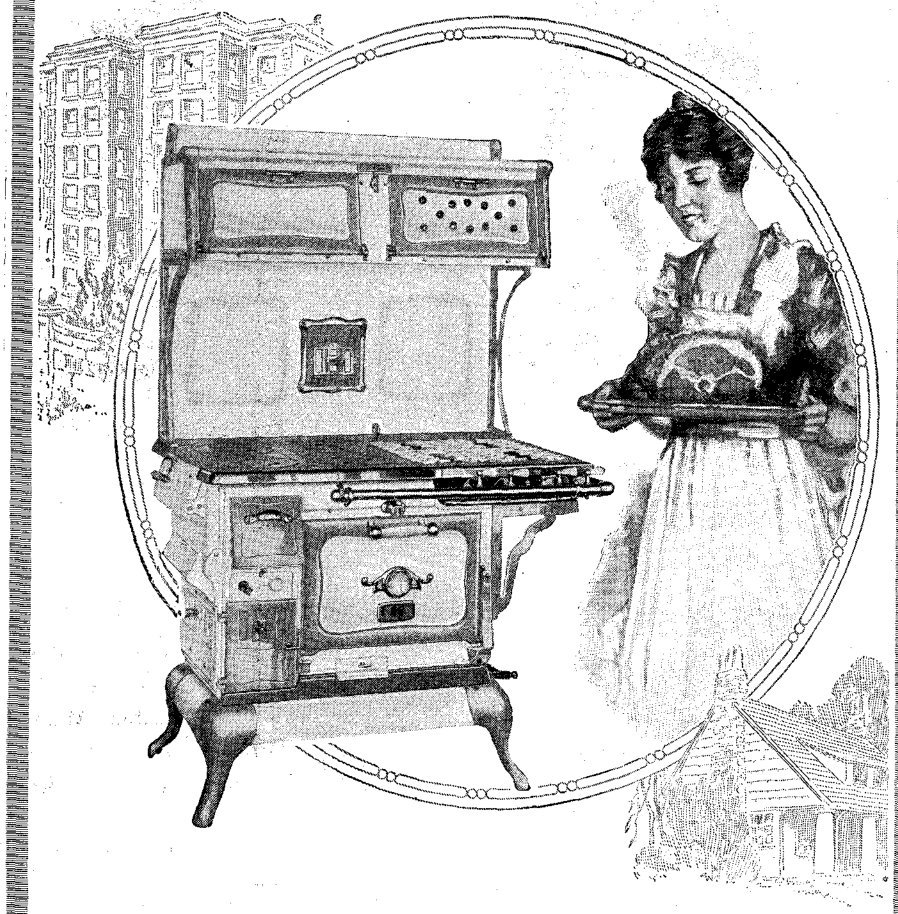

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Never again will this woman endure the shortcomings of an ordinary one-fuel cook stove with its uncertain heat.

She threw out the old stove and bought a Duplex-Alcazar—the wonderful three-fuel range which burns gas and wood or coal, singly or together.

The heat is always exactly right for the food she is cooking. If she is burning wood or coal and wants a hotter oven, she turns on the gas—and presto, the temperature goes up.

Her kitchen is cool in summer because then she cooks with gas. It is warm in winter because she uses coal or wood. And she finds that she is getting the work done quicker at less cost for fuel.

If you are tired of the old, tiresome, expensive way ot cooking, find out about the Duplex-Alcazar, which you can get in the type and style to suit your needs. Sold by the best dealers everywhere. Ask your dealer or write to us for booklet.

For districts where there is no gas, we furnish an Oil Duplex-Alcazar which burns kerosene oil and coal or wood.

ALCAZAR RANGE & HEATER CO.
407 Cleveland Avenue Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THE DUPLEX ALCAZAR
TWO RANGES IN ONE

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

concert with a man when neither her nor his behavior hints a lack of reserve.

But a girl whose personal dignity is unassailable is not apt to bring censure upon herself, even tho the world judges by etiquette, which may often be a false measure. The young woman who wants really to be free from Mrs. Grundy's hold on her must either live her own life, caring nothing for the world's opinion or the position it offers, or else be chaperoned.

Are we to conclude, then, that "flapperism" and its eccentricities have hardly so much as caught the attention of Mrs. Post? In the main, this is the impression her book gives; to a great many readers it will be the most interesting impression and the most encouraging. However, one finds that Mrs. Post sees changes in custom, generally for the better. As she tells us,

> The present generation is at least ahead of some of its "very proper" predecessors in that weddings do not have to be set for noon because a bridegroom's sobriety is not to be counted on later in the day! That young people of to-day prefer games to conversation scarcely proves degeneration. That they wear very few clothes is not a symptom of decline. There have always been recurring cycles of undress, followed by muffling from shoesoles to chin.

THE CHARACTERISTIC COUNTY FAIR, MODEL OF 1922

THE county fair season is on all over rural America, observes Eugene Pulliam, editor of the *Evening Star*, of Franklin, Indiana, and hundreds of thousands of people are thronging to the fairs. What does this annual outing and entertainment mean to the inhabitants of our small cities and country districts? "Here is an editorial picture of our county fair here," writes Editor Pulliam, enclosing a clipping from his paper, "which I believe would describe any county fair, wherever found." It is a pleasant description, quite aside from the universal quality of it. Under its heading of "The County Fair," the editoral runs:

> The Johnson County Fair opened to-day, releasing a year's accumulation of pent-up county pride and bubbling festival enthusiasm. The County Fair is here again with its diversified exhibits, its bizarre beauty, its unfathomable fountain of midsummer amusement. Out of the night, apparently, it springs full grown into a perfectly organized whir of agricultural display and carnival gaiety. Where it all comes from, how it gets here, who does it, where it disappears to, are of little consequence to the thronging thousands who surge back and forth through the grounds, conscious only of the fact that they are excessively hot but extremely happy.
>
> In the livestock barns, breeders gather in small groups around a fine fat bull and discuss his quality and qualifications with serious content. Another group looks over the hogs, and some one is certain to comment on the far cry from the old "razor-

back" to the 1922 model of Johnson county swine.

Women by the score find their way into Floral Hall to inspect the jellies, jams, fruits, breads, cakes, and culinary achievements of other women. They talk "shop" and exchange stories about the newest babies in their neighborhoods. They laugh and tell each other that they suppose their husbands are out watching the races or "taking" the children to the shows.

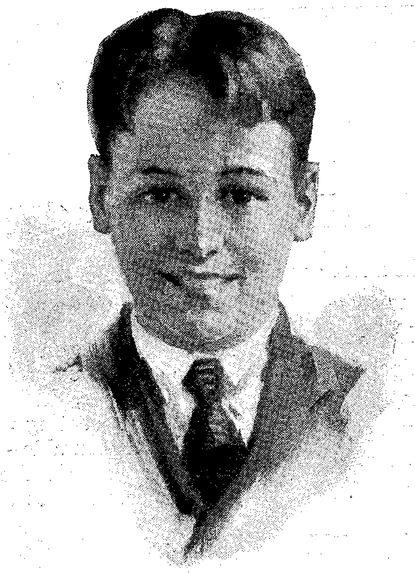
And the races draw the afternoon crowds —mostly men, but hundreds of women, too. Good Christian men, deacons and elders and trustees in the church, fall prey to basic instinct and bet cigars and pop and soda and dimes on their favorite horses. Business cares, domestic difficulties, the low price of corn, the high price of gasoline, all are forgotten as the sleek foamy horses speed around the track and come pounding down under the wire.

Huge tents are grouped together in one part of the grounds. Sawdust floors give a circus aroma to the scene, but instead of dogs, ponies and elephants, fair visitors are invited to a magnificent free auto show. Motorists of all degrees of development, from those who have hopes of some day owning a car to those who are hard-boiled by long years of buying experience, gather about the new models. They talk piston rings and price reductions, rear systems and early deliveries. The show is a distinct feature, an ever-appealing attraction of the fair.

And nobody can escape the spielers. They are on every side and in between. They cry their wares with eager anxiety, but dispose of them with ridiculous ease. Red lemonade, whistle whips, kewpie dolls, sea-island taffy, sewing baskets, toy balloons, "cotton" candy, and a hundred other equally as essential commodities of festive fairdom are sold with marvelous rapidity. The crowd buys anything, but gives special attention to something new. The spielers also "sell" the rides, the shows, the thrill acts and a dozen and one carnival attractions. The crowd never stops to scrutinize for quality. It didn't come to analyze. It came to see the stock, the corn, the fruit, the poultry, and to have a good time. The exhibits are quality stuff —they were raised in Johnson County. The crowd knows that and as for a good time the crowd can have that if the amusement program gives it half a chance.

Everybody rushes to the grandstand and fences when the free acts are announced. They hold their breath with delightful discontent while Dare-Devil Harry and Death-Defying Mary make their daily descent into the Valley of the Shadow. They sigh audibly in chorus as the demons of the air reach terra firma in safety and bow in elaborate acknowledgment of their sensational skill. Then they laugh in tumultuous glee over the funny antics of the clown acrobats and trick-mill players. They came to be thrilled; they wanted a good laugh. They're getting their money's worth in double measure.

And so the crowd surges back and forth, finding new thrills and old acquaintances. No wonder the County Fair is popular. No wonder it has an appeal all its own. With its livestock exhibits and its Ferris wheels, its red lemonade and its fancy poultry, its latest motor models and its old-fashioned horseshoe tournament, its art display and its racing program, its fat lady shows and its Sunday-school tent, its First Aid Booth, and its Dare-Devil stunts, the County Fair is a melting-pot of human activities out of which flows a stream of wholesome, mid-summer delight.



Ask Him

Ask the boy what cereal he likes best. He will say, we believe, Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Millions of children do.

And these are the best foods for him. They make whole grains enticing.

Ask Him

Ask the doctor what cereal is best for the boy. He will probably say Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. For he advises whole grains. And these are the only whole-grain foods with every food cell broken.

Let No Day Pass

without some whole-grain diet

The reason for whole grains lies largely in minerals. In the lime, the iron, the phosphates which growing children need.

Whole wheat is almost a complete food. It supplies 16 needed elements. Children who get whole wheat in plenty are in no way underfed.

Why Puffed?

The reason for Puffed Grains is the fact that every food cell is fitted to digest. There are 125 million food cells in a grain of wheat. This process explodes them all.

The process was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, the food expert. It is the only process which so fits every element to feed.

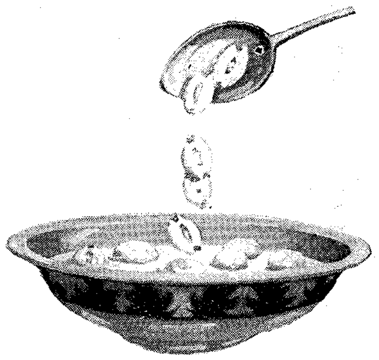
Like bubbled nuts

The fearful heat gives Puffed Grains a taste like toasted nuts. The puffing makes them airy, thin and flimsy. So this makes whole grains food confections. Children revel in them.

You can serve in a dozen ways, at meal-time and between meals. Do so—you mothers who believe in making whole-grain foods delightful.

Puffed Rice

Rice grains puffed to bubbles—made to taste like toasted nuts. Queen of all breakfast dainties.



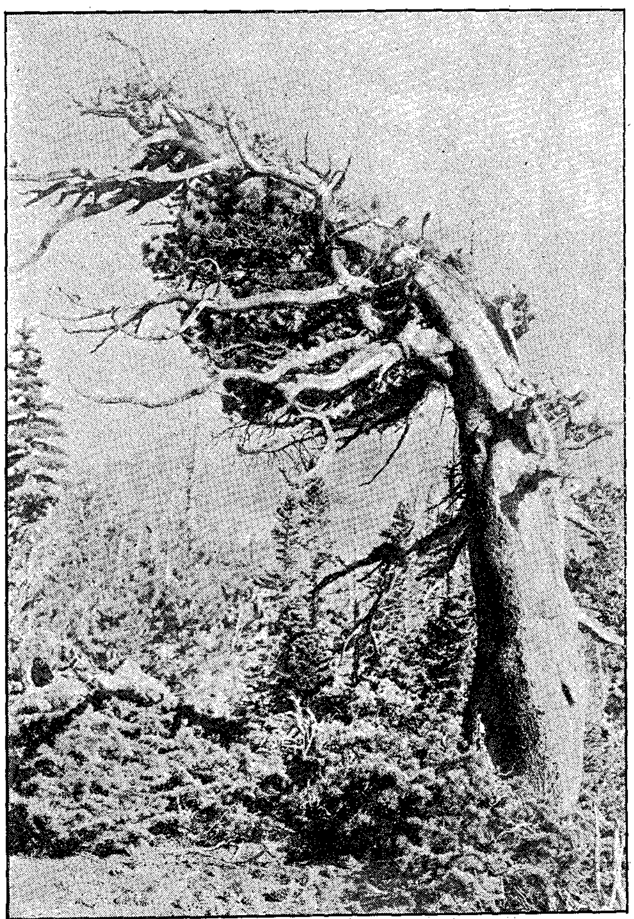
Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat puffed to 8 times normal size. Every food cell blasted. The supreme supper dish.

BIRDS - BEASTS - AND - TREES

THE FIGHT AT THE TIMBER-LINE

IN NEVER-ENDING STRUGGLE the advance guard of the Legions of the Forest engages in mortal combat the entrenched troops of King Frost. This forest frontier is a far-flung line, and there are three principal battle areas—the Arctic citadel, the Western America line, and the Himalaya-Alps front. Isolated campaigns rage on lone peaks and on short and sequestered mountain ranges. On the Arctic front the contending forces are drawn up in battle array at sea-level. In the Western America theater, the war zone climbs higher and higher, until, at the Equator, the pitiless strife is waged in the rarefied atmosphere of twelve thousand feet or more. Then it sweeps down again until it reaches sea-level at the Straight of Magellen end of the Andes. In the hostile area that stretches along the Himalayas and the Alps from Western China to Eastern France, there are numerous quiet sectors, but a strategically continuous front. Of this strife of natural forces John Oliver La Gorce says in *The National Geographic Magazine* (Washington):



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A HOARY VETERAN.

A wind-blown pine on the Flattop trail, Rocky Mountain National Park.

> Hardy as trained-to-the-minute men are the tree soldiers that can stand the awful grind of the unceasing campaign. The training-camps are scattered all over the salubrious country of the back areas, and only picked troops of tested courage ever reach the firing-line.
>
> Tropical trees are too soft of fiber for aught but home-guard duty and last-ditch-reserve support. After a few hundred miles poleward or twice as many feet skyward they gradually drop out, and hardier and better trained substitutes fill their places, until, at last, the troops that started are, without exception, left behind, and fresh ones everywhere reform the serried ranks.
>
> Where the last palm that typifies the tropical soldiery drops out, a third type begins to fall in line, and by the time the broad-leaved troopers begin to grow jaded, the keen, needle-leaved legions from the pine woods are ready to fill the place of the stragglers, in order that the ranks may be kept full.

The front-line trenches are thinly held by those who make up in courage and bulldog tenacity of purpose what they may lack in numbers. "Let us brave the dangers of the firing-line to get a look along these trenches," says Mr. La Gorce, and continues:

> As one's eyes sweep the situation on any narrow sector, the tragedy of the struggle stands out in bold relief. Here a small, knotty and gnarled tree occupies an unprotected listening-post; there a small squad holds a shell crater where it would seem that no living thing could exist.
>
> However furious the conflict, there is no such thing as retreat. Every tree soldier stands rooted to the terrain it has taken, dying if need be, but never falling back. The thousands of mangled and maimed who fight on so long as a single spark of life remains, show what courage the tree troops possess.
>
> The barrage of the wind may pitilessly beat upon them, the machine-gun fire of the sand-blast may transform them into animated totem-poles, but not until the hand of death itself is laid upon them will the trees surrender. Everywhere the whitened corpses of the unburied dead are to be seen, and their bones, denied the privilege of sepulture, will remain until the desiccating power of the powder-dry atmosphere causes them to crumble—mute witnesses of tragic bravery.
>
> Watch the living as they fight, some with their storm-ward sides as bare of branches as a hewn log, and on their leeward sides only enough limbs to convert them into weathervanes; others with their very heads bowed to the ground. Even the whitebark pine, representative of that great host of sky-seeking trees which rear their proud heads above the remainder of the forest, on the principle that they must aspire or die, creeps along the ground, like moss, with never a hint of the proud carriage and high head that characterized it when on dress parade in the regions behind the war zone.
>
> As one stands at timber-line, there comes to mind that splendid eulogy of those "children of the rock, gray moss, dark shrub, the meager chamois flock," whose natures have been tempered and trained until they are able to stand "exemplars of creation's plan that all shall fight for life, and those shall live who can."

The character of the warfare differs on the different fronts. Thus on the sea-level polar timber-line there is a homogeneity of forces not encountered on the tropical mountain heights, and the writer continues:

> Everywhere on the polar timber-line the trees without exception become stunted and dwarfed, degenerating into gnarled growths that little resemble their stately brethren of milder regions. Neither the broad-leaved nor the needle-leaved species, as a rule, attains a height of more than three feet.
>
> The mountain timber-line, however, has highest interest for most people, since it is in a theater of war accessible to any hardy mountain-climber, who, as a military observer, may wish to watch the great battle.
>
> In many mountains there are variations in the vertical distances to which the different trees climb, and in some cases one or another of the list of reservists is almost entirely missing. It is a singular fact that the various types of trees are able to climb higher on mountain ranges than on isolated peaks, and that, as a rule, the timber-line is higher on long ranges than on short ones, as if confidence and courage were imparted by a dense formation of fellow-fighters.

The roads by which the trees advance to the timber-line usually follow the hollows that reach up toward the heights; for the howling winds that sweep over the unprotected ridges by which the mountain is buttressed make them inhospitable lines of march, and Mr. La Gorce says:

> Here, however, the Frost King turns loose his bombing

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Eight months ago you had not seen a Seiberling Cord; for the first one of the many thousands that have left the factory had but started on its way to a Seiberling dealer.

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Eight months ago the Seiberling Cord was awaited with interest, as the product of F. A. Seiberling and of an organization of long and highly successful experience in building high-grade cord tires—an organization that began a new business with the policy: "Cords only, of but one quality, the best we know how to build."

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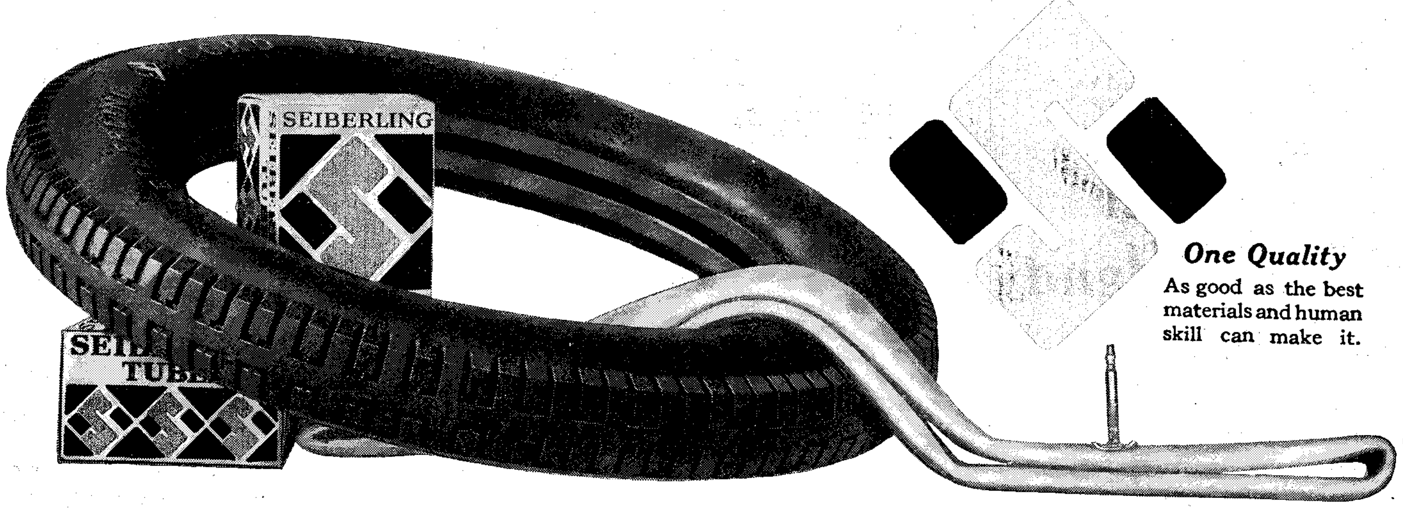

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The entire medical profession has recognized that most diseases come from germs hidden away in dust. Government publications have cited medical authorities as holding that the careless stirring of dust is "little less than criminal negligence."

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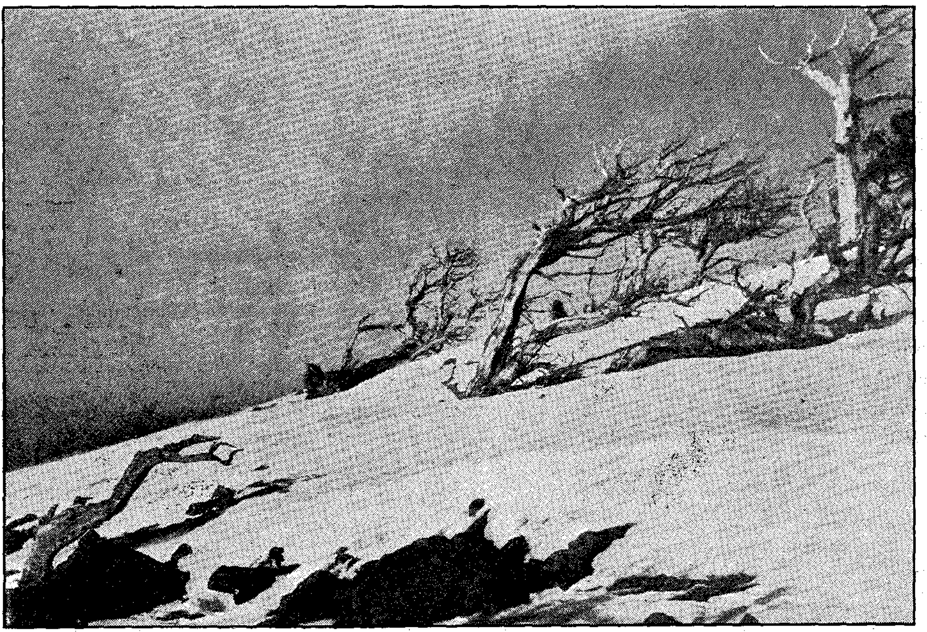
BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

squadrons, which drive down these mountain hollows with disastrous effect. Irresistible avalanches make massed assaults, crushing everything within their paths and gathering momentum as they go; they grind down every tree, often leaving their trunks to decay, half buried in the débris that the floods of rock and snow leave in their wake.

Yet, undeterred by the vengeance the foe has wrought on their elders, young trees spring up, take the places made vacant by the avalanche, and begin afresh a courageous but hopeless struggle for the possession of terrain claimed by the snow.



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THE LAST STAND.

"The Old Guard dies; it never surrenders," on Mount Baldy, Colorado, at an elevation of 11,500 feet.

It does appear true, however, that during generations past the forces of Frost have won some little ground from those of the trees. From many regions there come reports of the dead bodies of trees that held positions in advance of any that are now living. How this ground was taken no one may ever know.

There are other timber-lines than the one which Frost draws saying to the trees, "They shall not pass!" Just as the Incas drew back into Machu Picchu—into an isolation where no enemy might pursue—so many species of trees, weary of the fierce competition of the open forests, seek refuge in tracts where competitors can not come. Some of them invade the desert, preferring its burning thirst to the strenuous struggle of the thick forest; others find their place in the grassy plains, where most trees are unable to gain a foothold.

No one can follow the armies of the trees around the world without gathering a keen impression of them as soldiers. So well are the different classes of troops trained that there are forces for every front. The way they meet the fighting conditions of the sectors they are severally called upon to hold—whether in cold Siberia or in the tropics, whether on polar plain or mountain summit, whether on the edge of the desert or the rim of the world—shows an adaptability to environment and circumstance that makes no mean contrast with the applauded gifts of man himself to carry war where he will.

THE GREAT BATTLING OF FATHER COON

THREE mongrel hounds dashed across the field. A reputable raccoon family who had been ambling contentedly homeward toward the dense woods, had just reached the edge of the first thicket when they heard the dogs. There was no time to gain the shelter of the trees. Luckily, just ahead of them was a stream, and following Father Coon they all took to the water, and were hardly in the middle of the wide stream when, with a splash, the dogs plunged in, only a few yards behind. Immediately Father Coon dropt back, for when it comes to matters of life and death it is always Father Coon who fights first. To-night, in spite of numbers, the odds were all in his favor; for the raccoon is the second cousin of those great water-weasels, the mink and the otter, and it is as dangerous to attack him in the water as to fight a porcupine in his tree or a bear in his den. How Father Coon fared in this first skirmish with the enemy, is told by Samuel Scoville, Jr., in his book "Wild Folk" (Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston):

The first of the pack was a yellow hound, who looked big and fierce enough to tackle anything. With a gasping bay, he plowed forward, open mouthed, to grip that silent, black-masked figure which floated so lightly in front of him—only to find it gone. At his plunge the raccoon had dived deep, a trick which no dog has yet learned. A second later, from behind, a slim sinewy hand closed like a clamp on the dog's foreleg, too far forward to be reached by his snapping jaws. As the hound lowered his head, vainly trying to bite, the raccoon reached across with his other paw, and gripped his opponent smotheringly by the muzzle.

Slowly, inexorably, he threw his weight against the dog's head, until it sank below the surface. As the other dogs approached, the coon maneuvered so that the struggling body was always between himself and his

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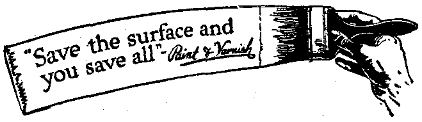
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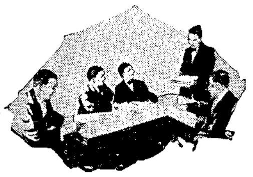

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attackers. Never for an instant did he allow his prisoner's head to come to the surface. Suddenly he released it, and flashed back into the shadows. The body of the great hound floated on the surface, with gaping jaws and unseeing eyes.

Once more the coon dived and dragged down, with the same deadly grip, the smaller of his remaining opponents. This time he went under water with him. The dog struggled desperately, but paws have no chance against hands. Moreover, a raccoon can stay under water nearly five minutes, which is over a minute too long for any dog. When the coon at last appeared on the surface, he came up alone.

At that moment old Sam, aroused by the barking and baying of his dogs, hurried to the bank and called off his remaining hound, who was only too glad to swim away from the death in the dark, which had overtaken his pack mates. A moment later the victor was on his way back to the den-tree. The next morning, in a little inlet, where an eddy of the stream had cast them, Sam found the bodies of the dogs who had dared to give a raccoon the odds of the stream; and he swore to himself to kill that coon before snow flew.

Many and many a time he tried. Everywhere the old Piny saw the tracks of the family, the front paws showing clawmarks, while the hind paws, set flat like those of a bear, made a print like a baby's bare foot. One track always showed three claws missing. Yet, hunt as he would, he could never surprize any of them again by day or night, while the many traps he sowed everywhere caught nothing.

But one night in October the hunters came with their famous coon-dogs, Grip, Pet and Nip, and the first coon-hunt of the season began:

It was just before midnight when the party reached the dense woods where Sam Carpenter had so often seen tracks of the raccoons. Early in the evening the little family had found a persimmon tree loaded down with sweet, puckery, orange-red fruit, and were ambling peacefully toward one of their father's hunting-lodges in an old crow's nest. They happened to pass the next woods nearest Sam's cabin just as the whole party entered it. Lanterns waved, men shouted, and dogs yipped and bayed among the trees, as they ran sniffing here and there, trying to locate a fresh trail.

The fierce chorus came to the hunted ones like a message of death and doom. If they scattered, some of the little coons would inevitably be overtaken by this pack of trained dogs, directed by veteran hunters. If they kept together, sooner or later they would be treed, and perhaps all perish. Once again the leader faced the last desperate duty of the father of a raccoon family. He dropt back to meet and hold the raging pack until Mother Coon could hurry the little ones home by the tree-top route.

In another minute Nip, the last remaining dog of Sam's pack, caught the scent, and with a bay that echoed through the tangled thickets and across the dark pools of the marshland woods, dashed along the fresh trail. Then happened something which had never before befallen the luckless Nip in all his days and nights of hunting. From out of the thickets where the trail led rushed a black-masked figure, hardly to be seen in the gloom. Nip's triumphant bay changed to a dismayed yelp, as a set of sharp claws dug bloody furrows down his face and ripped his long silky ears to ribbons.

Before he could come to close grips his opponent had disappeared into the depths of a thicket, and Nip decided to wait for the rest of the pack. In a moment they joined him, with Grip and Pet leading. As they approached the thicket they, too, had the surprize of their lives. Contrary to all precedent a hunted coon, instead of running away, attacked them furiously. It was very irregular and disconcerting. Even as they were disentangling themselves from the clinging greenbrier and matted branches, they were gashed and slashed by an enemy who flashed in and out from the bit of open ground where he had waited for them. The leaders of the pack yelped and howled, and stopt, until reinforced and prest forward by the slower dogs as they came up.

Little by little the old raccoon was forced back and compelled to make desperate dashes here and there, to avoid being surrounded. At last, he found himself driven beyond the area of the tangled thickets and into a stretch of open ground. Spreading out, the dogs hemmed him in on every side except one. Guarded on his flank by a long swale of the spiked greenbrier, he rushed along the one line left open to him, only to find himself in the open again. Just beyond him the cranberry-growers had left a great sweet-gum tree which, with the lapse of years, had grown to an enormous size. As the pack closed around him, the coon made a dash for his refuge and scuttled up the trunk, while the dogs leaped high in the air, snapping at his very heels.

By the time the hunters came up, the whole clamoring pack, in a circle, was pawing at the tree. When the men saw that Pet and Grip and Nip, whose noses had never yet betrayed them, had their paws against the trunk with the rest, they decided that the coon had been treed, and was still treed, which did not always follow. The vast tree was too large around either to climb or to cut. Raising the lighted lantern which he carried, old Hen held it back of his head and stared straight up into the heart of the great gum. At last, sixty feet above the ground, against the blackness of the trunk showed two dots of flaming gold. They were the eyes of the raccoon, as it leaned out to stare down at the yellow blotch of light below.

The men posted the dogs in a wide circle around the tree, and then built up a roaring fire and sat down to await the dawn. For long they talked and smoked and dozed until at last a ghostly whiteness seemed to rise from the ground. Little by little the shadows paled, the sky brightened, and crimson bars gleamed across the gateway of the east. It was the hour for the fina conflict, and the story goes on:

At the shouts of the men and the yelps and barks of the dogs below, the old coon stiffened and stared down at them unflinchingly. Hen Pine produced his cherished weapon. Aiming carefully above the treed animal he fired, and the heavy load splashed and crashed through the upper branches of the tree. Grimly the great raccoon faced his fate, as the scattering shot warned him that his only chance for life was on the ground. Slowly bu unhesitatingly he moved down the side of the tree, while t dogs below bayed and howled and leaped high in the air. Beyond the dogs stood the men. In their faces showed no pity for the trapt animal, who must fight for his life against such fearful odds.

For a moment the coon looked down impassively at his foes. Then, just as the golden rim of the rising sun showed above the tree-tops, he turned like lightning and sprang out into mid-air, sideways, so that he would land close to the trunk of the tre. As he came through the air, spread out like a huge flying squirrel his keen claws slashed back and forth as if he were limbering u for action. He struck the ground lightly and was met by a wave of dogs which swept him against the tree. There with his back guarded by the trunk, he made his last stand.

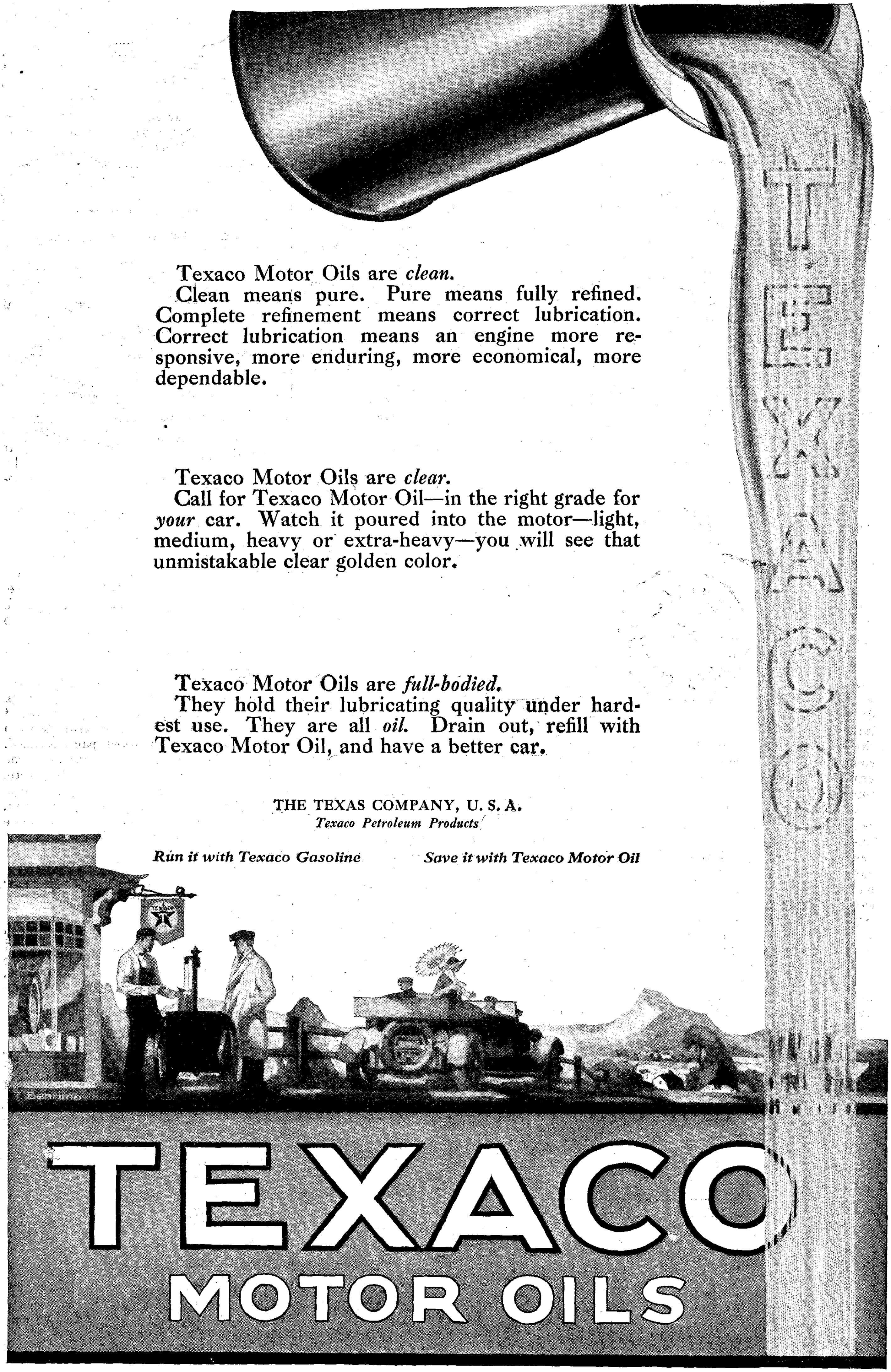
At first, it seemed as if he would be overwhelmed as the howling pack dashed at him, but it was science against numbers Perfectly balanced, he ducked and sidestept like a lightweigh champion in a street-fight, slashing with his long, keen claws so swiftly that no one of the worrying, crowded pack escaped. With flashing, tiny, imperceptible movements he avoided tin and again the snaps and rushes of the best hounds the. Occasionally he would be slashed by their sharp teeth, and his grizzled coat was flecked here and there with blood: but it was difficult to secure a firm grip on his tough, loos hide, and none of the hounds were able to secure the fatal *throat-hold, or to clamp their jaws on one of those slender* flashing paws.

For the most part, the old champion depended upon his long claws, which ripped bloody furrows every time they got home. Only in the clinches, when held for a moment by one or more of his opponents, did he use the forty fighting teeth with which he was equipped. When this happened, the dog who exchange bites with him invariably got the worst of the bargain. Th fighting was as fast as it was furious. In less than a minute two or three of the pack limped out of the circle with dreadful gashed throats or crunched and shattered paws. Then nothing could be seen but a many-colored mass, with the gray and black always on top. Suddenly it broke, and the great raccoon, torn and bleeding, but with an air of grim confidence, was alone with his back against the tree, while aroun him in an ever-widening circle the hounds backed away, yelpin with pain.

The raccoon recovered his wind and, wily fighter that he was, changed his tactics. Without giving the dogs time to get back their lost courage, he suddenly dashed forward with a grating, terrifying snarl, the first sound that had come from him throughout the battle. As he rushed at them, his hair bristled until he seemed to swell to double his size.

For a second the ring held. Then with a yelp the nearest dog dived out of the way and scuttled off. His example was too much for the others. A second more, and the ring was broken and the dogs scattered. In vain the men tried to rally them again. They had resolved to have no further part or lot with that coon, who, without a backward look, moved stiffly and limpingly toward the nearest thicket.

Not until he had plunged into a tangle of greenbrier, where no dog could follow, did that pack recover its morale. Then, indeed, safe outside the fierce thorns, they growled and barked and raved



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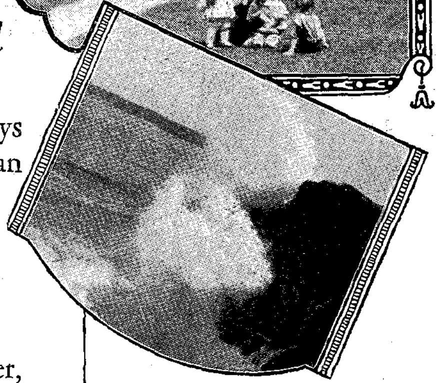

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

and told of the terrible things they would do to that coon—when they caught him.

Half an hour later, and half a league farther, from a great gum tree on the edge of a black silent stream, came the sound of soft, welcoming love notes.

Father Coon was home again.

FIGHTERS OF THE FOREST

THE quarrel of the cow elks began when one of them discovered a bunch of black fungus on the trunk of a tree, about twelve feet from the ground. She stood erect on her hind legs trying to reach the tempting morsel with her mouth. An older cow, the largest and oldest in the herd, came up to the tree, and the two made wry faces at each other and champed their teeth together threateningly. Suddenly both cows rose on their hind legs, struck out viciously with their sharp pointed front hoofs, and, after a lively sparring bout, they actually clinched. The young cow got both front legs of the old cow between her own, where they were held practically helpless, and then with her own front hoofs she fiercely rained blows upon the ribs of her assailant. The old cow backed away and fled, completely vanquished, with the younger close upon her heels. Quarrels between wild animals in a state of nature are almost invariably due to one of two causes—attack and defense in a struggle for prey, or the jealousy of males during the mating season. With rare exceptions, the battles for prey occur between animals of different species—teeth and claws against horns and hoofs, for instance, and the fight is to the death. Hunger forces one to attack, and the intended victim defends himself—it is not a question of good or evil temper—it is necessity, and neither party has any option but to fight. Such combats are tests of agility, strength, and staying powers, and in a few cases of thickness of bone and muscle, says William T. Hornaday in his book "The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals" (Scribner's, New York), and he continues:

Of the comparatively few animals which do draw blood of their own kind through ill temper or jealousy, I have never encountered any more given to internecine strife than orang-utans. Their fighting methods, and their love of fighting, are highly suggestive of the temper and actions of the human tough. They fight by biting, and usually it is the fingers and toes that suffer. Of twenty-seven orang-utans I shot in Borneo, and twelve more that were shot for me by native hunters, five were fighters, and had had one or more fingers or toes bitten off in battle.

A gorilla, chimpanzee, or orang-utan, being heavy of body, short of neck, and by no means nimble-footed, can not spring upon an adversary, choose a vulnerable spot, and bite to kill; but what it lacks in agility it makes up in length and strength of arm and hand. It seizes its antagonist's hand, carries it to its own mouth, and bites at the fingers. Usually, the bitten finger is severed as evenly as by a surgeon's amputation, and heals quite as successfully.

I never saw two big orang-utans fighting, but I have had several captive ones seize my arm and try to bring my fingers within biting distance. The canine teeth of a full grown male orang are just as large and dangerous as the teeth of a bear of the same size, and the powerful incisors have one quality which the teeth of a bear do not possess. A bear pierces or tears an antagonist with his canines, but very rarely bites off anything. An orang-utan bites off a finger as evenly as a boy nips off the end of a stick of candy.

When orang-utans fight, they also attack each other's faces, and often their broad and expansive lips suffer severely. My eleventh orang bore the scars of many a fierce duel in the tree-tops. A piece had been bitten out of the middle of both his lips, leaving in each a large, ragged notch. Both his middle fingers had been taken off at the second joint, and his feet had lost the third right toe, the fourth left toe, and the end of one hallux. His back, also, had sustained a severe injury, which had retarded his growth. This animal we called "The Desperado."

Orang No. 34 had lost the entire edge of his upper lip. It had been bitten across diagonally, but adhered at one corner, and healed without sloughing off, so that during the last years of his life a piece of lip two inches long hung dangling at the corner of his mouth. He had also suffered the loss of an entire finger. No. 36 had lost a good sized piece out of his upper lip, and the first toe had been bitten off his left foot.

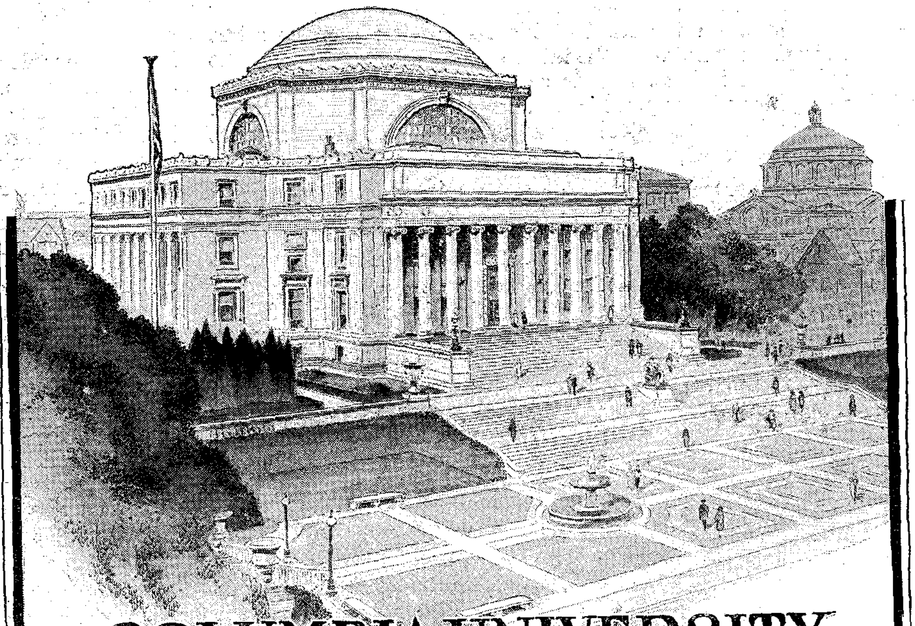
All these combats must have taken place in the tree-tops, for an adult orang-utan has never been known to descend to the earth except for water.

In some manner it has become a prevalent belief that in their native jungles all three of the great apes—gorilla, orang, and chimpanzee—are dangerous to human beings, and often attack them with clubs. Nothing could be farther from the truth. According to the natives of West Africa, a gorilla or chimpanzee fights a hunter by biting his face and fingers, just as an orang-utan does. I believe that no sane orang ever voluntarily left the safety of a tree-top to fight at a serious disadvantage on the ground; and I am sure an orang never struck a blow with a club, unless carefully taught to do so.

On the whole, wild animals are not quarrelsome; they have learned the two fundamental facts of the philosophy of life—that peace is better than war and that if one must fight it is better to fight outside one's own species. Wolves are a notable exception to this rule, for at times a wounded wolf is attacked and usually in such cases he is killed and eaten by the other members of the pack. Bears have quite definite fighting tactics, which Dr. Hornaday explains:

> In captivity, bears quarrel and scold one another freely, at feeding time, but seldom draw blood. I have questioned many old hunters, and read many books by bear hunters, but Ira Dodge, of Wyoming, is the only man I know who has witnessed a real fight between wild bears. He once saw a battle between a cinnamon and a grizzly over the carcass of an elk.

In attacking, a bear does three things,



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and usually in the same order. First, he delivers a sweeping sidewise blow on the head of his antagonist; then he seizes him by the cheek, with the intention of shifting to the throat as quickly as it is safe to do so. His third move consists in throwing his weight upon his foe and bearing him to the earth, where he will have a better chance at his throat. If the fighters are fairly matched, the struggle is head to head and mouth to mouth. After the first onset, the paws do little or no damage and the attacks of the teeth rarely go as far down as the shoulders. Often the assailant will seize his opponent's cheek and hold on so firmly that for a full minute the other can do nothing; but this means little.

In combats between bears, the one that is getting mauled, or that feels outclassed, will throw himself upon the ground, flat upon his back, and proceed to fight with all four sets of claws in addition to his teeth. This attitude is purely defensive, and often is maintained until an opportunity occurs to attack with good advantage, or to escape. It is very difficult for a standing bear to make a serious impression upon an antagonist who lies upon his back, clawing vigorously with all four feet at the head of his assailant.

Often is the question asked, "If a grizzly bear and a tiger should fight, which would whip the other?" One can answer only with opinions and deductions, not by reference to the records of the ring; for it seems that the terrors of the Occident and the Orient have never yet been matched in a fight to a finish.

One of the heaviest tigers ever weighed, prior to 1878, scaled four hundred and ninety-five pounds, and was as free from surplus flesh and fat as a prize-fighter in the ring. He stood three feet seven inches at the shoulder, measured thirty-six inches around the jaws, and twenty inches around the forearm. Very few lions have ever exceeded his weight or dimensions. So far as I know, a wild grizzly bear of the largest size has never been scaled, but it is not at all certain that any California grizzly has weighed more than twelve hundred pounds. The silvertip of the Rocky Mountain region is a totally different animal, being smaller as well as different in color.

In a match between a grizzly and a tiger of equal weights, the activity of the latter, combined with the greater spread of his jaws and length of his canine teeth, would insure him the victory. The superior attack of the tiger would give him an advantage which it would probably be impossible to overcome. The blow of a tiger's paw is as powerful as that of a grizzly of the same size, tho I doubt if it is any quicker in delivery. The quickness with which a seemingly clumsy bear can deliver a smashing blow is astonishing. Moreover, nature has given the grizzly a coat of fur which as a protection in fighting is almost equal to chain mail. Its length, combined with its density, makes it difficult for teeth or claws to cut through it, and in a struggle with a tiger protective fur is only a fair compensation for a serious lack of leaping power in the hinder limbs. Tho the tiger would win at equal weights, it is extremely probable that an adult California grizzly would vanquish a tiger of the largest size, for his greater bulk would far outweigh the latter's agility.

Tigers, when well matched, fight head to head and mouth to mouth, as do nearly all other carnivora, and at the same time they strike with their front paws. One of the finest spectacles I ever witnessed was a pitched battle between two splendid tigers, in a cage which afforded them ample room. With loud, roaring coughs, they sprang together, ears laid tight to their heads, eyes closed until only sparks of green and yellow fire flashed through four narrow slits, and their upper lips snarling high up to clear the glittering fangs beneath. Coughing, snarling, and often roaring furiously, each sprang for the other's throat, but jaw met jaw until their teeth almost cracked together. They rose fully erect on their hind legs, with their heads seven feet high, stood there, and smashed away with their paws, while tufts of hair flew through the air, and the cage seemed full of sparks. Neither gave the other a chance to get the throat-hold, nor indeed to do aught else than ward off calamity; and each face was a picture of fury.

This startling combat lasted a surprizingly long time, without noticeable advantage to either side. Finally the tigers backed away from each other, and when at a safe distance apart dropt their front feet to the floor, growling savagely and licking their lips wherever a claw had drawn blood.

Of all the wild animals that are preyed upon by lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, and pumas, only half a dozen species do anything more than struggle to escape. The guar and the wild buffalo of India are sufficiently vindictive in dealing with a human hunter whose aim is not straight, but both fly before the tiger, and count themselves lucky when they can escape with nothing worse to show than a collection of long slits on their sides and hindquarters made by his knife-like claws. They do not care to return to do battle for the sake of revenge, and seek to put the widest possible stretch of jungle between themselves and their dreaded enemy.

Here is a deer and puma story. In the picturesque bad-lands of Hell Creek, Montana, I saw my comrade, Laton A. Huffman, kill a large mule deer buck that three months previously had been attacked by a puma. From above it, the great cat had leaped upon the back of the deer, and laid hold with teeth and claws. In its struggle for life the buck either leaped or fell off the edge of a perpendicular "cut bank," and landed upon its back, with the puma underneath. Evidently the puma was so seriously injured that it could not continue the struggle; but it surely left its earmarks.

One ear of the buck was fearfully torn. There was a big wound on the top of the neck, where the puma jaws had lacerated the skin and flesh; and both hind legs had been badly clawed by the assailant's hind feet. The main beam of the right antler had been broken off half-way up, while the antlers were still in the velvet, which enabled us to fix the probable date of the encounter.

In the great Wynand forest I once got lost, and in toiling through a five-acre patch of grass higher than my head, and so dense that it was not negotiable except by following the game trails, my simple old Kuramber and I came suddenly upon the scene of a great struggle. In the center of a space about twenty feet in diameter, on which the tall grass had been trampled flat, lay the remains of a sambar stag which had very recently been killed and eaten by a tiger. The neck had not been dislocated, and the sambar had fought long and hard. Evidently the tiger had lain in wait on the runway, and had failed to subdue the sambar by his first fierce onslaught. Now an angry stag with good antlers is no mean antagonist, and it is strange if the tiger in the case went through that struggle without a puncture in his tawny skin.

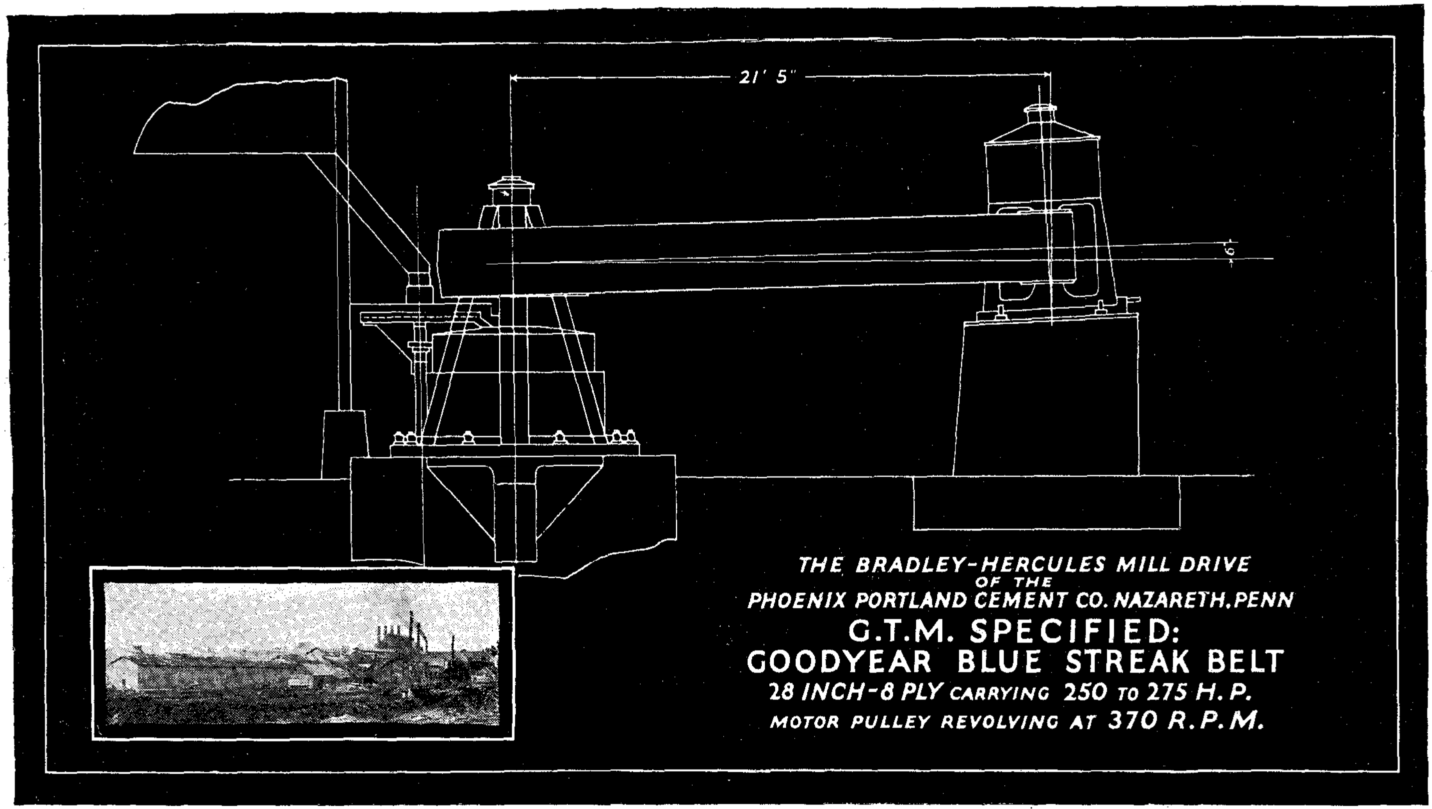
In South Africa, the writer says, Vaughan Kirby once found the dead bodies of a bull sable antelope and a lion lying close together where they had fallen after a great struggle. The sable antelope must have killed its antagonist by a lucky backward thrust of its long curved horns as the lion fastened upon its back to pull it down. Other experiences of this naturalist are cited by Dr. Hornaday:

Mr. Kirby's dogs once disturbed a sanguinary struggle between a leopard and a wild boar, or "bush pig," which had well-nigh reached a finish. The old boar, when bayed by the dogs, was found to be most terribly mauled. Its tough skin hung literally in shreds from its neck and shoulders, presenting ghastly open wounds. The entrails protruded from a deep claw gash in the side, and the head was a mass of blood and dirt. "On searching around," says Mr. Kirby, "we found unmistakable evidence of a life-and-death struggle. The ground was covered with gouts of blood and yellow hair, to some of which the skin (of the leopard) was still attached. Blood was splashed plentifully on the tree stems and the low brushwood, which for a space of a dozen yards around was trampled flat." The leopard had fled upon the approach of the dogs, leaving a trail of blood, which, tho followed quickly, was finally lost in bad ground. It is no wonder that from the above and many other evidences equally good, Mr. Kirby considers the bush pig a remarkably courageous animal. He says that it was "never yet known to show the white feather," and declares that "a pig is never defeated until he is dead."

The sable antelope is one of the few exceptions to the well-nigh universal rule against fighting between wild animals of the same species. Of this species, Mr. Kirby says: "Sable antelope bulls fight most fiercely amongst themselves, and tho I have never actually witnessed an encounter between them, I have often seen the result of such, evidenced by great gaping wounds that could have been made by nothing else than the horns of an opponent. I once killed a large bull with a piece of another's horn-tip, fully three inches long, buried in its neck. In 1889 I shot an old bull on the Swinya with a terrible wound in its off shoulder, caused by a horn thrust."

During the breeding season, our wild buffaloes of the great vanished herds were much given to fighting, and always through jealousy. The bulls bellowed until they could be heard for miles, tore up earth and threw it into the air, rolled their eyes, and often rushed together in a terrifying manner; but beyond butting their heads, pushing and straining until the weaker turned and ran, nothing came of it at all. I have yet to find a man who ever saw a wild buffalo that had been wounded to the shedding of blood by another wild buffalo. It is probable that no other species ever fought so fiercely and did so little damage as the American bison.

In ordinary life the Indian elephant is one of the most even-tempered of all animals. I have spent hours in watching wild herds in southern India, sometimes finding the huge beasts all around me, and in dangerously close proximity. Several times I could have touched a wild elephant with a carriage whip, had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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

I possest one. So far from fighting, I never saw an elephant threaten or even annoy another.

Elephants, being the most intelligent of all animals in the matter of training, have been educated to fight in the arena, usually by pushing each other head to head. A fighting tusker can lord it over almost any number of tuskless elephants, because he can pierce their vitals, and they can not pierce his. A female fights by hitting with her head, striking her antagonist amidships, if possible.

In captivity, a large proportion of mammals fight, more or less; and the closer the confinement, the greater their nervousness and irritability, and the more fighting. Monkeys fight freely and frequently. Serpents, lizards, and alligators rarely do, altho large alligators are prone to bite off the tails or legs of their small companions, or even to devour them whole. Storks, trumpeter swans, darters, jays, and some herons are so quarrelsome and dangerous that they must be kept well separated from other species, to prevent mutilation and murder. In 1900, when a pair of trumpeter swans were put upon a lake in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, with three brown pelicans for associates, they promptly assailed the pelicans, dug holes in their backs, and killed all three. The common red squirrel is a persistent fighter of the gray species, and, altho inferior in size, nearly always wins.

A TWO-STORY BIRD'S NEST

THE little yellow warbler was in great trouble. She had built a dainty felted nest, and had laid one exquisite white, brown-spotted egg; but while she had been absent feeding, a black bird many times her size slipped into her nest and deposited her own larger and sinister looking egg—a dusky egg, heavily and irregularly spotted with dark brown. The interloper was the detested Cowbird. These birds are innocent enough in appearance, says Craig S. Thoms in *Bird Lore* (New York), but they build no nests of their own, and the writer explains:

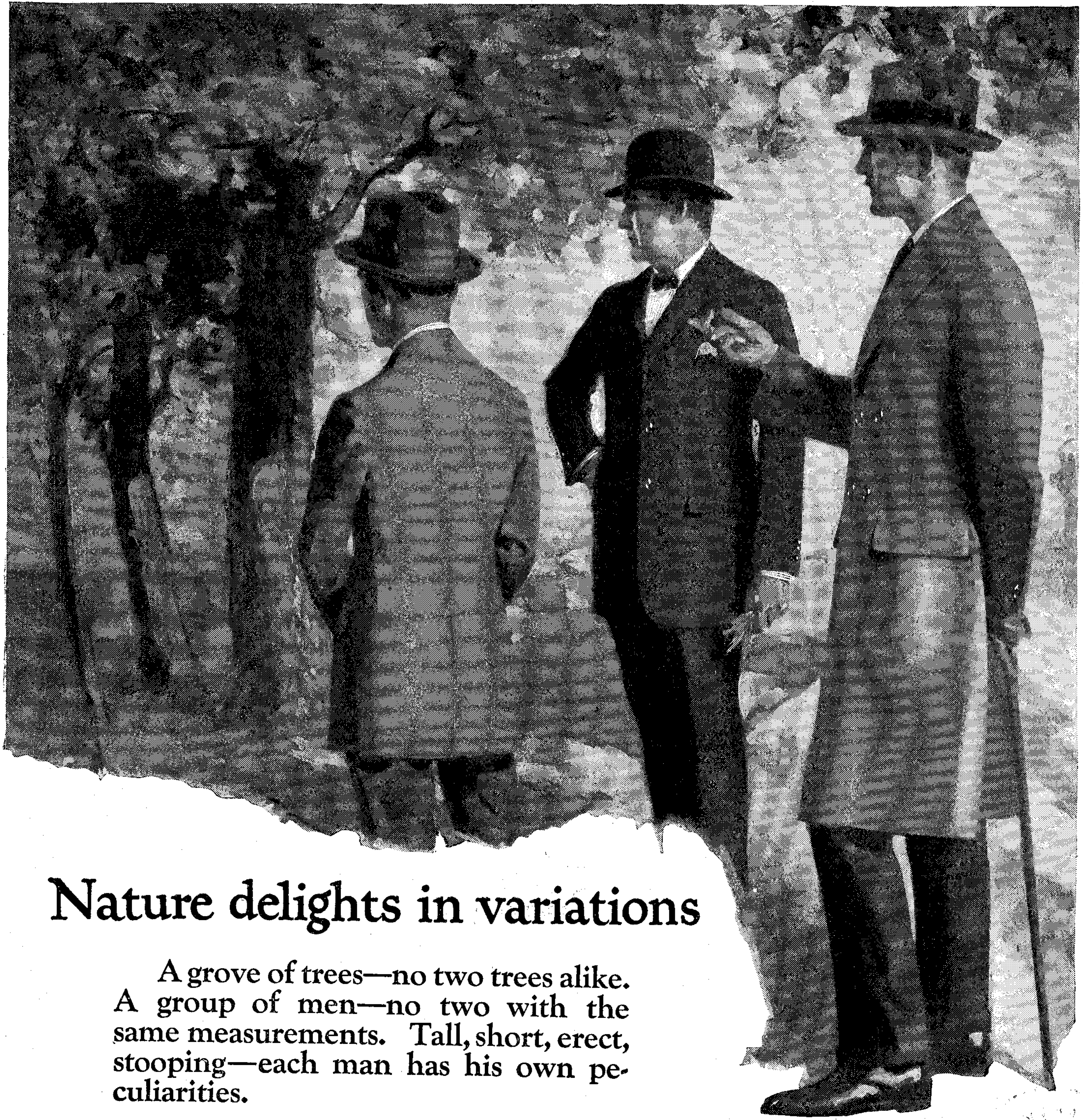
When the females lay their eggs they go to swamps and lay them in the nests of their cousins, the Red-winged and Yellow-headed Blackbirds; or to groves or orchards where they find the dainty nests of the Yellow Warbler, or the nests of other birds smaller than themselves.

I have never found their eggs beside other than spotted eggs. They seem to be too shrewd to lay them in the nests of birds larger than themselves, or in nests with unspotted eggs, like those of the Mourning Dove, Robin or Catbird.

They are among the worst enemies of our birds, for their eggs hatch more quickly than most other eggs, and their young grow with extraordinary rapidity, taking most of the food and literally crowding the rightful young to the wall of the nest. Sometimes two, three, or even more of these eggs will be found in a single nest.

The strange fact is that only the little Yellow Warbler seems to understand the danger of these enemy eggs. As I sat watching the little yellow lady in trouble, she kept bringing billfulls of thistledown,

NATURE NEVER DUPLICATES



Nature delights in variations

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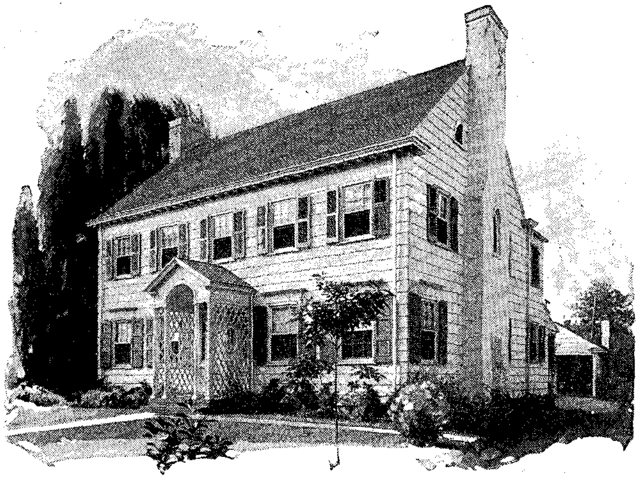

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FUN FROM THE PRESS
Produced by The Literary Digest
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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

but would not even light upon the edge of her nest. Indeed, she seemed to regard her nest as a defiled thing because the enemy egg lay beside her own. She lit upon a branch near enough to reach over and drop the thistledown upon the two eggs. The fact was that she was beginning a new nest, which was to rise above the first. She was burying her own egg together with that of the interloper; and not until she had built a complete new nest above the first one did she lay her clutch of dainty eggs and rear her young.

THE RABBIT THAT SAVED A MAN'S LIFE

THIS true story of the almost miraculous rescue of a man imprisoned in the shaft of a lead mine, was told to the writer, Cora Cole McCullough, by a member of her family. We quote it from *Our Dumb Animals* (Boston):

Many years ago I was living in Montana. A smelter had been built and it created a demand for silver rock. I owned an interest in a lead mine that had been sunk over thirty feet. Thinking the time had come to make it available, I decided to go there and get some ore and have it tested. I did so, and reached the place just in time to take shelter in the mine from a terrible hail storm. I lighted my candle, went to the bottom, and went to work. I had not been there more than five minutes when I heard a noise that sounded like a cannon. The rock over my head shook, and in a moment the shaft caved in. You can imagine my feelings better than I can describe them when I found myself buried alive.

I tremble even at this distant day, when I think of that moment. The roof of the shaft was made of rocks, and when they came down they did not pack so tightly but that the air came through. There was nothing I could do to release myself. I knew that if relief did not come from the outside I must perish. No one knew that I had gone there. A road ran past the mouth of the shaft, but it was not traveled much, and I was not likely to attract attention by calling. Nevertheless, I shouted at intervals all day.

The following morning I commenced calling again, and all day, whenever I thought I heard a sound, I shouted. When night came again, all hopes of being released were abandoned. I will not dwell on the agonies I endured. The morning of the fourth day of my imprisonment I heard something crawl into my grave.

I lighted my candle and saw a rabbit. There was only one aperture large enough to admit him; I closed it to prevent his escape. I saw in him food to appease my hunger, and my hand was raised to kill him, when a thought occurred to me that prevented the blow from descending.

I had two fishing lines. Their united length would reach to the road. I took off my shirt, tore it into strips, tied them together, and then to the fish-line. I then tied the end made out of my shirt around the rabbit's neck and let him out. He soon reached the end of the line, and I knew by the way he was pulling that he was making a desperate effort to escape. Soon the tugging ceased, and as I knew that gnawing was one of a rabbit's accomplishments, I thought he had gnawed himself loose. About three hours afterward I felt the line pull, and some one called. I tried to answer, but the feeble noise I made died away in the cavern. I then pulled the line a little to show that I was still alive. All grew still again, and I knew the person had gone for assistance. Then came the sound of voices. I pulled in the line and it brought me food. It took all the men who worked in the shaft nine hours to reach me.

A very large pine-tree that stood near had been the cause of my misfortune. It had been dead a number of years, and the storm had blown it over. The terrible blow it struck the ground had caused the caving in of the shaft. The rabbit had wound the line around a bush and tied himself so short that he was imprisoned outside as securely as I had been inside. He was taken to town, put in a large cage, and supplied with all rabbit delicacies the market afforded. He, however, did not thrive, and the boys, believing he "pined in thought," voted to set him free. He was taken back to his old neighborhood, and liberated. He not only saved my life, but became the benefactor of all the rabbits near, the miners refraining from shooting any, for fear it might be my rabbit.

THE "BARREN" GARDEN OF A GREAT NATURALIST

"AN abandoned, barren, sun-scorched bit of land favored by thistles and by wasps and bees. . . . Yes, this was my wish, my dream, always cherished, always vanishing into the mists of the future. . . . The Eden of bliss where I mean to live henceforth alone with the insects. Forty years of desperate struggle have won it for me." One of the greatest naturalists in the history of the world, Henri Fabre, finally attained the garden of his dreams, which he describes in the paragraph quoted above, when he reached the age of 56 years, and had published but a single volume of the insect studies by which he was to become world-famous. His "barren" garden produced knowledge and literature. Both the garden and the house, which he afterwards managed to build, are now the property of the French Government, a shrine for naturalists, and other scientists, and people in general who appreciate great and enduring achievement. The "forty years of bondage," of which Fabre speaks in one of his autobiographical chapters, began early. He owed absolutely nothing to heredity, writes Charles Buxton Going in *The Survey* (New York). He owed less than nothing, it appears, to any sympathy or encouragement from his family or associates, to educational opportunity or the circumstances of his lot. All these were against him. As Mr. Going briefly tells the story of the great naturalist's early life, which is really the story of the making of that famous garden, immortalized in ten volumes, and now the property of the French Government—

He came of the poorest Provençal stock, almost or quite illiterate. Henri's

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

inspired curiosity in the natural world around him, already stirring in the barefooted child of seven as he herded ducklings to and from the brook, filled the hours with eager observation and his pockets with rapturously collected treasures of the field; but it aroused his parents only to distress and rebuke.

"You rascal!" cried his father; "I send you to mind the ducks and you amuse yourself picking up stones, as if there were not enough of them all around the house. Make haste and throw them away!" Broken-hearted, he obeyed. Quartz crystals, mica flakes, petrifactions, heavenly blue beetle, all are thrown on the rubbish-heap outside the door. His mother bewailed her lot. "A nice thing, bringing up children to see them turn out so badly! You'll bring me to my grave. Green stuff I don't so much mind; it does for the rabbits. But stones, which ruin your pockets—poisonous animals which'll sting your hand—what good are they to you, silly? There's no doubt about it—some one has thrown a spell over you!"

"Yes, my poor mother," Fabre writes a half century later, "you were right in your simplicity. A spell had been cast over me. I admit it to-day."

His earliest schooling he describes as having been given in a room "which was at once a school, a kitchen, a bedroom, a dining-room and at times a chicken-house and a piggery." Here were taught the alphabet, "at most, in French, a few selections from sacred history." Latin was read that the little pupils might sing the vespers correctly. "The more advanced scholars tried to decipher manuscript. History? Geography? No one ever heard of them. What difference did it make to us if the earth was round or square? Grammar the master troubled his head very little about, and we still less. Arithmetic? Yes, we did a little of that, but not under that learned name. We called it 'sums.'"

In Rodez College, which he entered at ten years of age, he got "a smattering of Latin and grammar," his functions as serving-boy in the chapel entitling him to free instruction as a day boarder. He says he "cut a good figure in composition and translation"; but the dearest memory seems to have been that he "rarely ever failed, on Sundays and Thursdays (the weekly holiday in French schools) to go and see if the cowslip or the yellow daffodil were making their appearance in the meadows, if the linnet was hatching in the juniper bushes, if the cockchafers were plopping down from the wind-shaken poplars. Thus was the sacred spark kept aflame, even brighter than before."

And so, after an interruption due to a crisis in the family poverty, he passed to the primary normal school of Vaucluse, where he was "assured of food—dried chestnuts and chick-peas" and acted as assistant to the headmaster. The scientific teaching in the normal school "was on an exceedingly modest scale, consisting mainly of arithmetic with a few odds and ends of geometry. Physics was hardly touched. We were taught a little meteorology in a summary fashion; a word or two about a red moon, a white frost, dew, sun and wind. Of natural history, absolutely nothing. Chemistry was never mentioned either." But he had a certain freedom, so long as the class work under his charge went along smoothly. He continues:

While a dictation lesson was being corrected around me, I would examine, in the recesses of my desk, the oleander's fruit, the snapdragon's seed-vessel, the wasp's sting and the ground-beetle's wing case. . . . With this foretaste of natural science, picked up haphazard and by stealth, I left school more deeply in love than ever with insects and flowers. And yet I had to give it all up. That wider education which would have to be my source of livelihood in the future demanded this imperiously. Natural history could not bring me anywhere. The educational system of the time kept it at a distance, as unworthy of association with Latin and Greek. Mathematics remained, with its very simple equipment—a blackboard, a bit of chalk, and a few books.

And with this equipment (the blackboard rented at five francs a year) he went on alone and unaided. Mr. Going quotes him further:

"I flung myself with might and main into conic sections and the calculus. . . . Next came the physical sciences, studied in the same manner, with an impossible laboratory, the work of my own hands.

"Of scientific education, the fruit of college training, I had none whatever. I never set foot in a lecture hall except to undergo the ordeal of examinations. Without masters, without guides, often without books, in spite of poverty, that terrible extinguisher, I went ahead. I have received, in all, two lessons of a scientific character in the course of my life—one in anatomy and one in chemistry."

Such was the schooling of one of the greatest naturalists, indeed, one of the greatest intellects, of his time. "And in the subsequent professorial duties for which he had fitted himself by his own initiative and energy," continues Mr. Going:

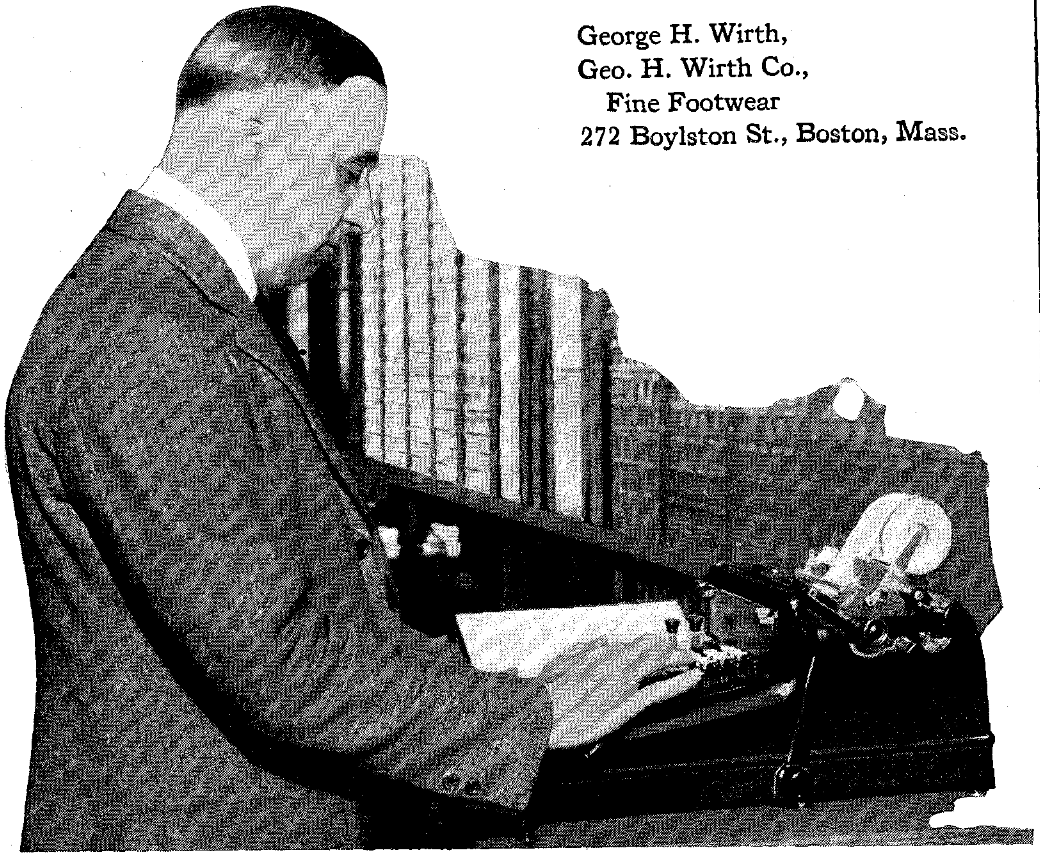
He was persistently obstructed—almost stopt—in every effort to feed even chance morsels to his consuming hunger for natural science, or to cultivate his unique talent for its study. How did his genius develop? Fabre himself can offer no explanation. He says, "I was a born animalist. Why and how? No answer!"

So finally, when he was beginning to be an old man he reached the height of his desire and became a recluse "living on a couple of barren acres which no one had wanted even for the sowing of turnip seeds." Yet that barren region, as his most recent biographer reminds us:

Scorched by the sun and swept by the mistral, which said nothing and revealed nothing to his neighbors, he found full of voices, flashing with movement, thrilling with adventure, saturated with the absorbing interest of the lives, the loves, the combats, the social systems, the marvelous skill and the mysterious instinct of those small creatures which others passed unseeing, or crusht indifferently under their feet. Every bush, every tiny pond, the pocket under any field stone, the crannies of the wall—these were game preserves and faunal collections, exhaustless, infinitely varied, sufficient to hold the interest and absorb the fascinated study of a lifetime.

He was, if not the first, certainly the greatest of the savants to make entomology not a mere dry scheme of terminology and

"—hasn't added a *nickel* to our expense, but it *has* added *dollars* to our *profits*"



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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

classification, but a moving picture of life in some of its strangest and most intensely interesting forms. The very same things were there for any one to see—are there for us to see. Fabre's gift was the magic by which men's eyes are opened—by which we discover that all around us, everywhere, even in the simplest dooryard, is potentially the laboratory of the universe.

This faculty for finding the fascination that lurks about the most commonplace is well shown in his chapter on the Harmas, in the "Life of the Fly." He enters the deserted garden and finds it "an earthly paradise for the bees and wasps." . . . As he writes:

"All the insect trades have made it their rallying ground. Here come the hunters of every kind of game, builders in clay, weavers of cotton goods, collectors of pieces cut from a leaf or the petal of a flower, architects in pasteboard, plasterers mixing mortar, carpenters boring wood, miners digging underground galleries, workers handling goldbeaters' skin, and many more. . . . The builder's men had distributed here and there great mounds of sand and heaps of stones, with a view to running up some surrounding walls. The work dragged on slowly and the materials found occupants from the first year. The mason-bees had chosen the interstices between the stones for a dormitory. The powerful-eyed lizard had selected a cave wherein to lie in wait for the passing scarab. . . . The sand sheltered a different colony. Here the digger wasps were sweeping the thresholds of their burrows; the Languedocian sphex was dragging her prey by the antennæ; another hunting wasp was storing her preserves of frog-hoppers.

"Bolder still, the wasp has taken possession of the dwelling house. On my doorsill nestles the white-banded sphex. When I go indoors I must be careful not to damage her burrows. The embrasure of the closed window provides an apartment of a mild temperature for another species of hunting wasp. The earth-built nest is fixt against the freestone wall. On the moldings of the Venetian blinds a few stray mason-bees build their group of cells. Inside the outer shutter, left ajar, another kind of mason-wasp constructs her little earthen dome. The common wasp and the solitary wasp are my dinner guests."

These are just such intruders as any incoming tenant might find in any vacant house, Mr. Going points out, but—

While most householders would have crusht the creatures and swept them out as noxious, and most academic naturalists would have contented themselves with merely identifying, classifying and dismissing the species, Fabre took them into intimate and observant companionship as little peoples whose industries, architecture, domestic establishments, hunting methods, cycles of life change, are (as his descriptions prove) as engrossing as any romance.

The apparatus he used in his insect studies was as universally obtainable as the subjects he was investigating. A laboratory to him meant primarily a wild garden to which insects would be attracted, and a room with a plain table for indoor work. Almost everything else, of a material sort, could be improvised from the simple belongings of the simplest of households.

The same extraordinary vision which discovered a marvel of nature's methods in the scorpion hunting his prey or the wasp establishing her family on the window ledge, found the equipment for his experiments in the kitchen or the sewing-room. Even the microscope—his one piece of expensive apparatus (and that a gift) was rarely used, an ordinary magnifying glass sufficing for almost all purposes. Minute anatomy he dissected "with a sharp pair of scissors from the family work-basket and a couple of needles stuck into a vine shoot."

"My hypodermic syringe" (for some remarkable demonstrations of the action of sting poisons), he says, "is of the simplest. It consists of a little glass tube tapering sharply at one end. By drawing in my breath I fill it with the liquid to be tested. I expel the contents by blowing." For the most part, we find him using pans of sand with wire-gauze covers; glass tubes, with two plugs of sorghum pith; fruit-jars with a layer of sand; sections of bamboo cane; even paper bags. Rarely does he deplore the lack of more elaborate appliances.

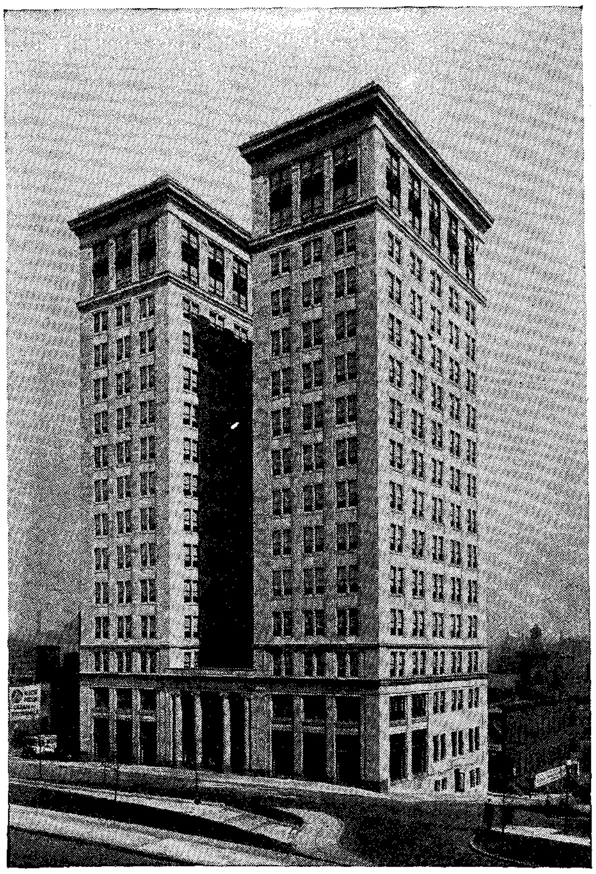
More often his attitude is one of great impatience with those who make a large outlay for small results, especially with those who study dead things. Less work in laboratory, more observation in the open air is the advice of the maker of the famous garden in a little French town. He complains:

"Laboratories are being founded on our Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts, where people cut up small sea animals of but meager interest to us. They spend a small fortune in powerful microscopes, delicate dissecting instruments, engines of capture, boats, fishing crews, aquariums, to find out how the yolk of an annelid's egg is constructed. . . . When shall we have an entomological laboratory for the study not of the dead insect steeped in alcohol, but of the living insect; a laboratory having for its object the instinct, the manner of living, the work, the struggles, the propagation, of that little world with which agriculture and philosophy have most seriously to reckon? . . . A gorgeous equipment may be all very well for laboratories wherein the cells and fibers of the dead are consulted at great expense, but such magnificence is of doubtful utility when we have to study the actions of the living. It is the humble makeshift, of no value, that stumbles on the secrets of life."

The emergence of an intellect such as Fabre's from such ancestry and environment, concludes Mr. Going, is one of the mysteries of evolution. But—

We all may follow his methods of studying the life that is brooding or stirring all about us, wherever we are, with the means at hand, whatever they may be. There is scarcely a schoolhouse in America which has not in its own neighborhood ample treasuries of nature's marvels, if only its workers can catch from Fabre's life the secret of vision. No matter how barren the equipment or how cramped the means, there is room and opportunity for the play of the same kind of inspiration as that which shone out, world-wide, from that poor French garden. In the great naturalist's own words:

"Let us strive, within the measure of our capacity, to force a gleam of light from the vast unknown; let us examine and question and here and there wrest a few



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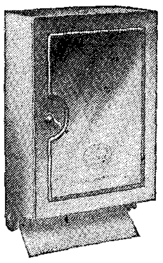

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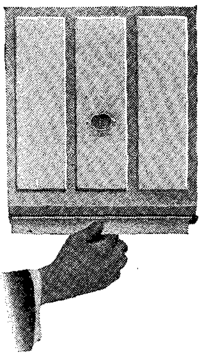

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

shreds of truth. We shall sink under the task; in the present ill-ordered state of society, we shall end, perhaps, in the workhouse! Let us go ahead for all that; our consolation shall be that we have increased by one atom the general mass of knowledge, the incomparable treasure of mankind."

BETWIXT-AND-BETWEEN ANIMALS

A FISH that climbs trees might reasonably be looked at askance, and cause the onlooker to have secret doubts of his own mental reliability. Among the "betwixt-and-between" animals, those which are pursuing their evolutionary paths between water and dry land, there is on many tropical shores a quaint fish called Periophthalmus; it has protruding, very mobile eyes, and strange habits for a fish. At low tide it skips about among the rocks, hunting small animals, and even catching insects, and it clambers on to the exposed, bent-knee-like roots of the mangrove trees. And there is another tropical fish, known as the "climbing perch," which has the curious habit of scrambling, by means of its very muscular pectoral fins, up stones, roots, and even the trunks of trees, in search of the insects, grubs, and soft-bodied animals on which it feeds. So we are told by a reliable authority, the English scientist, J. Arthur Thompson, in his book, "The Haunts of Life" (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York), who says:

> Still more surprizing is the habit of a South African fish, called clarias, which is said to make nocturnal raids on the fields in order to eat the grains of millet. This fish lives in districts where the rainy season lasts for only two months in the year. The pools that are filled with rain dry up very quickly in the heat of the sun, and all the rest of the year the fish lives its unfishlike life, hiding in damp burrows through the day, torpid during the very hot season, but in cooler weather coming out on foraging expeditions at night. Some naturalists declare that when this fish is frightened it "screams like an angry cat," but, as no fish has true vocal organs, the "scream," like the fainter "cry" of our own bullhead, is probably the sound made by the escape of air from its body. For both clarias and the climbing perch have a special arrangement, a system of tubes branching from the gill-chambers, in which air is stored, so that the fish is not altogether dependent on its gills.
>
> Land-crabs illustrate terrestrial animals in the making. In warm lands, such as Jamaica, there are many kinds, often living in forests far from the sea, sometimes doing great damage in the sugar plantations. But once a year they assemble in enormous numbers to make an excursion to the seashore and deposit their eggs below high-water mark, where they leave them to be swept out to sea by the tide. Then they return, weary and spent, to their inland haunt for the rest of the year.
>
> Darwin, in his "Naturalist's Voyage Round the World," gives an account of

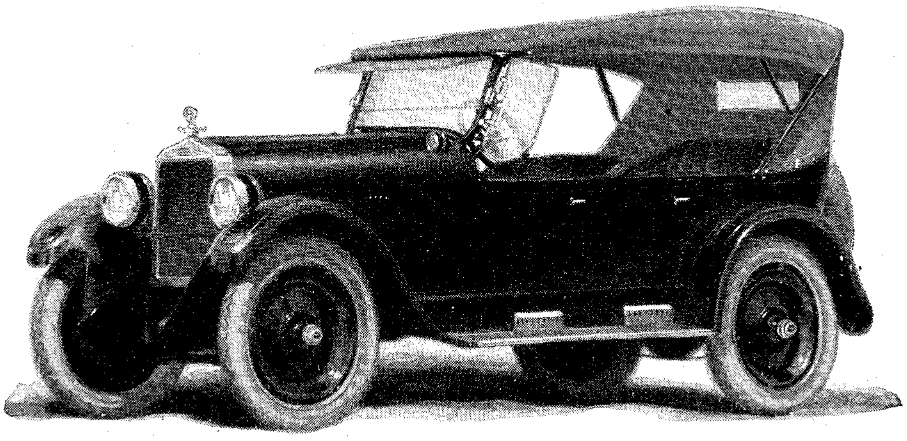
the great robber-crab which occurs in the Pacific Islands, wherever the coconut palm grows. This crab belongs to the same group as the hermit-crab of the seashore, but it lives in a burrow in the ground, and it lines it with the fibers from the outside of the coconut shell. The robber grows to an enormous size, being sometimes a foot in length, and, as it feeds entirely on the pulp and milk of the coconut, its flesh is sweet and oily, so it is regarded as a dainty by the natives of the islands. Darwin believed that the robber-crab only picked up the fallen nuts from the ground, tho it was known to climb trees, but a later observer has not only seen but photographed it in the act of picking the fruit from the tree. To open the nut "the crab begins by tearing the husk, fiber by fiber, and always beginning from that end under which the three eyeholes are situated; when this is completed the crab commences hammering with its heavy claws on one of the eyeholes till an opening is made. Then, turning round its body, by the aid of its posterior and narrow pair of pincers, it extracts the white albuminous substance."

The robber-crab still has small gills, but its gill-chamber is divided into two parts, and the upper part is able to breathe dry air. Yet the robber-crab is said to go to the sea at intervals to moisten his gills. The young ones start life in the water very much like young hermit-crabs, but they reach maturity by a less roundabout path.

CORMORANT FISHING À LA MODE

AMERICANS may amuse foreign notables by showing them round-ups in the cow country; and analogously, the Japanese may show special consideration for visitors by initiating them into the picturesque mysteries of cormorant fishing in their most backwoodsy—or backwatery—districts. The cormorant, it appears, has almost as much intelligence as a well-trained cow pony—more, perhaps, along certain lines. At least the cormorants, in addition to being great fishers, observe a strict rule of seniority, which does not permit the younger birds to dash in and catch fish until the older ones have finished. Fishing with trained cormorants seems to be as ancient as Japanese history, says a bulletin issued from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic Society, for an old poem, laid in the days of the first Emperor, mentions this sport. The Prince of Wales, during his recent visit, was edified by an exhibition of the trained birds. To-day, continues the Bulletin:

> The method is employed in relatively few places in the islands, and is at its best in the Nagara River, near the city of Gifu, about 150 miles west of Tokyo. The fishing is done only at night, the darker the better. Moonlight seasons are off periods, and it is useless to take the cormorants out except before the moon rises or after it sets. This is because artificial light, furnished by blazing pine faggots in metal baskets hung from the bows of the long narrow fishing-boats, is an important factor in the procedure. The fish are attracted by the glare, and when they rise near the boats the cormorants reap a rich and quick harvest.
>
> The birds that play the stellar rôle in this



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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

queer sport-industry are like large, black, awkward-looking ducks. But their apparent awkwardness is highly deceptive; and they possess a marked degree of intelligence. Placed in the water, they dive like a flash; and dart as he may, the near-by fish once sighted is almost sure to wind up in a twinkling in the unerring gullet that pursues him.

But catching is not keeping for the cormorants. Each bird has a cord attached from near the base of his wings, the other end held, in common with the leashes of perhaps eleven other birds, by a deft-fingered Japanese in the boat. About the lower portion of the throat of each feathered fisherman is an adjustable metal collar. This is loose enough to permit the passage of very small fish, but not those of a marketable size. Above the collar the larger fish pile up, expanding the elastic gullet, until four to eight have accumulated. Then the bird is towed to the boat, placed over a basket, and the fish gently prest from his throat and mouth. A few less considerate masters unceremoniously turn the birds upside down and shake out the catch. In a fishing expedition lasting three or four hours one bird may catch as many as 450 fish.

The birds are as keen for their work as pointer dogs. They dart about with the greatest enthusiasm, croaking as they dive or when they come momentarily to the surface to swallow their prey. Their active life is about twelve years.

The senior of the flock is known as "Number 1" and has the position of honor near the bow as the boat prepares for action. The other birds are ranged in order of seniority alternately on the sides of the boat. The birds know the order in which they are to be placed in the water and taken out, and if the proper order is departed from they make noisy protest.

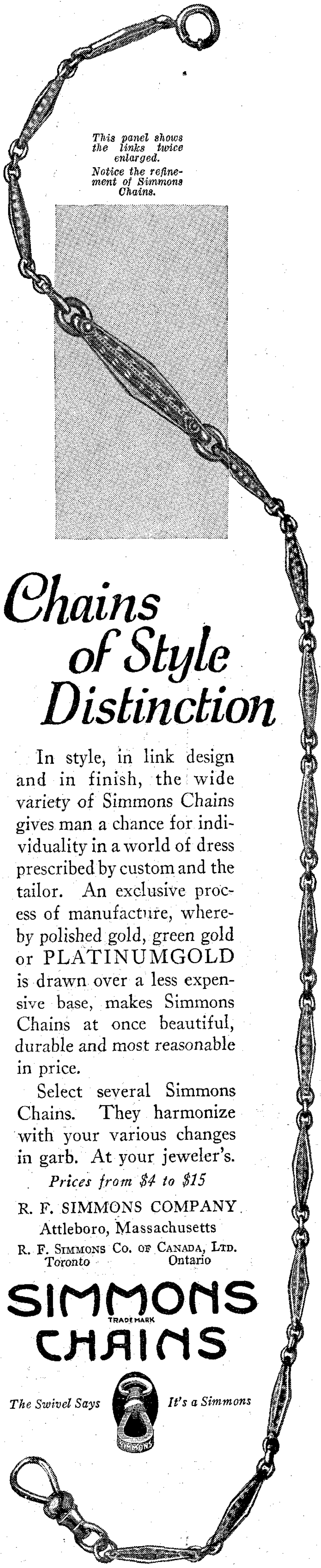
After the night's work is over the feathered fishermen come into their reward. The fish are sorted and all small ones are fed to the cormorants, whose collars have been removed. They catch their food on the fly as it is tossed to them, for all the world like a pack of hungry hounds about a farmhouse door.

In the feeding as in all the other routine of handling the birds, the senior member of the flock must be fed first and the others in order, or their resentment is shown at once.

The fish caught by means of the trained cormorants are a sort of dwarf salmon, called ayu, comparable in size to smelts. They run up the river in spring like salmon to spawn. When these little fish are fried to golden crispness their flavor and delicacy is unsurpassed. They are in such high favor that a considerable area of the fishing ground on the Nagara River is reserved for imperial use, and special cormorants and their masters are employed to keep the tables of the emperor supplied during the season.

Fishing with cormorants is also practised in some parts of China, but there the fishing is almost entirely commercial with little of the sport aspect.

The sport was known in the west early in the seventeenth century, and James I of England had among his officials a "Master of Cormorants" just as he had a falconer.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* * *

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Now that so many car-owners have given their verdict for quality tires in general, and U. S. Tires in particular—a number of dealers and car-owners whose vision has been clouded by "discounts," "sales," "terms," and what not, are beginning to remember that they "knew him when he was a boy."

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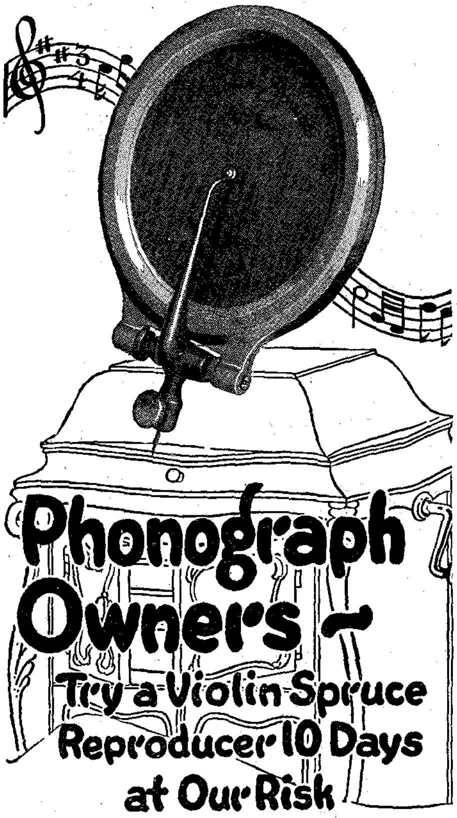
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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

WILL STRYCHNINE KILL HENS?

A RECENTLY quoted article, asserting on no less an authority than that of John Burroughs, the immunity of domestic fowls to strychnine, has brought numerous letters to THE DIGEST, some agreeing and some disagreeing with this statement. It seems probable that enough strychnine will poison a hen, but that the amount required is unusually large. This drug is commonly given to fowls as a tonic, and they will thrive on amounts that prove fatal to hawks and other predatory birds that capture them. This fact has been utilized to kill hawks. Whether or not a man could be poisoned by eating a chicken doctored with strychnine seems to be a matter of controversy. Most of our correspondents relate personal experiences. The standpoint of experimental scientific work is represented in a communication from A. R. Ward, of the Goshen Laboratories, New York, who has also sent a copy to *The Guide to Nature*, the paper that printed the original article. Writes Mr. Ward:

> The quotation from John Burroughs is not supported by experimental work on the subject. Dr. B. A. Gallagher of the Bureau of Animal Industry, in an article on "Avian Toxicology," gives the following information, derived from experiments conducted by himself.
>
> Strychnine Sulfate
> Lethal dose—2 grains to a 3½-pound fowl
> Toxic dose—2 to 3 grains to a 5-pound fowl
> 1.5 grains to a 3-pound fowl
> 8 c.c. fluid extract nux vomica
> —1.2 grains to a 3-pound fowl
> Non-toxic dose—2 grains to a 5-pound fowl.
>
> The same facts are given in the book, "Diseases of Domesticated Birds," by Ward and Gallagher, published by The Macmillan Company. In connection with this last reference may also be found a tabulation compiled from experimental work by Schneider, showing the lethal dose of strychnine nitrate, given internally, for hens, geese, ducks and pigeons. The lethal dose for the hen varied from 30 to 140 milligrams per kilo of body weight while that for the goose was only 2.5 milligrams per kilo.
>
> Hens possess merely a relatively high resistance against poisoning by strychnine as compared with mammals and with the other birds mentioned. For instance, it is not safe to administer over 1 grain of strychnine to a horse subcutaneously. That this relative immunity can not be relied upon in the case of young chicks in connection with rat poisoning is abundantly evident from my own experience.

These facts are substantiated by Jas. C. Chadwick, of Nebraska, who writes us as follows:

> A next neighbor to me has large grounds, and at the time in point had probably a hundred fine hens. The ground outside of his chicken-yard was infested with rats and ground (striped) gophers. Mr. N. P. Dodge, Jr., the neighbor, had poured into gopher holes strychnine-poisoned wheat. The following spring these grounds were plowed and the hens had the run of the

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same. Result: they were all poisoned and died from eating the poisoned wheat, as proven by finding the wheat in their crops.

The following similar narrative is from S. M. Abbott, of Skiabook, Okla.:

> On entering my henhouse, one morning, I found a large fat hen on the floor, dead. Evidently the work of a cat. I then made up my mind that I would get his catship, as I had often done before in similar instances. So I cut gashes in the remaining part of the breast and inserted therein in small quantities about four grains of strychnine, and left the hen as I found her. This transpired about 8 A.M. About 4 P.M. I came back and lo! instead of his catship I had seven dead hens lying around the bait. I had read a newspaper article, stating that a chicken would not eat the flesh of another chicken. I found it about as truthful as the one that I am answering.

On the other hand, numerous correspondents testify to the great resistance of fowls to this poison, which they assume amounts to immunity; and several describe the method of killing hawks alluded to above. J. L. Hightower, of El Paso, Tex., writes us as follows:

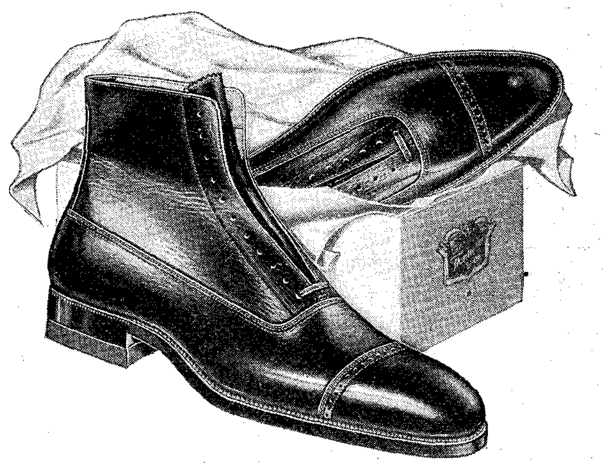
> A few years ago, when I lived in Arkansas, I decided to fix some grain with strychnine, and put it in the barn where the rats could get at it and eat it. I had it ready, when the girl who worked for my mother, not knowing that it had strychnine, fed it to the chickens. I expected to see all my chickens dead before long, but they didn't die.
>
> I experimented further along this line and fed my baby chicks mash fixt with strychnine, and they didn't die, but a hawk took one of these baby chicks and ate it and soon after it died.
>
> I find that the meat-eating birds can be killed by a very small quantity of strychnine, but all grain-eating birds have a gizzard and are therefore immune from the poison of strychnine.
>
> After a hen has eaten poisoned grain, the eggs will make a person very sick, and eating a chicken which has eaten the poisoned grain will sometimes kill a person.
>
> Strychnine can be placed in a place where any kind of domestic fowl can get at it, and it will not hurt any of them, but will kill rats, mice or gophers, or any other rodents.

The following is from W. T. Fleet, of Epworth, Va.:

> Upon several occasions, when hawks have been carrying off young chickens in the spring, we will feed one flock strychnine in their morning feed, and turn them out for the hawks. The hawks eating these chickens are killed by the strychnine. This is rather dangerous tho, should the chickens be large enough for table purposes; for the strychnine would have the same effect on a person as upon the hawk, so such chickens should be put up for a while before using for table purposes.
>
> Have also used strychnine to rid a corn field (young corn just coming up) of crows by soaking shelled corn in a strychnine solution and scattering over the field.

Albert A. Paine, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, writes to us as follows on this subject:

> Strychnine is often fed as a tonic in the form of nux vomica to growing chicks. But I believe that some serious results might occur, if a person, after reading the Editor's



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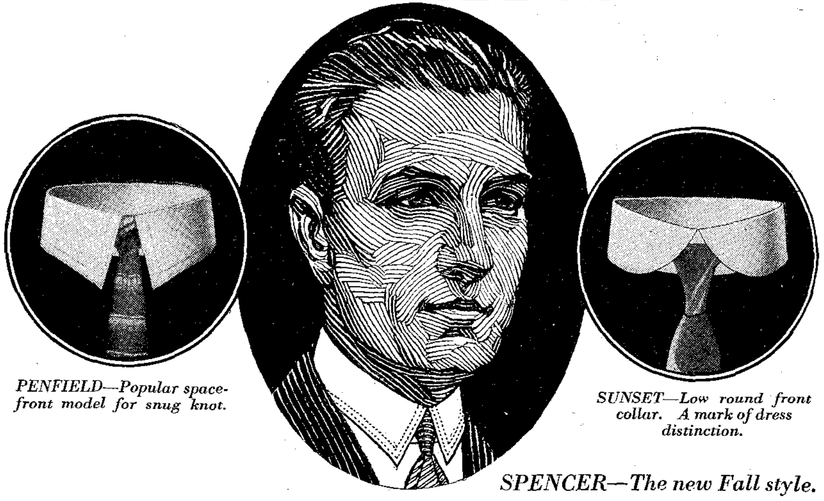

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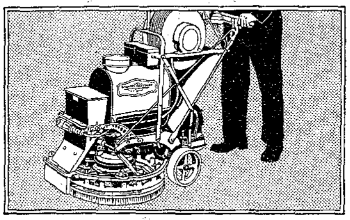

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

comments, should try the experiment unless he would know just what he was doing. I will give you the experience of a certain lady chicken-fancier, of one of our Southern States. One season she was greatly annoyed with hawks and crows. Both were protected by the bird-law, so she could neither shoot nor trap them. One day a brilliant thought came to her. There was no law against feeding her chicks a tonic. And feed them she did, with a goodly quantity of nux vomica. The same day a few hawks and crows came along after their dinners, and each one departed with a chicken. The following day no hawks appeared, so the lady sauntered around her little farm to see what could be seen. The result was that she found some hawks, and, I think, some crows, lying on the ground with "their toes turned to the daisies." When I read your article this lady's experience came very vividly to my mind.

Now if a strychnine-fed chick with all he could eat would kill a hawk, what would a hen, full of it, do to the human being? I would not, knowingly, eat a piece of one and I would have to be on the verge of starvation before I would eat one of her eggs.

Considering the above experience, if one should follow the Editor's suggestion to get rid of rodents, regardless of the hens, the family might be confronted with a very expensive undertaker's bill, to say nothing of the doctor's.

Information to much the same effect is also given by H. G. Coryell, of Marietta, Ga. From Wilmington, N. C., a physician, Dr. C. P. Bolles, writes the following explanation of the different reaction of hens and hawks to the poison:

> Broadly speaking, all members of the vegetable kingdom contain one or more principles known as alkaloids, glucocides, etc., and these substances are toxic to susceptible individuals, but an immunity to them can be acquired in time. In the case of the hen her ancestors for many generations have lived to a certain extent by foraging on vegetable matter, and hence have acquired an immunity to vegetable proximate principles of which strychnine is one, it being the alkaloid of a bean, strychnos nux vomica. Per contra, the chicken hawk, a flesh-eating animal, has not acquired this immunity to vegetable proximate principles, and therefore strychnine is toxic to it.
>
> Farmers in this section believe that it is possible to feed strychnine to chickens and so saturate their tissues with it that in the event they are captured and eaten by hawks, it will produce the death of the latter.
>
> As strychnine is a cumulative poison (*i. e.*, accumulates in the body faster than it is eliminated), it would seem to be a dangerous procedure to feed it in any quantity to fowls intended for human consumption.
>
> Man is an omnivorous animal and has through the ages acquired a certain immunity to vegetable, animal and mineral toxic substances; but there are many exceptions to the rule, as evidenced by conditions produced in susceptible individuals by the ingestion or inhalation of substances toxic to them, which we term disease.
>
> Horses tolerate large doses of strychnine, but minute doses will kill dogs.
>
> Therefore, as a general proposition, vegetable poisons are non-toxic to herbivora

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and granivora; are toxic to carnivora; and may, or may not be, toxic to omnivora.

Finally, a correspondent from Dougherty, Okla., withheld, writes as follows:

> Three years ago I raised a considerable number of chickens which were much bothered by the depredations of hawks, crows, owls and wood rats. I was told by the farmers in this locality that I could destroy the pests by giving the fowls nux vomica in their food, which would not affect the chicks, but would destroy anything that ate the chicks. This proved to be a fact, but I was raising a few wild mallard ducks at the time, and such of the ducks as ate the poisoned food were killed.
>
> It may be of further interest to add that I have eaten the poisoned chicks as "friers" and the eggs of the mature hens on the poisoned diet without ill-effects of any kind.

SEA WATER AND BLOOD SERUM

IT has long been known that in cases of severe loss of blood life can sometimes be saved by the injection into the veins of a weak solution of salt water, known as a physiological salt solution. This is because of its similarity to the serum of the blood. An interesting comparison between the composition of the blood and that of sea water is drawn in a book by Kahn, "Das Leben des Menschen," quoted in *Kosmos* (Stuttgart). Sea water is, of course, much more concentrated than blood serum, but both consist of water containing chemical salts in solution. These salts are of the same nature and exist in almost the same proportions, with the exception of magnesium, which is much more abundant in sea water than in blood. The following table shows this at a glance:

Elements	*Per cent. in blood serum*	*Per cent. in sea water*
Sodium........	80	78
Calcium.......	4	4
Potassium.....	4	2
Magnesium....	2	15

The explanation of this coincidence is sought in the doctrine of evolution. Life is supposed to have begun in the waters of the sea and to have first made its appearance on land in the form of amphibious creatures. While many of these became more and more adapted to a life lived entirely upon the land, the plasma from which living cells are formed still retains practically the same composition as the element that gave it birth. Land animals constantly take in as part of their food varying quantities of these four salts which form the chief constituents both of sea water and of blood, but while calcium, potassium and magnesium are sufficiently plentiful in the natural food of land animals, this is not the case with sodium, hence both animals and men take this eagerly in the form of common salt, which is sodium chloride. Even wild animals travel long distances to visit salt licks or springs. Beasts of prey, however, show no appetite for salt, because their diet gives them plenty.

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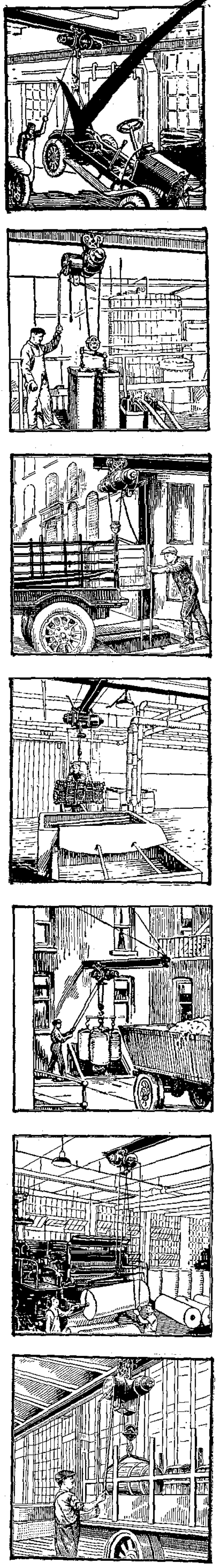

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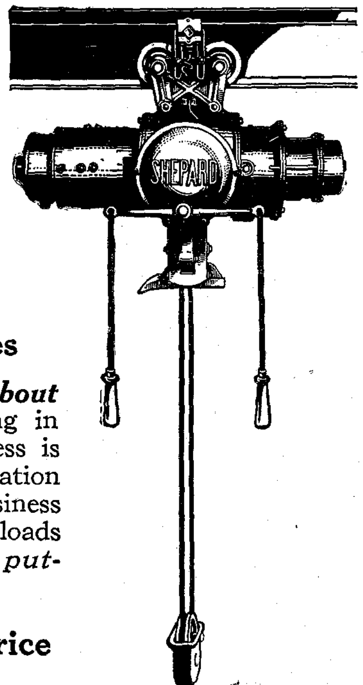

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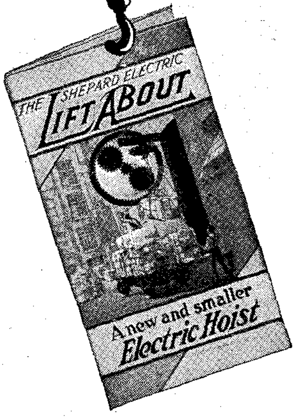
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

HOW AUSTRIA MIGHT BE RESCUED

AUSTRIA'S plight is so desperate that editorial writers have been wondering how long she can keep up a separate existence, and have been conjecturing which of her neighbors will take her over. A few weeks ago, it will be remembered, Mr. Henry Morgenthau offered a suggestion that a corporation be formed, financed in part by the United States Government, and directed by American and Allied financiers, to take over the assets of Austria and run the country just as a receiver would operate an insolvent railway. This plan received little serious attention from the banking fraternity. Lord Balfour and Leon Bourgeois, who have been considering Austria's plight at the meeting of the League Assembly, are said to agree that Austria must go it alone politically, but that some sort of international receivership might be arranged, the receiver having an international police force at hand to preserve order. Mr. Whitney Shepardson, who has spent the last year in Vienna on business, writes to the New York *Evening Post* to advocate the financial rehabilitation of Austria without interference with her national independence. This writer first points out that Austria is to-day substantially bankrupt. "Her imports vastly exceed her exports; her governmental expenditure far outstrips her budgeted income." Then, Austria "is face to face with starvation." With a present note issue of 800,000,000,000 crowns, the Government will have to print, even if the exchange falls no farther, 1,900,000,000,000 additional kronen "merely to pay for the breadstuffs which must be bought in foreign countries before August, 1923." This issue would be enough to finish the crown in the exchange markets of Europe. Then, "when no foreign purchaser will buy crowns, three-quarters of the population must starve, because three-quarters of their breadstuffs must be bought abroad." Anarchy is bound to come when the Austrian realizes that he is starving and that "his only buying medium will bring him nothing, positively nothing." Now, contends Mr. Shepardson, "the problem can not be solved by incorporation with a neighboring country." Austria would be a financial liability to the new possessor and would be an almost certain cause of war. Again, "the problem can not be solved by parcelling the provinces out among the disputants." For, "such a program would destroy Austria's present great usefulness as a buffer between the members of the already powerful Little Entente and would mark a geographical consolidation of the power which France has sponsored and schooled and which Italy desperately fears." So the conclusion is that "the problem can only be solved by rehabilitating the national finances of Austria." Chancellor Seipel needs "$75,000,000 to put his country on her feet again." "Can he get it?" Among the multitude of suggestions there is one which Mr. Shepardson thinks might work. It is:

> The remission by the United States Government of $25,000,000 each to England, France and Italy out of debts now owed by them to us, on condition that these amounts be *immediately* placed by the three Governments at the base of a new Austrian bank of issue, the directors of the bank to be five in number—one Englishman, one Italian, one Frenchman, one Austrian, and one private American citizen as the fifth and chairman of the board; Austria, on her part, to place her national assets and the administration of her revenue into the hands of this board as security for the eventual repayment of these advances to the United States; the finances of Austria to be administered by these receivers along the lines of the imperial Ottoman debt.
>
> It is recognized that this is only the first step, otherwise the new Austrian currency would depreciate with the speed of the old. Therefore expedients must be devised to correct Austria's budget of national payments—more business must be built up on the export side, whether of visible or invisible exports. Now Austria has a traditional and favorable position as middleman among the Danube states. Her transit business is still large; banks are going up every day all over Vienna. Yet the matter of selling goods to the Danube countries is a risky one, since a long time elapses after the goods leave England or the United States (shall we say?) before they are paid for.
>
> This long period constitutes a danger so great that the seller either demands cash on shipment (a severe stipulation) or he covers his risk with a huge profit, or else he simply does not do business. If Austria were "insured" by international agreement as a territorial warehouse for goods in transit to the Danube states they could be consigned to the model and magnificent warehouses of Vienna without risk of loss by confiscation or by "strikes, riots, and civil commotion." From Austria these goods could be moved quickly into the near-by states; the time while goods were out of the "safe zone" until the time of payment would be reduced considerably, prices would be cheaper for the purchaser, foreign manufacturers could undertake this trade with fewer misgivings, and Austria would benefit greatly from a fresh volume of re-export business—and to that extent help balance her budget of national payments.
>
> Lastly, this international board, sitting as directors of an Austrian bank of issue, could wield great power in breaking down the tariff walls which neighboring countries have built around Austria, and might, indeed, further that economic federation of the old Hapsburg states which is held out as the distant but only hope of their stable separate existence.
>
> Austria in August, 1922, is again the danger spot of Europe. From a long-sighted

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Halifax, N. S.	75,000	Chronicle & Echo
St. John, N. B.	55,000	Telegraph & Times

THE QUEBEC MARKET

	Population	Newspaper
Quebec	111,500	Chronicle
Quebec	111,500	Le Soleil (French)
Montreal	839,000	Star
Montreal	839,000	Gazette
Montreal	839,000	La Presse (French)

THE PACIFIC MARKET

	Population	Newspaper
Vancouver	165,000	Sun
Vancouver	165,000	World
Victoria	60,000	Colonist
Victoria	60,000	Times

THE ONTARIO MARKET

	Population	Newspaper
Ottawa	145,000	Citizen
Ottawa	145,000	Journal Dailies
Kingston	25,000	Standard
Toronto	622,326	Globe
Toronto	622,326	Star
Hamilton	178,600	Spectator
Brantford	35,000	Expositor
London	70,000	Free Press
Windsor	60,000	Border Cities Star

THE PRAIRIE MARKET

	Population	Newspaper
Winnipeg, Man.	280,000	Free Press
Winnipeg, Man.	280,000	Tribune
Regina, Sask.	35,000	Leader & Post
Saskatoon, Sask.	31,364	Phoenix & Star
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

point of view the assignment to Austria of $75,000,000 out of a total of $10,000,000,000 of foreign indebtedness would be one of the wisest investments that the Congress of the United States ever authorized. And as for ourselves as taxpayers, do we honestly expect to get back 100 per cent. of the foreign debts, or are we prepared to assign less than 1 per cent. of them on the fighting chance of saving a people from anarchy, a nation from dissolution, and the face of Europe from another war?

THE DROP IN FRENCH BONDS

FRENCH dollar bonds are said by the Boston *News Bureau* to be the index of American financial opinion regarding European conditions, and the present prices of these issues, therefore, "furnish significant commentary on the success of European statesmen in handling a critical situation since the Genoa Conference." "However much Americans may sympathize with the French attitude toward German reparations, the cold-blooded verdict of the market place condemns French policy as shortsighted," observes the financial daily, which continues:

> At the same time that French bonds and the French franc have been selling off close to the lowest levels reached since the war, British bonds and the pound sterling have held firm. Doubtless the coal strike with its stimulating effect upon the British coal and charter markets has had something to do with the strength in the pound and in United Kingdom 5½s, but the contrast between British bonds on a 5 per cent. basis and French issues selling to yield anywhere from 8 per cent. up, is too striking to be ignored.
>
> Perhaps French statesmen may yet regret their light rejection of the British proposal for an abolition of all reparations payments except the 26 per cent. tax on exports. Here was a real incentive to Germany to regain her former skill in production and trade. The harder the Germans might work under such a régime, the more the French would get in the way of reparations, but at the same time the more the Germans might keep for themselves. The scheme amounted to a sort of income tax on the whole German nation.
>
> Bankers generally do not feel that the security of French bonds depends on solution of the reparations problem. The amount of external bonds is not large. If worst came to worst France would be likely to give her most powerful creditor preferential treatment at least as regards the bonds held by private citizens. It should be remembered also that French external bonds are payable in gold, her internal bonds in paper francs. Within limits France can resort to the printing press, dangerous as such a step would be, to pay her own citizens while maintaining gold payment to American bond-holders.
>
> The extent of the recent decline in the principal French issues is shown by the following table:

		Aug. 28 1922			
Amount	*Bond*	*Off'd*	*High*	*Low*	*Decline*
$45,000,000	French Cities, 6s, 1934.	92½	90	76¼	13¾
93,350,000	French 8s, 1945.......	100	108¾	99⅞	8⅞
92,500,000	French 7½s, 1941	95	104¾	95⅛	9⅝
40,000,000	Par-Ly-Med 6s, 1958..	83½	85	70¾	14¼
25,000,000	Seine 7s, 1942........	90½	98	84	14

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

August 29.—Striking a reef off Coquimbo on the Chilean coast, the Chilean passenger steamship *Itata* sinks, with a loss of 316 passengers and crew.

Turkish nationalists force the Greek Army to abandon Afiun Karahissar, headquarters and largest base of the Greeks.

Premier Poincaré rejects the British plan to grant a moratorium to Germany.

August 30.—Premier Poincaré flatly declines the German proposal to the Reparations Commission for a moratorium for cash payments during the remainder of 1922 only and to secure to France in 1923 coal and timber by private contracts with the industrialists.

General von Francois, one of the German commanders in the World War, is beaten by a mob when he attempts to deliver a lecture in Leipsic.

Moscow has abolished government monopoly in foreign trade, according to advices received in London.

August 31.—The Reparations Commission defers action on Germany's moratorium request, but grants her a respite for the remaining cash payments due this year by allowing Belgium to accept German treasury bonds as payment, with proper security.

The British Admiralty orders the destruction of six large capital ships, in accordance with the Washington naval agreement.

Heavy fighting breaks out between the Irish nationalists and irregulars in Cork and its suburbs.

A treaty of alliance is signed between Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia.

September 1.—A Riga dispatch to London says that according to their own official figures the Bolshevists had executed up to last February 1,766,118 people, of whom 815,000 were peasants, the total number executed exceeding the number Russia lost during the World War.

Irish irregulars attack the Four Courts Hotel and the Bank of Ireland in Dublin, and are driven off.

September 2.—National Army posts in various parts of Dublin are attacked by irregulars, but without success.

The Southern Greek Army is ordered to concentrate on the Ushak line in Asia Minor to make a definite stand against the advance of the Turkish nationalists.

Four thousand Fascisti seize the town of Terni, not far from Rome, and force the steel works, closed by a wage dispute, to reopen.

September 3.—Communists riot in the west end of Berlin, and are dispersed only after a score are wounded by the police.

The Angora Government mission in Paris makes public a communiqué issued August 31, saying that the Greek Army was completely defeated and cut in two and the northern group annihilated.

September 4.—The Greek Army is reported to be withdrawing along its whole front

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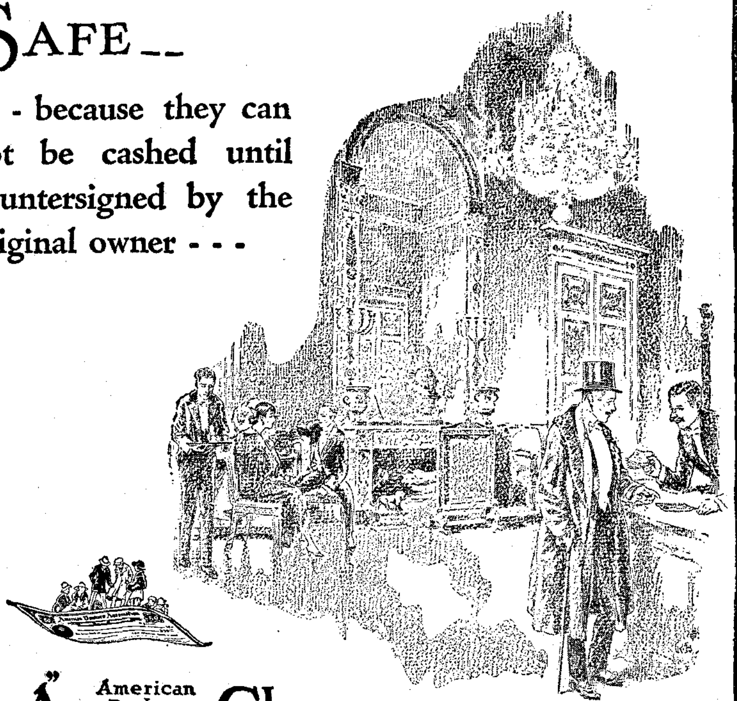

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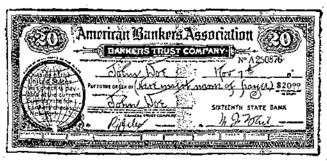
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The Greatest Radio Offer of the Year—Absolutely Complete, $49.50

This special receiving outfit will give as good results as any outfit of this improved type on the market. It is absolutely complete, there is nothing extra to buy. We include everything—you simply put up the aerial, connect the instruments, which is easy to do, and in less than half an hour you can be receiving signals, radio music, lectures, stock reports, market reports, or any other radio program sent out.

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The complete outfit includes our special Combined Tuner and Detector; Special 2000 ohm Double Head Set; Radio Storage Battery; one Detector Tube, one "B" Battery; and complete antenna and connecting equipment including 150 feet bare copper wire and 25 feet insulated wire, porcelain tube; double throw switch; 2 antenna insulators; lightning protector; ground clamp, 2 screw eyes and 25 feet of wire for instrument connections.

Order this set at our risk. It will be packed carefully and shipped immediately from our nearest house. Shipping weight 40 pounds. **563Z599**--Complete Outfit $49.50

Order this outfit today and start at once enjoying in your home the most marvelous invention of the age.

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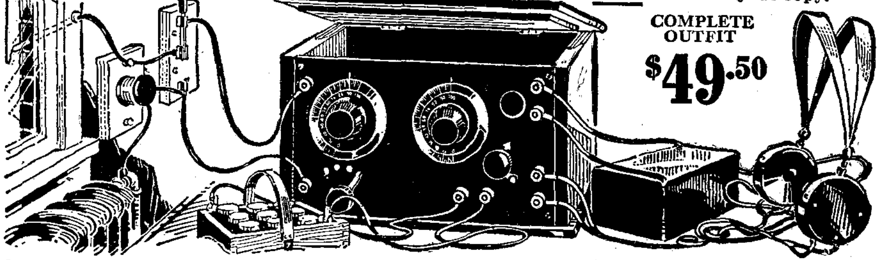

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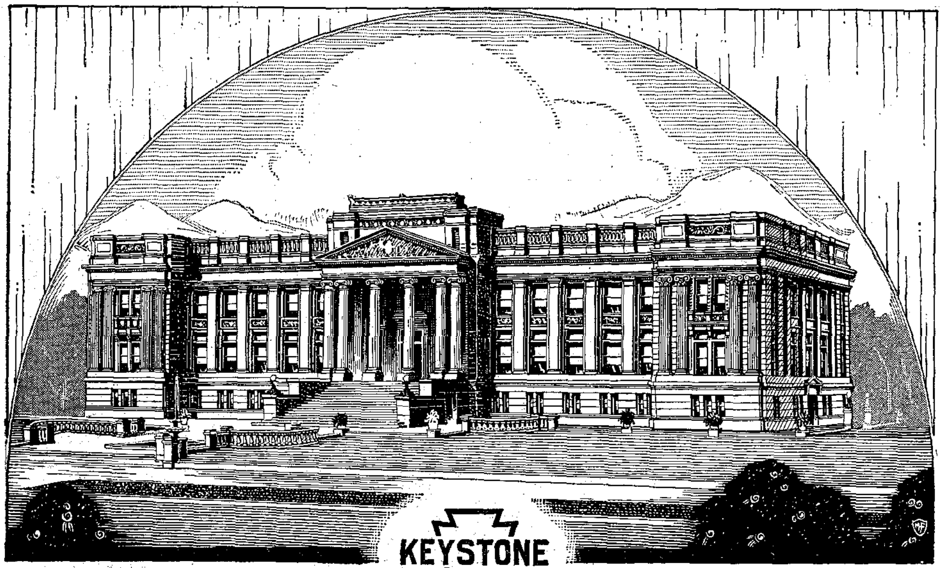

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Joseph Nelson, Architect.

Keystone Copper Steel used for sheet metal work on this building.

SHOULDERING the burden of your sheet metal problems is part of our daily work. More than that—we are prepared to furnish high quality products that will help keep them solved. This is evidenced by our development of

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Rust-resisting Copper Steel

This alloy has established a new measure of service for building construction, and exposed metal work. For roofing, siding, gutters, spouting, eaves trough, sheet metal and tin work, use Keystone Copper Steel Galvanized Sheets and Roofing Tin Plates—best for both builder and property owner. Keystone quality products are sold by leading metal merchants, and used by leading roofers and contractors. Our free booklet "Facts" will interest every buyer and user of sheet metal.

The completeness of our splendid organization includes among our twenty-seven works the largest sheet mill and tin mill in America, and provides every facility to furnish a diversified line of Sheet and Tin Mill products. More than this—there is the spirit of service that puts these extensive facilities into action, and keeps them working for you. The high reputation of the products of this Company is recognized wherever sheets or tin plates are used.

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Recognized as the standard of quality since 1884. APOLLO-KEYSTONE Galvanized Sheets with the copper steel alloy base are unequaled for Culverts, Flumes, Tanks, Roofing, Siding, Spouting, Gutters, Cornices and all forms of exposed sheet metal work demanding superior rust resistance. Write for Apollo booklet.

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Manufactured by AMERICAN SHEET AND TIN PLATE COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

in Asia Minor, and thousands of Christian refugees are said to be fleeing before the Turks.

The Third Assembly of the League of Nations begins its session at Geneva, and Augustin Edwards, a Chilean delegate, is elected President.

September 5.—Hugo Stinnes, the great German industrialist, and Senator de Lubersac, of France, complete an agreement whereby the Germans are to furnish material for rebuilding the French devastated area. The agreement must have the consent of the French Government.

DOMESTIC

August 29.—By a vote of 43 to 26, the Senate approves the Smith-McNary amendment to the Bonus Bill providing an appropriation of $350,000,000 for reclamation, and soldier settlement, of waste lands.

The Pittsburgh Coal Producers' Association, the chief combination of operators in western Pennsylvania, sign a supplemental agreement with the United Mine Workers to reopen fifty-four mines.

Attorney-General Daugherty announces the organization of a special secret service division to deal with railroad sabotage.

August 30.—The Chicago and Alton railroad goes into receivership, precipitated, it is said, by losses due to the coal strike and the shopmen's strike.

The grand jury investigating the recent massacre at Herrin, Illinois, returns its first indictment for murder. President Frank Farrington, of the Illinois Miners' Union, announces that the union will defend any accused miner.

Capt. Roald Amundsen, Norwegian explorer, announces he has definitely abandoned for this year the attempt to fly from northern Alaska to the North Pole.

Senator Hiram Johnson wins the California senatorial primary by more than 70,000 votes.

August 31.—The proposed Midvale-Republic-Inland steel merger is a violation of the Federal Trade Commission Act, according to a formal complaint by the Federal Trade Commission.

Anthracite mine operators, meeting in Philadelphia, issue a request for a "public mandate" to justify the payment of the old wage scale to March 31, 1924, which is one year beyond the date to which they are themselves willing to make a contract.

By a vote of 47 to 22 the Senate passes the Bonus Bill.

The general chairman, three local chairmen and eight officers of subordinate lodges of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen in California and Arizona are removed as the result of the recent walkout which compelled the suspension of train service on the coast lines of the Atchison, Topeka & Sante Fe Railroad.

Eight bridges on the St. Louis and Southwestern Railroad in Arkansas are fired by incendiarists alleged to be strikers, and much other damage of railroad property by burning and dynamiting is reported in various parts of the country.

Otis Clark, a miner, and president of the miners' local union, who was indicted by the Grand Jury in connection with the Herrin mine massacre, surrenders to the authorities.

By a vote of 214 to 61, the Senate passes the Winslow Coal Bill, designed to prevent extortionate prices and to assure an equitable distribution of coal.

Representative Thomas J. Ryan, of New York, introduces a resolution asking for the removal of Brigadier-General Charles E. Sawyer, the President's private physician, because of the alleged refusal of General Sawyer to inspect soldier hospitals.

September 1.—A temporary injunction restraining striking railroad shopmen from interfering in any manner whatever in the operation of the railways is granted by United States District Judge James H. Wilkerson, in Chicago, on motion of Attorney-General Daugherty. The order granting the injunction is returnable September 11.

General Francisco Murgia is reported in San Antonio to have won a small battle at Abasolo in his rebellion against President Obregon, of Mexico.

September 2.—Anthracite mine operators and employees agree to end the coal strike "in the immediate future," after consultation with Senators Pepper and Reed, of Pennsylvania, who propose that contracts in force March 31, 1922, be extended to August 31, 1923, a compromise date.

An increase of $85,000,000 in the public debt during August is announced by the Treasury Department.

September 3.—While a crowd supposed to have been made up of striking shopmen stone rescue parties, seven strikebreakers are burned to death in a fire, believed to have been of incendiary origin, which destroys a Pennsylvania railroad shop in Philadelphia.

President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, declares in a Labor Day message that the workers have few friends outside their own ranks and appeals to them to organize in trade unions.

September 4.—John Hessin Clarke, of Ohio, resigns as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and President Harding nominates George H. Sutherland, former Senator from Utah, to succeed him.

The Murguista revolutionary forces are reported in San Antonio to have captured Tepehuanes, in the State of Durango.

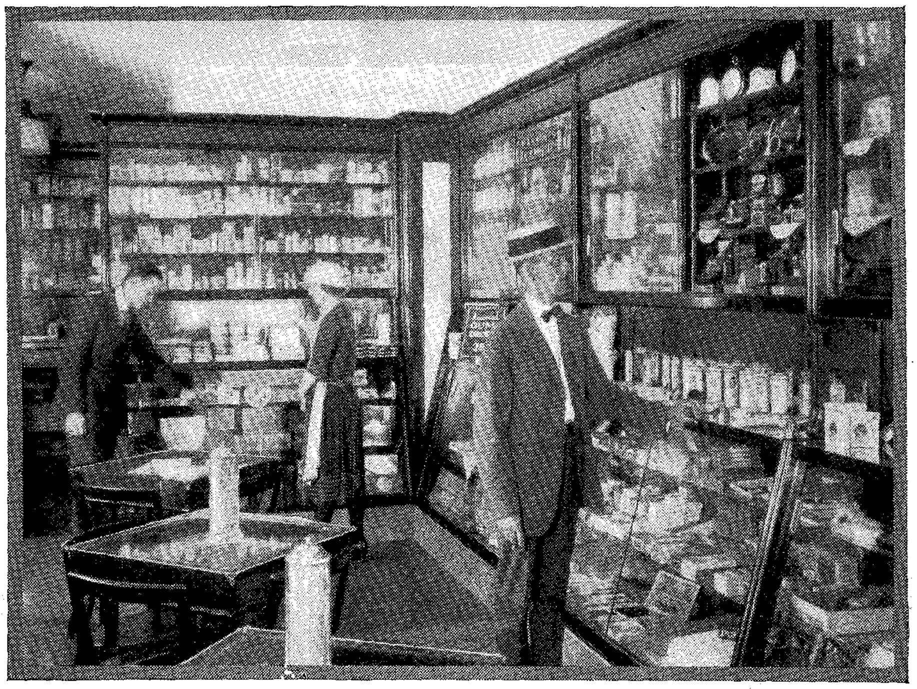
September 5.—Attorney-General Daugherty announces that there will be no interference of the constitutional rights of the workers under the injunction restraining them from interfering with the railroads.

Four men and two women are killed and another man is made blind in Brooklyn by drinking poison whisky.

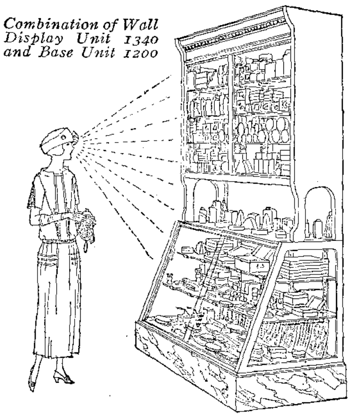
America retains the Davis international tennis cup as a result of William Johnston's defeat of Gerald L. Patterson and William T. Tilden's defeat of James O. Anderson, the Americans having won four of the five matches with the Australians.

The Senate and House conferees decide to report on the tariff measure before taking up the Bonus Bill.

The Senate confirms the nomination of George H. Sutherland to succeed John Hessin Clarke as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.



The *individuality* of GOOD DISPLAY



Combination of Wall Display Unit 1340 and Base Unit 1200

The eye is the path to the brain.

TASTEFUL display is rare enough to give a store *individuality.* Elaborate fixtures compete with the display of the merchandise. Crowded aisles or jumbled goods lower the excellent opinion customers must have of your store to make it successful. The goods are the thing—display them so as to attract favorable attention.

McLean Unit Fixtures lead all eyes right to the goods. These beautiful mahogany-birch and the frameless plate glass showcases are 98% display area. Goods look brilliant against the rich, warm mahogany and sell quickly from the front of the case. These units set back flat against the wall, taking up only 24 inches of floor space and making all aisles twice as wide.

Manufactured in standard units, which can be changed around at will. Easy to move to a new location—bring nearly the full purchase price if necessary to sell. Sold on divided payments, spread over enough months to allow the extra profits earned to pay for each new unit in turn as you add more units. You can set them up or move them around yourself.

Several styles are made, for the special use of druggists, confectioners, electrical shops, tobacconists, milliners, novelty shops, beauty parlors, stationers and other businesses selling light goods.

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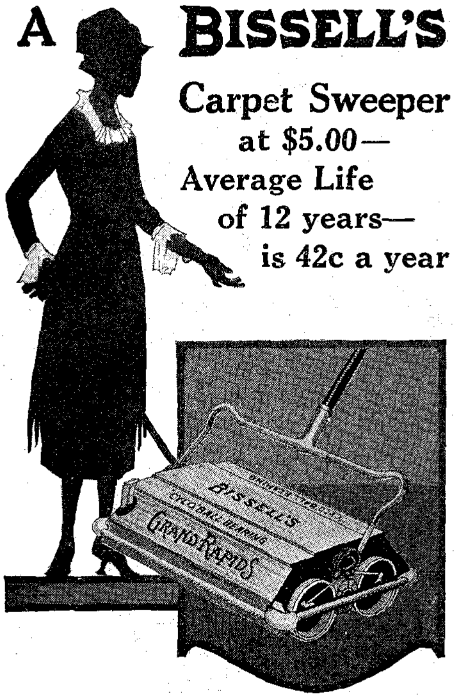

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at $5.00—
Average Life
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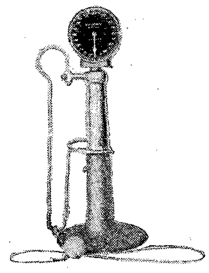
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers



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THE SPICE OF LIFE

A Natural Deduction.—"This is the worst town for gossip I ever lived in."

"H'm! What have you been doing?"—*Kansas City Star.*

S. P. C. A. Take Notice.—MAUDIE—"What's wrong with the car? It squeaks dreadfully."

JIMMIE—"Can't be helped: there's pig iron in the axles."—*Columbia Jester.*

Anything Once.—MARY—"I wonder why Joshua never repeated his experiment of making the sun stand still."

CARY—"Politics, I suppose; the farmers are so down on daylight saving."—*Judge.*

Sidestepping Mrs. Grundy.—"Why do you go on the balcony when I sing? Don't you like to hear me?"

"It isn't that. I want the neighbors to see that I'm not beating my wife!"—*Passing Show.*

Learning Our Slang.—"Do Englishmen understand American slang?"

"Some of them do. Why?"

"My daughter is to be married in London, and the earl has cabled me to come across."—*Boston Transcript.*

Those Impetuous Lovers.—WIFE (with newspaper)—"Just think of it! A couple got married a few days ago after a courtship which lasted fifty years."

HUB—"I suppose the poor old man was too feeble to hold out any longer."—*Epworth Herald.*

Repairing Neatly Done.—IRATE CUSTOMER—"I bought a car of you several weeks ago, and you said if anything went wrong you'd supply the broken parts."

DEALER—"Yes."

IRATE CUSTOMER—"I'd like to get a nose, a shoulder-blade, and a big toe."—*Manitoba Free Press.*

Foiled.—NEWSBOY (on railroad car, to gentleman occupant)—"Buy Edgar Guest's latest work, sir?"

GENTLEMAN—"No! I am Edgar Guest himself."

NEWSBOY—"Well, buy 'Man in Lower Ten.' You ain't Mary Roberts Rinehart, are you?"—*Writer's Monthly.*

"Putting Up" the House.—The bills had come in for building the young couple's home.

"George," said the bride of a few months, "they are twice what we expected!"

"Don't worry," said the young husband. "I expected they would be."

"But, George," she replied, "they're twice as much as that!"—*Argonaut.*

Rose to the Occasion, Anyway.—A riverside village boasted a post on which was marked a line showing the height to which the river had risen during the time of a serious flood.

"Do you mean to say that the river reached this height five years ago?" asked the astonished visitor.

"Not exactly, sir," replied the villager, "but the children were so fond of rubbin' out the first mark that the Council had to put it a bit higher so as to be out of their reach."—*Epworth Herald.*

Too Much.—An American visitor complains that Englishmen do not talk enough. Efforts are being made to show him the House of Commons.—*Passing Show.*

Perhaps Vesuvitis.—OLD MAN (browsing in book-store)—"'Last Days of Pompeii'—what did he die of?"

BOOKSELLER—"Oh, I dunno—some sort of eruption."—*London Opinion.*

A Poser.—A kindly looking old gentleman was stopt by a very little girl carrying a parcel.

"Please, sir," she said politely, "is this the second turning to the left?"—*Tit-Bits (London).*

No Economist.—CLERK (trying for a raise)—"I can't live on my salary, sir."

EMPLOYER—"Well, I'm sorry to hear that. I was about to promote you to the head of our economy department."—*Boston Transcript.*

Those Strikes

The Public said, "This land immense
  They say was made for me.
Why should I just be audience
  For folks who can't agree?"
—*Washington Evening Star.*

Try This on Your Vocal Organs.—King Ferdinand of Roumania is to visit Deauville during the season. We trust there is no truth in the horrid rumor that a hotel-keeper was heard to remark: "I hope a lot of his Deauville Roumania."—*Passing Show.*

Her Prescience.—YOUTH (by the sea)—"You little thought a week ago that you'd be sitting on a lonely seashore with a man then unknown to you."

MAIDEN—"Oh, yes, I did."

"But, dear, you didn't know me then!"

"Of course not, but I knew myself."—*London Opinion.*

Cruel.—MRS. BROWN—"Yer ain't lookin' too happy to-day, Mrs. Jones. What's up?"

MRS. JONES—"What's up? Jones has been promising all the week to take me and Billy to see Charlie Chaplin, and this morning, half an hour ago, just as we was getting ready, his strike was declared off, and he had to go back to work. That's what's up!"—*Highway Engineer and Contractor.*

Hair and Personality.—Harold G. Armstrong, the author of "For Richer, for Poorer," apparently has no desire to enroll himself in the younger generation. At any rate his heroine is flamboyantly an old-fashioned girl. On page 158 we read, "All at once Miriam let down her hair." More than that, Kenneth Gramling, the hero, was thrilled thereby. "It was a symbol. They kissed. Deep-encysted inhibitions vanished. They were normal people, after all."

Miriam did not seem so to us. We do not think she should be allowed to qualify. If she had been a normal heroine of to-day, it would have been the hair which had vanished and the inhibitions which were let down.—*Heywood Broun in the New York World.*